

THE BEST MAGAZINE OF THE SCREEN

PICTURE-PLAY

MAGAZINE

JULY 1922
20 CENTS

Alice Terry



"Hello, Bill!"

"This is Fred. I called up to tell you about a find I made the other night, at Jackson's book store.

"Went there for something to read and after browsing around for a half hour, lit upon a copy of 'FREE RANGE LANNING,' by *George Owen Baxter*, and say, it is a corker!

"No, I never heard of him before, nor of his publishers who are the CHELSEA HOUSE, but take it from me, it is some story of the big outdoors, and one which will amply repay you for the investment of your money and time in it.

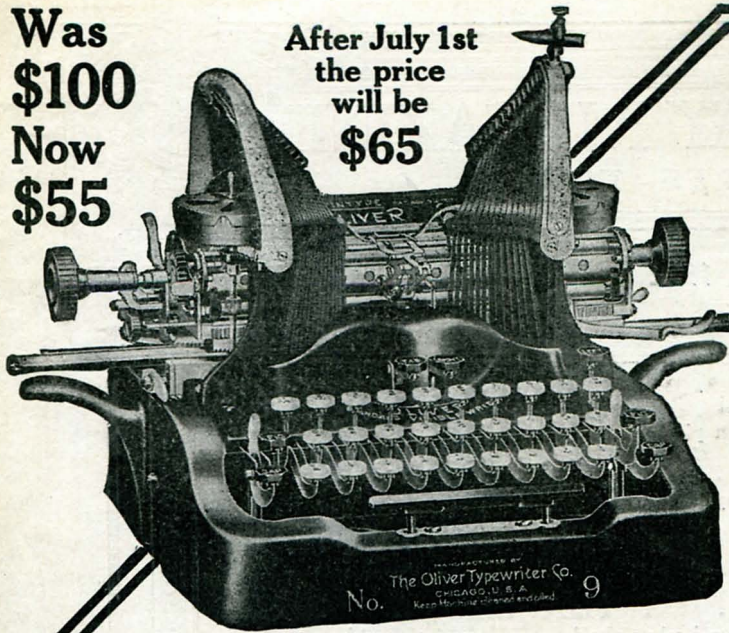
"I haven't read such a good western-outlaw story in a blue moon.

"It costs a dollar and seventy-five cents, but, O, boy, you get your money's worth."

Chelsea House, *Publishers*, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City

Was
\$100
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\$55

After July 1st
the price
will be
\$65



\$\$

4

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Oliver

Your Last Chance to Save \$45

The present price of \$55 has proved impossible. So to maintain Oliver quality, we announce, with fair warning, that after July 1st, the price will be \$65. If you act quickly, you can take advantage of the present saving of \$45. But note that the coupon has to be mailed at once.

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A full saving to you of \$45 on the famous Oliver No. 9—our latest and newest model. That is what our new selling plan makes possible. During the war we learned many lessons. We found that it was unnecessary to have such

a vast number of traveling salesmen and so many expensive branch houses. We were able to discontinue many other superfluous sales methods. As a result, \$55 now buys the identical Oliver formerly priced at \$100.

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City..... State.....

Occupation or Business.....

This coupon not valid unless mailed and postmarked before midnight, June 30, 1932

PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

CONTENTS FOR

JULY, 1922

- What the Fans Think** 8
An open forum of discussion about motion pictures.
- The Calendar of Past Performances** . . Johnson Briscoe . 17
This day in the history of famous film players.
- What About Pola Negri?** Helen Klumph . 18
A composite picture of the fascinating foreign star.
- Heroes I Have Known** Hazel Shelley . 22
A frank confession of how her ideas changed when she became acquainted with some of her screen idols.
- From Hollywood Hills** Edna Foley . 24
An interesting glimpse of Universal City.
- The Observer** 25
Editorial comment on timely topics concerning the screen.
- When Queen Meets Prince** . . . Emma-Lindsay Squier 27
Even royalty doesn't thrill Constance Talmadge much.
- They're Growing Bigger As Well As Better** Edwin Schallert . 29
Coming motion-picture productions promise to be high in quality and massive in extent.
- If You Were Mary Pickford?** . . . Gerald C. Duffy . 32
Where you would live, what you would like and how you would spend your days if you were the world's film favorite.
- Favorite Picture Players** 35
Portraits in rotogravure of prominent stars.
- Some Bumps on the Road to Stardom** . Constance Palmer . 43
An inspiring account of some of the ups and downs of Betty Compson's career.
- A Fan's Adventures in Hollywood** . . Ethel Sands . 46
She experiences some of the hardships of acting when she works for a day with Alice Lake and then finds how nice the rewards can be when Viola Dana shares fan mail with her.
- Soda Pop—Plus** Myrtle Gebhart . 50
An informal introduction to one of the screen's coming notables, Patsy Ruth Miller.
- Over the Teacups** The Bystander . 52
Fanny the Fan discloses all that is latest in the way of gossip about motion-picture players.
- What's Happening in the Studios** 56
Informal photographic glimpses of some of the stars at play.
- The News Reel** Agnes Smith . 60
Topics of the day in Hollywood and what filmdom's celebrities think about them.

Continued on the Second Page Following

Monthly publication issued by Street & Smith Corporation, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York City. ORMOND G. SMITH, President; GEORGE C. SMITH, Treasurer; GEORGE C. SMITH, JR., Secretary. Copyright, 1922, by Street & Smith Corporation, New York. Copyright, 1922, by Street & Smith Corporation, Great Britain. All Rights Reserved. Publishers everywhere are cautioned against using any of the contents of this magazine either wholly or in part. Entered as Second-class Matter, March 6, 1916, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Canadian subscription, \$2.36. Foreign, \$2.72.

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Why Love Story Magazine?

We have been told repeatedly that the advertisements we originally prepared for LOVE STORY MAGAZINE were so compelling that the reader of them simply had to buy a copy of the magazine to see whether it was worthy of all the praise we bestowed upon it. We have prided ourselves upon our ability to write advertisements, after serving an apprenticeship of some fifty odd years in the publishing business, and it has never been so patently brought home to us that a real "ad" writer must be born, not made, as it was when we received the following letter:

WHY LOVE STORY MAGAZINE?

WHY INDEED!

I read an issue and found the inspiring answer between its covers. The radiant language of love is universal. The lofty hopes and burning ambitions of requited love, the mad anguish and torturing pangs of slighted love ever excite sympathetic interest. Though invisible, intangible, love is the very essence of the human heart. It exalts the lowly and gives birth to a surprising nobility in the base nature. It spans impassable chasms; spurns creed or race; fuses two souls in the flash of an eye. The chain has not been forged that can bind like the silken lines of love. Strong as death! Yea, the bitter, final farewell is sweetened when breathed in love sublime. And though the cherished object of affection long be dust and ashes the abiding roots of immortal love are there imbedded and the promising flower of the green branch blossoms in eternity.

So what theme could be more absorbing, more soul-satisfying than love? It is the steady, enduring flame that pilots the human soul from the cradle, through the lists of life, and on into the gray, grim shadows—those left behind, listening at the Dark Portal, sense naught but a vast silence—and yet survive on loving hope of reunion that soothes with the calm glory of a majestic rainbow.

LOVE—theme of enchantment—harp of a thousand strings—fount of a million melodies. Inspiration to the fictional genius in his love sonnet!

We do not give the writer's name, but you will admit, after reading his letter in praise of LOVE STORY MAGAZINE, that he has been extremely fortunate in having an experience in life which has given him inspiration as is given but once to every man.

Twice-a-month

Price, 15 Cents

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STREET & SMITH CORPORATION
79 Seventh Avenue **New York City**

The Indiscretions of a Star	Inez Klumpp	63
The romantic adventures of a young matinee idol who never looks before he leaps.		
The Screen in Review	Alison Smith	67
Criticism and comment on the month's film offerings; a comprehensive guide to the pictures you will want to see.		
The Comedy School	Helen C. Bennett	70
How many dramatic stars gained valuable experience acting in comedies.		
Little Shining Lights	Myrtle Gebhart	73
The junior auxiliary of the motion-picture acting profession is an extensive and talented one.		
When Milady Dances		76
Photographs in rotogravure of our terpsichorean stars.		
My Wild Irish Rose		78
Scenes from an interesting forthcoming production.		
Travelogues with a Reason		80
Impressive scenic settings found in foreign lands for big motion-picture productions.		
Saying It with Frocks	Louise Williams	84
What every girl can learn about effective dressing from motion-picture stars.		
Trying the Real Thing	Edna Foley	89
Marshall Neilan tries a new scenic experiment.		
The Christie Baby Parade	Edna Foley	91
Vera Stedman and Bobbie Vernon provide their studio with some interesting sights.		
The Picture Oracle		94
Answers to questions of our readers.		

EVERYBODY IS TALKING ABOUT HIM

BOTH in the studios and among motion-picture fans Rodolph Valentino is the chief topic of discussion.

For the most part, people simply rave about Rodolph Valentino, the magnetic, languor-eyed Italian who rose to sudden fame when he appeared in "The Four Horsemen." But there are an audible few who dislike him and who air their views bitterly. In this very issue of this magazine are some of these severe criticisms of Rodolph Valentino.

It takes an unusual man to inspire severe censure as well as great love—to affect so deeply all people who see him that they speak of him only in superlatives.

Rodolph Valentino is such a man. People are never only moderately impressed by him. They adore him—or they dislike him.

From the time when he had his first big chance on the screen he has been the one subject of paramount interest to motion-picture fans. Much has been written about him, of course; much more has been conjectured, and he has been so widely quoted on such a variety of subjects that it seems as though there would be little left to tell about him.

But in spite of all this the real Rodolph Valentino has never been revealed to his admirers. Graciously disarming—conversationally ingenious—naturally reticent; that

is the Valentino whom the casual interviewers meet. But Agnes Smith plumbed more deeply than that the personality of this unique young actor, and procured material for a strikingly original and interesting interview with him.

This article will appear in the next issue of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE. Every one will want to read it, so be sure to reserve your copy early.

It will make you feel well acquainted with the most sensationally popular young actor before the public today; it will disclose to you the striking, and little-understood personality of this interesting young foreigner

who does not intend to let extravagant adulation go to his head.

There will be many other interesting and unusual features in this issue. "The Perils of Near Stardom," by Helen C. Bennett, for instance, and "Diet for Art's Sake," by Betty Schwartz. Don't miss the August number of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.



The Call of the Sea

A Little Sermon and Some Observations

WE know that the call of the sea is irresistible to those who have braved its dangers and have felt its surging, ever restless power. Biologists give many illustrations of what they call atavism, or reversion to type, but we know of no clearer or better one than that which is invariably given by the descendants of seafarers who apparently seek maritime vocations by instinct.

NO weakling's paradise is the sea. Those who follow it love it because it is fascinatingly elemental. Nowhere, not even on the mountaintop can a man get nearer his Creator, than at sea. Nowhere does he feel the tremendous power and intelligence of the All Wise so keenly as he does out of sight of land, upon the breast of old mother ocean.

IS it any wonder, then, that SEA STORIES MAGAZINE which is dedicated to the adventures of those who go down to the sea in ships, is in demand as no other new magazine has ever been? Is it any wonder, considering the type of men our stories must depict, that SEA STORIES MAGAZINE is interesting to every red-blooded human being who likes to feel the thrill of hazardous adventure—clean, decent, and invigorating?

READ SEA STORIES MAGAZINE. You will vote it one of the best, if not the very best investment you ever made in reading matter.

Price 15 cents Published monthly
\$1.50 per year by subscription

STREET & SMITH CORPORATION

79 Seventh Avenue, New York City

WHAT THE FANS THINK



A Fan with Ambitions.

I REALLY can't see why it is that people—those who are not in the profession—should be so down on the movies as a career. I am young as yet, only fifteen, and perhaps I don't know all about everything, but, anyway, I *think* I do, and that's just as good. I know personally that when I get out of school in two or three years, I'm going West to take up movies as a profession whether with my parents' consent or not. I have read so much about many movie actresses and actors that I feel as if I knew many of them personally, and I am sure that the great majority of people in the movies are *kind, wholesome* people. It makes me piping mad to hear people speak about the movies being so degrading, people who don't know anything about it. If a person is really good, going in the movies can make no difference in his or her morals. I do wish that people wouldn't always slander the movies so without just cause.

AN ARDENT FAN.

The Apthorp, No. 390 West End Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Five Ideal Types.

There is just one thing that I find wrong with the screen actresses of to-day—they are too much the flapper type—there are too many Alice Calhouns and Patsy Ruth Millers and May McAvoy's and Gladys Waltons, and not enough Gloria Swansons and Corinne Griffiths.

I think that here are the five ideal screen types:

Mary Pickford
Gloria Swanson
Constance Talmadge
Lillian Gish
Elsie Ferguson

The first class—ingénues—under which come Mary Miles Minter, May Allison, Wanda Hawley, and Violet Mersereau. The second class—exotics—under this come Corinne Griffith, Nazimova, and Bebe Daniels. The third class—comédiennes—in which come Dorothy Gish, Viola Dana, and Doris May. The fourth class—emotional actresses—in which there is Lillian Gish, Lillian Gish, and only Lillian Gish. The fifth class—beauties—Katherine MacDonald, Miss Du Pont, Betty Blythe, Harriet Hammond, and Florence Vidor.

MARJORIE JAMES.

No. 600 St. John Avenue, Pasadena, California.

A Fan to Be Envied.

I think I have seen Dorothy Gish and her mother in an intimate way that no interviewer has ever achieved.

I called on Miss Gish and her very charming mother by their invitation one afternoon in the winter. My mother and I were shown into Dorothy's bedroom as

she was not feeling well and we found her propped up in bed looking adorable with her lovely hair down. She is surely much prettier off the screen than on. We talked about all the things that girls do, and she told me about James Rennie. My mother, who was with me, was charmed with both Dorothy and her mother.

I also went on location with her; my governess chaperoned me and she was shocked at my mother allowing me to go, but she soon fell under the spell of Miss Gish's sweetness and unaffectedness. Of course we met Ralph Graves, and he is surely charming and a very good actor, as he proved by his acting in "Dream Street." After seeing them work all day I feel that

I know them very well, and I want to say that I have never met lovelier people than the Gishes and Mr. Graves.

I have met a great many more actors and actresses and have seen nearly all of them on the stage as we go to all the plays in New York before coming South.

I think Richard Barthelmess is one of the finest young actors of the day, and Wallace Reid is a great favorite of mine. I also like Harrison Ford

and Jack Holt. As for Rodolph Valentino, I can't see what the girls see in him to rave over so; they have simply lost their heads, it seems to me.

Charleston, South Carolina.

"DIANE."

P. S.—If my people knew I was writing this, Oh! Là! Là!!!

Long May Rodolph Reign!

I should like the other fans to know what the Baltimore girls think of Rodolph Valentino. We think that he is wonderful. No other word could describe him. He has an intelligent, handsome face, so different from the "Dolly Varden" faces of the usual matinée idol. That is why he is so interesting, he is different. We like him principally because he is somewhat of a cave man—that is, on the screen—and every girl loves a man who can command.

We are tired of the present generation of men who are nothing more than a lot of male flappers. (Oh, *no!* I am not a man hater.) We wanted something different, that was the Baltimore girls' demand, and as it was answered in the person of Rudy Valentino, as we call him, he will ever be dear to us. But we fervently hope that all of this much-merited praise he is receiving will not spoil him. Long may he reign, as he most certainly is, the king of flappers' hearts.

Baltimore, Maryland.

"BOBBY,"

Representative of the Flappers.

Continued on page 10



MISS WINIFRED KIMBALL wins over 30,000 contestants in Chicago Daily News scenario contest—She trained her natural gifts by Palmer Plan.



\$10,000 reward for a Palmer student's imagination

THE first prize of \$10,000 in the Chicago Daily News scenario contest was awarded to Miss Winifred Kimball, of Apalachicola, Florida. It is the biggest prize ever offered for a scenario.

The contest was open to everybody. Nearly 30,000 entered, many professional scenarists competing. Miss Kimball, an amateur heretofore unknown to the screen, wrote "Broken Chains" the scenario adjudged best.

Miss Kimball is an enthusiastic student of the Palmer Course and Service. Of the Palmer Plan she writes:

"There is something unique in the kindly interest that the Palmer institution evinces toward its students. I feel that much of my success is due to its practical instructions. I have advantaged greatly from the fundamental wisdom of its criticisms and teachings."

A second prize of \$1,000 was won by Mrs. Anna Mezquida, of San Francisco, also a Palmer student. Seven other students of the Palmer Plan won \$500 prizes.

Until the Palmer Photoplay Corporation discovered and developed their gifts in its nation-wide search for screen imagination, these prize winners were unknown to the motion picture industry.

That search goes on and on. Through a questionnaire test which reveals creative imagination if it exists, more hidden talent will yet be uncovered. The test is offered free to you in this page.

* * *

This is the kind of story that needs little elaboration. The awards speak for themselves. The Chicago Daily News put its great influence and resources behind the motion picture industry, which desperately needs fresh imagination for scenarios. Thirty-one cash prizes amounting to \$30,000 were offered. Thirty-thousand professional and amateur writers competed. Their manuscripts

were identified to the judges not by author's name, but by number.

The judges—among whom were David Wark Griffith, the famous producer, Samuel Goldwyn, whose studios will produce the first prize scenario, Norma Talmadge and Charles Chaplin, screen stars, and Rupert Hughes, celebrated author and scenarist—selected "Broken Chains" as the best of the 30,000 scenarios entered.

To a southern girl who lives in a little village of 3,000 population, that selection meant a check for \$10,000, and a career.

To the Palmer Photoplay Corporation, the incident is just one more gratifying record of a Palmer student's brilliant success.

A public that makes its own scenarios

In its issue of April 1, announcing the prize winners, the Daily News quoted the judges as agreeing that—

"—it proves beyond all doubt that the American public can supply its own art industry, 'the movies,' with plenty of impressive plots drawn from real life."

That is the message which the Palmer Photoplay Corporation emphasizes in its nation-wide search for creative imagination. As the accredited agent of the motion picture industry for getting the stories without which production of motion pictures cannot go on, the Palmer organization seeks to enlist the country's Imagination for the fascinating and well paid profession of scenario writing. Here, in the inspiring story told on this page, is proof that Imagination exists in unexpected places; evidence that it can be inspired to produce, and trained in the screen technique, by the Palmer Home Course and Service in photoplay writing.

A free test of your imagination

Imagination is the indispensable gift of the scenarist. It exists in men and women who never suspect its presence. The problem of the motion picture industry is to discover it, and train it to serve the screen.

By a remarkable questionnaire, the Palmer Photoplay Corporation is enabled to test the imaginative faculties of any person who will send for it and answer its questions. The test is free. The results of careful analysis by our Examining Board will be given you. We shall be frank. If your questionnaire indicates that you do not possess the gifts required for screen writing, we shall advise you to think no more of writing for the screen. But if you have those gifts we shall accept you, should you so elect, for enrollment in the Palmer Course and Service.

The opportunity is immense, the rewards are limitless. Will you take this free confidential test in your own home, and determine whether it is worth your while to try for the big things—as Miss Kimball did?

The questionnaire will be sent to you promptly and without obligation, if you clip the coupon below. Do it now, before you forget.

PALMER PHOTOPLAY Corporation

Dept. of Education, Y-7, 124 W. 4th St., Los Angeles, Cal.



PLEASE send me, without cost or obligation on my part, your questionnaire. I will answer the questions in it and return it to you for analysis. If I pass the test, I am to receive further information about your Course and Service.

Name
Indicate Mr., Mrs., or Miss

Address

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 8

Take Care, Rodolph!

I don't know whether the stars read "What the Fans Think" or not, but I think they should, so as to learn what the public likes and dislikes about them.

I admire Rodolph Valentino and think him a splendid actor, but I do not really like him. He seems to me to be too egotistical. Some articles that he wrote for one of the fan magazines—not PICTURE-PLAY—prejudiced me against him. He made some statements that simply made me furious. One of them was that man was superior to woman in intellect. Mother said that such a remark just amused her, and that Mr. Valentino would grow wiser as he grew older, but I thought it very silly of him—and even if he really believed it, he should have the good taste to refrain from saying so.

JANICE I. DAVIS.

1915 Washington Street, Charleston, West Virginia.

The interviewers are ruining our admiration for Rodolph Valentino. Why don't they quote him as having an opinion on something besides "Women?" He surely must talk about other subjects sometimes! I don't believe he is half as exotic, as Oriental, as mysterious as the press agents are making him, and I should think he would step on some of those interviewers. His acting is certainly above criticism—everything he has done has been splendid—and his acting in "Moran of the Lady Letty" ought to offset these impressions we are getting of his being something on the order of a "black orchid." No one else could take the place of Rodolph Valentino—that goes without saying—but oh, how I wish he would stop all these essays on "Women." The men in my office all moan every time I buy a new movie magazine which springs something along that line.

"A COMPLEAT FAN."

Box 343, Santa Rosa, California.

For a long time I have been watching eagerly the columns that contain the cream of the entertainment afforded by PICTURE-PLAY, these words that are the most sincere of all, for they are the words of the PUBLIC, spelled with large letters.

I have watched others knock my favorites and others cheer the ones that deserve no favor in my estimation, but I know that whatever was or will be said is in the very breath of faith.

I want to say just a word to the person who said that Wallace Reid has had his supremacy long enough. It may be true that he has worn his laurels carelessly, but the fact remains, he has stood the test, for after six or eight years of constant adoration he remains the favorite of thousands of fans, and I think he deserves a permanent place in the affections of all movie lovers.

But if Rodolph Valentino, who, I acclaim, myself, is to be the next matinée idol, then let him drop a little of his overbearing conceit.

There is surely no room in the favor of the public—unless it is the more or less unintellectual portion—for a person who advertises his knowledge of the opposite sex, and who admits there is nothing he loves so much as to make a woman love him. If it is only that it is the foreign atmosphere that he wishes to carry, then he should carry it and not slam our own American men. There never before

has been a man who dared to say that Americans were not the equals of other races in love and harmony. The joke of the whole thing is, he did not live with the woman he professed his love to.

There is no doubt that he is entitled to a great deal of worship, but should we rate a foreigner above our own American men?

It is not in prophecy that I speak this, but we have seen a similar case work out before. Valentino is being taken upon the emotional whirlwind of public favor and will perhaps reach some of the greatest heights, but Eugene O'Brien is a pretty fair example of what this sort of success may result in.

When it comes to acting, how can any one dare to compare the brute force of an Arab to the immortal interpretation of Peter Ibbetson?

It has been my fortunate experience to have met a great many of the actors and more of the actresses in the motion-picture field. Each one has treated me wonderfully. I can truthfully say it is not for beauty that the men bestow their favors, nor is it for your social value that the women are nice. They are, all in all, the most unassuming crowd of people and the most willing to do for others of any people I have ever met, and I have traveled a great deal.

If there were more of the Elliott Dexters, and the Richard Barthelmesses and a few of the Elsie Fergusons, we would soon find there is small room in our favor for the foreigners. After all it should be the honest value that we seek and not an assumed attitude and boasting contempt along with the desire for flattery. We are the ones to make and break the stars. If we must make Rodolph Valentino, let's stick to it and not desert him as we did Eugene O'Brien. It is the only way, if we start for a thing let's go the limit; any one can fall down on a job, it takes pluck to stick to it. So, along with the rest, I'll try to help Valentino, though he is so far from perfect.

CARRYL MONROE.

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

A Protest Against Elaborate Programs.

In the last issue of PICTURE-PLAY you ask, "Do the fans like elaborate programs or do they not?"

I do not.

The Los Angeles picture palaces have gone mad on the subject of programs. They vie with each other in presenting "extra added attractions," many of them so tedious as to defy description.

A very fair example of the sort of thing exhibitors inflict on the public was the bill I saw in connection with the showing of "One Arabian Night" at one of Los Angeles' most boisterously artistic theaters.

Unfortunately, I arrived just as the last reel of the feature was being shown. I waited through that. Then came the "Poet and Peasant" overture (specially selected, no doubt, for its affinity with things Arabian) rendered by the 50-piece orchestra; after that a news reel; then a scenic of Lake Louise in winter; followed an animated cartoon; next a two-reel slapstick comedy, and, finally, the prologue. This consisted of a backdrop representing a city at night; a couch covered with red cheesecloth; an awkward young man in costume; a singer and three dancers. When these had transported one as far from Bagdad as it was men-

Continued on page 12



If You Like to Draw

Write for Free Book

"How to Become An Artist"

By our new method of teaching by mail you can learn illustrating, cartooning, commercial art in your own home. Hundreds of successful graduates are now making splendid incomes. Many students earn even while learning! Get into this fascinating work yourself and earn \$50 to \$100 or more a week! Our method makes it easy for **anyone** to learn. Instructions given by one of America's most famous artists with over 30 years' experience.

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WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART, Inc.
Room 1850, Marden Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Without any obligation on my part, please send me your Free Art Booklet and Special Free Drawing Outfit Offer with reduced terms to new students.

NAME.....
(State whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

ADDRESS.....

\$500.00 "EMPTY ARMS" Prize Contest

THE Lester Park-Edward Whiteside photoplay, "Empty Arms," inspired the song "Empty Arms." A third verse is wanted, and to the writer of the best one submitted a prize of \$500 cash will be paid.

This contest is open to everybody. You simply write the words for a third verse—it is not necessary that you see the photoplay before doing so. Send your name and address on a postal card or sheet of paper and we shall send you a copy of the words of the song, the rules of the contest and a short synopsis of this photoplay. It will cost you nothing to enter the contest.

Write postal or letter today to

"Empty Arms" Contest Editor
World M. P. Corporation
245 West 47th Street, Dept. 692C, New York, N. Y.

Do You Know How to Behave?

No, this is not a joke. So many people do not know how to behave, do not know the right thing to do at the right time, the right thing to say at the right time. They are always embarrassed and

ill at ease in the company of others. They make mistakes that cause strangers to misjudge them. Pretty clothes and haughty manner cannot hide the fact that they do not know *how to behave*.

AT THE DANCE, at the theatre, as a guest or in public—wherever we chance to be, people judge us by what we do and say. They read in our actions the story of our personality. They see in our manners the truth of our breeding. To them we are either well-bred or ill-bred. They credit us with as much refinement and cultivation as our manners display—no more.



Do you know the correct and cultured way to make introductions?

Very often, because they are not entirely sure, because they do not know exactly what is correct, people commit impulsive blunders. They become embarrassed, humiliated. They know that the people around them are misjudging them, underestimating them. And it is then that they realize most keenly the value of *etiquette*.

Etiquette means correct behavior. It means knowing just what to do at the right time, just what to say at the right time. It consists of certain important little laws of good conduct that have been adopted by the best circles in Europe and America, and that serve as a barrier to keep the uncultured and ill-bred out of the circles where they would be uncomfortable and embarrassed.

What Etiquette Does

To the man who is self-conscious and shy, etiquette gives poise, self-confidence. To the woman who is timid and awkward, etiquette gives a well-poised charm. To all who know and follow its little secrets of good conduct, etiquette gives a calm dignity that is recognized and respected in the highest circles of business and society.



What would you do, or say in this embarrassing situation?

In the ballroom, for instance, the man who knows the important little rules of etiquette knows how to ask a lady to dance, how many times it is permissible to dance with the same partner, how to take leave of a lady when the music ceases and he wishes to seek a new partner, how to thank the hostess when he is ready to

Would You Know How

to create conversation if you were left alone with a noted celebrity?
to acknowledge an invitation to a formal dinner?
to arrange an informal home wedding?
to set the table for a formal luncheon?
to be an ideal guest if you were invited to a house party?

depart. The lady knows how to assume correct dancing positions, how to create conversation, how to conduct herself with the cultured grace that commands admiration.

What It Will Do for You

Perhaps you have often wondered what to do in a certain embarrassing situation, what to say at a certain embarrassing time. Etiquette will banish all doubt, correct all blunders. It will tell you definitely, without a particle of a doubt, what is correct and what is incorrect. It will reveal to you at once all the important rules of conduct that others acquire only after years of social contact with the most highly cultivated people.



Do you know the correct behavior at public places?

and wedding receptions, dances and theatre parties; how to word cards, invitations and correspondence?

The existence of fixed rules of conduct makes it easy for you to do, say, wear and write only what is absolutely correct. Etiquette tells you exactly what to do when you receive unexpected invitations, when people visit you for the first time, when you are left alone with a noted celebrity. It tells you what clothes to take on a week-end party, what to wear to the afternoon dance and the evening dance, how to command the respect and admiration of all people whom you come in contact with.

The Famous Book of Etiquette

The Book of Etiquette is recognized as one of the most dependable and reliable authorities on the conduct of good society. This splendid work has entered thousands of homes, solved thousands of problems, enabled thousands of people to enter the social world and enjoy its peculiar privileges. To have it in the home is to be immune from all embarrassing

blunders, to know exactly what is correct and what is incorrect, to be calm in the assurance that one can mingle with people of the highest society and be entirely well-poised and at ease.

In the Book of Etiquette, now published in two large volumes, you will find chapters on dance etiquette, dinner etiquette, reception etiquette and the etiquette of calls and correspondence. There are interesting and valuable chapters on correct dress, on how to introduce people to each other, on the lifting of the hat, the usual every-day courtesies. You may often have wondered what the correct thing was to do on a certain occasion, under certain puzzling circumstances. The Book of Etiquette solves all problems—from the proper way to eat corn on the cob, to the correct amount to tip the porter in a hotel.



What should the gentleman say when the music ceases and he must leave one partner to seek another?

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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 10

tally possible to go, they retired, and the feature came on. It required a very good picture indeed to triumph over such a setting, but, for me, "One Arabian Night" did so. What did it matter that the orchestra, completely overlooking the perfect, made-to-order score in Rimsky Korsakoff's "Scheherazade," played a medley of all the worst, pseudo-Oriental popular trash of the last ten years? Wegener, Negri, and Lubitsch held me in a trance, obliterating the strains of "Alexandria" and "Hindustan." But even so, the keen edge of enjoyment was dulled.

For myself, I gladly forgo the deep-cushioned loge seats, the orchestra, the opium-den decorative effects and the seductive usherettes for the stuffy, dilapidated neighborhood playhouse which cannot afford to show anything but the feature.

Of course, they have to do something to bolster up weak films. For it is an undeniable fact that 99 44-100% of the pictures one sees to-day are mediocre. But can you blame the producers when such pictures as "The Affairs of Anatol," "The Great Moment," and "The Queen of Sheba," are enormous financial successes while really fine things like "The Conquering Power," "Footlights," "What Every Woman Knows," and "Sentimental Tommy" go begging?

LUCILLE MILLER.

809 East Wilson Avenue, Glendale, California.

A Letter from New Zealand.

We New Zealand fans have been having a great deal of excitement lately, for we have actually had the pleasure of seeing a movie star! I wonder if you can guess as to whom I'm referring. Well, it is none other than the famous Annette Kellermann, who is at present touring "God's own country." Taking it all around, Annette has been having a wonderful time here. Everywhere she played she has had packed houses. In Palmerston here, she played for five nights, and the theater was packed every night. She has been made patron of different swimming clubs, and judge of different events.

James Sullivan (Annette's husband) has given out that Miss Kellermann is to make a picture in New Zealand which will be great advertising for the wonders of "Maoriland"—not forgetting Annette, of course. Already ten thousand pounds (fifty thousand dollars) has been subscribed, I understand, and it is said that the picture is going to be made a wonderful success, a worthy successor to "Neptune's Daughter" and "A Daughter of the Gods." It is said that the director and the other actors will be imported from America!

So far the movies in New Zealand have not progressed much, for although we have wonderful scenery and light, no one seems to have sufficient cash to take a chance by starting up a large studio on a grand scale. Just now there has been finished a picture called "The Birth of New Zealand," but so far I haven't had the pleasure of seeing it. A certain Harrington Reynolds who came along here with "The Globe Trotters" vaudeville company, quoted himself as being at one time a director for the Essanay Film Company, of U. S. A. He then went on to say that while he had been touring in New Zealand he had found it particularly suited to picture-making purposes, and that with the cooperation of the townspeople he would make a picture that

would be worthy of New Zealand, and which, when sold to the larger countries of the world would greatly advertise New Zealand. Of course this greatly interested the big bugs of the town—in fact all of us—for we are all anxious that other countries should hear about ours, and more so that our people would have prominent parts in the picture. Well, to cut a long story short, the necessary cash was scraped up, and production on "The Birth of New Zealand" was started some months ago. Now that it is finished it is being shown throughout the country. As I said before, I have not yet seen it. I can, therefore, give you no opinion of it; but the thing that has struck me is that so far I have not heard of any place outside of New Zealand purchasing the film. Of course, at present it is enjoying a fairly good run here, so I suppose they are looking ahead for foreign markets yet.

One thing that we fans are experiencing just now is that we don't know what to do when we write to our favorites about the asking for photographs. I will just give you some examples that have happened to me. I wrote to that wonderful artist Olga Petrova, inclosing international coupons to the value of twenty-five cents. I also asked her a number of questions. Imagine my surprise when I received a nice letter from her thanking me for my praise of her work (not one of those typewritten affairs that some stars send to everybody) but greater still was the fact that she answered all my questions, and sent me a nice autographed photograph of herself (not autographed with a rubber stamp) and inside the envelope were my coupons sent back to me! I've often wondered if she was offended at my sending them for she just sent them back to me without mentioning a word about them. I hope that she took it in the spirit that I sent them—namely, that I did not wish to cause her unnecessary expense. Now how many other stars would do that? I sent twenty-five cents to each of the following: Ethel Clayton, Pauline Frederick, Alice Joyce, Agnes Ayres, Corinne Griffith, but have never heard from any of them. I wonder if they thought it was an insult. This bothered me, so I wrote to Hope Hampton and did not send her any, and she sent me a beautiful colored eight-by-ten photo of herself. Yet when I wrote Eva Novak, I received a pleasant little reply back stating that upon receipt of fifty cents she would be pleased to send me her photo—by gum, I should think she would.

I wrote Bill Farnum, not sending anything, and received a big eight-by-ten photo, yet when I sent twenty-five cents to Eddy Polo I received a post-card in return for my kindness. It puts us fans in an awkward position when we sit down and write to our favorites, for we ponder and think that if I send twenty-five cents will he or she—as the case may be—regard it as an insult, or, if I don't send it, will they send me a photo? I often see in the Oracle's page where different readers state that they have waited for three weeks for a reply from their stars—well all I can say is that they ought to be over here, for when we write to the stars we always have to wait from three to five months for a reply.

A NEW ZEALAND FAN.

Box 405, Palmerston North, New Zealand.

Continued on page 106

The Black Star

is well known to every reader of *Detective Story Magazine*, but does every reader of this magazine know that the first of his adventures have been published in book form, by Chelsea House, 79 Seventh Avenue?

The book is called "THE BLACK STAR." The author is JOHNSTON McCULLEY, and the price will surprise you, because it is only \$1.00.

We made it \$1.00 because we wanted to get the maximum sale which so good a detective story deserves.

Ask your bookseller to show you a copy. We feel certain that it holds more entertainment for you than anything else that a similar amount of money will buy.

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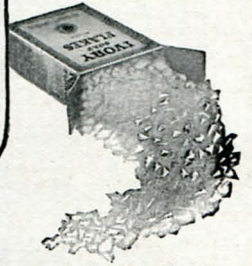
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ITS heavy silk folds still glow and glisten with life!

Its dainty flesh-tint is so fresh and lovely that, if you saw the original gown, you might easily mistake it for a new garment, as many others have.

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IVORY SOAP FLAKES

Makes dainty clothes last longer



The Calendar of Past Performances

As Revealed by Johnson Briscoe.



1—1916—SATURDAY.—Jewel Carmen, fresh from the Pacific coast, was paying her first visit to New York City, accompanied by her sister, and she confesses to having had a stiff neck for weeks from gazing at the tall buildings in the country's metropolis.

2—1917—MONDAY.—Kathryn Perry was contributing pulchritude and youthful gaiety to "The Follies of 1917," then current at the New Amsterdam Theater, New York City. Wonder if she ever thought then that her matrimonial fate would lead her toward Owen Moore?

3—1900—TUESDAY.—Cecil de Mille was in particularly fine fettle—was he not an actor, drawing salary in the summer-time—doing his best to be convincing with the limited opportunities afforded him as Arthur Dyson in "Hearts Are Trumps," at McVicker's Theater, Chicago, Illinois?

4—1907—THURSDAY.—Edith Storey, no doubt, was thinking fondly of the land of "The Star-Spangled Banner," as she toured far-distant Australia in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," in which, coincidentally enough, she was cast for the part of Australia Wiggs!

5—1907—FRIDAY.—Margarita Fisher laid aside the responsibilities of stardom in her own repertoire company, and upon this occasion was to be seen at the Lyceum Theater, San Francisco, Cal., where, we are sure, she was rapturously received as Susan Hackett in "The Eleventh Hour."

6—1911—THURSDAY.—Crauford Kent was vastly proud of his vocal powers in these eleven years ago—and he raised his voice (at so much per week) as Maurice d'Uzac in "The Pink Lady," one of New York's biggest successes, at the New Amsterdam Theater.

7—1910—THURSDAY.—Mary Miles Minter, then eight years old, helped keep the family pot boiling with summer stock "jobbing" engagements, and was at the moment concerned with the rôle of Lottie in that juvenile classic, "The Little Princess," as offered at Keith's Theater, Providence, R. I.

8—1916—SATURDAY.—Marshall Neilan, then flying the old Selig banner, climbed aboard the train in Chicago for the inevitable trip to Los Angeles, where he was under contract to direct Tom Mix in a series of Zane Grey dramas. Those were the happy days!

9—1900—MONDAY.—Fred Niblo, one of today's king-pin directors, was paid real money for telling funny stories as a vaudeville monologist, and this is a great date in his past calendar, for it marked his first professional appearance before a London audience, at the Palace Theater.

10—1913—THURSDAY.—Arline Pretty determined to do or die as an actress, regardless of her family's objections, and everything was quite serene at the moment as she appeared in her native city of Washington, D. C., with a stock company as Marie in "My Wife."

11—1908—SATURDAY.—Allen Holubar unconscious of his directorial destiny, was playing with the Jessie Shirley company, at the Auditorium Theater, Spokane, Wash., and oh, the feminine adulation he received this day as Derward Belmont in that kitchen-fireside classic, "Lena Rivers."

12—1911—WEDNESDAY.—Valeska Suratt, who had not yet embarked upon her siren screen career, was bidding for Broadway stellar honors at the Globe Theater as Lola in "The Red Rose," with Wallace McCutcheon, destined for a time to be the husband of our own Pearl White.

13—1907—SATURDAY.—Billie Burke was a proud young woman, for she had just made her debut upon the London dramatic stage, after years in musical comedy, and with Charles Hawtrey was appearing at the Vaudeville Theater as Madame Polacca Mojeski in "Mrs. Ponderbury's Past."

14—1911—FRIDAY.—John Ince didn't care what sort of rôle he played—since there was a new one each week—so he threw himself heart and soul into that of Joe Westcott in "Fifty Miles from Boston," as presented by the Poli Players, Bridgeport, Conn.

15—1901—MONDAY.—Theodore Roberts was adding still another to his long-ago famous gallery of character impersonations, being cast for James Hume in "The White Heather," as offered by Daniel Frawley's company, at the Grand Opera House, San Francisco, Cal.

16—1915—FRIDAY.—Tom Mix in Las Vegas, N. M., went seriously about his business of making Western Selig pictures, but life suddenly took on new interest for him through the engagement of a new leading lady, Victoria Forde, who was destined to become Mrs. Tom Mix.

17—1906—TUESDAY.—John Barrymore then rated as primarily a light comedy actor was gaining considerable geographical knowledge, paying his first visit to Australia, in the support of William Collier, with whom he toured Kangarooland in "The Dictator" and "On the Quiet."

18—1916—TUESDAY.—Lila Lee, who six years ago answered to the professional name of "Cuddles," was gamboling about the sands at Atlantic City, N. J., though not upon vacation bent, for she was a member of "Gus Edwards' Song Revue," then current at Keith's Theater.

19—1903—SUNDAY.—Earle Williams celebrated this Lord's Day with a masterful portrayal—we hope!—of the part of Detchard in "The Prisoner of Zenda," as offered by the resident organization, at the Alcazar Theater, San Francisco, Cal.

20—1915—TUESDAY.—Martha Mansfield was plodding away hopefully—trusting that the gods of fortune would some day lift her a jog or two above the chorus ranks—which, of course, happened—at the Winter Garden, New York, in "The Passing Show of 1915."

21—1914—TUESDAY.—Bessie Barriscale, Dorcas Mathews, David Butler, Howard Hickman, and Thurston Hall were five names to be found in the cast of "Officer 666," as offered at the Alcazar Theater, San Francisco, Cal., and 'twas not a motion picture, either!

22—1912—MONDAY.—Kathleen Clifford, who can wear boys' clothes as perhaps no other woman can, was engaged in a riotous sartorial display as Willie Groe in "A Winsome Widow," at the Moulin Rouge, New York—an edifice now devoted to the showing of motion pictures.

23—1918—TUESDAY.—Alan Hale had made a temporary return to the spoken drama, being Monte Laidlaw in "Rock-a-Bye Baby," a musical comedy which was laboriously endeavoring to entertain the multitude at the Astor Theater, New York City.

24—1915—SATURDAY.—Alan Forrest, who in his wildest imagination never dreamed that he would one day be Mary Pickford's brother-in-law, was a happy resident of the Los Angeles film colony, having just signed a contract to play opposite Norma Talmadge.

25—1910—MONDAY.—Francis X. Bushman, in all his six feet of blond glory, made his debut as a member of the stock company at the Millbrook Casino Theater, Portsmouth, Ohio, as Sam Fowler in "In Mizzoura," and great was the feminine hulla-balloo in consequence.

26—1913—SATURDAY.—Rockliffe Felloes was delighted with his stage opportunities, taking full advantage of the chances which were his as Richard Gilder in "Within the Law," which was having a long run at the Eltinge Theater, New York.

27—1899—THURSDAY.—Edythe Chapman, whose screen career has been devoted solely to character and grand dame rôles, was rollicking through the gay comedy rôle of Nancy Brasher in "Nancy and Company," offered by the Neill Company, at the Metropolitan Opera House, St. Paul, Minn.

28—1911—FRIDAY.—Bert Lytell was in his nineteenth week of a stock starring engagement at Harmanus Bleecker Hall, Albany, N. Y., devoting his talents at the moment to the rôle in "The Virginian." And who should be in his supporting company but Mahlon Hamilton!

29—1912—MONDAY.—Katherine MacDonal was appearing at the Winter Garden, New York, and the name of the alleged rôle she played was Miss De-menor!

30—1916—SUNDAY.—Anita Stewart was having a forlorn time of it, being ill with an attack of typhoid fever at her home, Brightwaters, L. I.

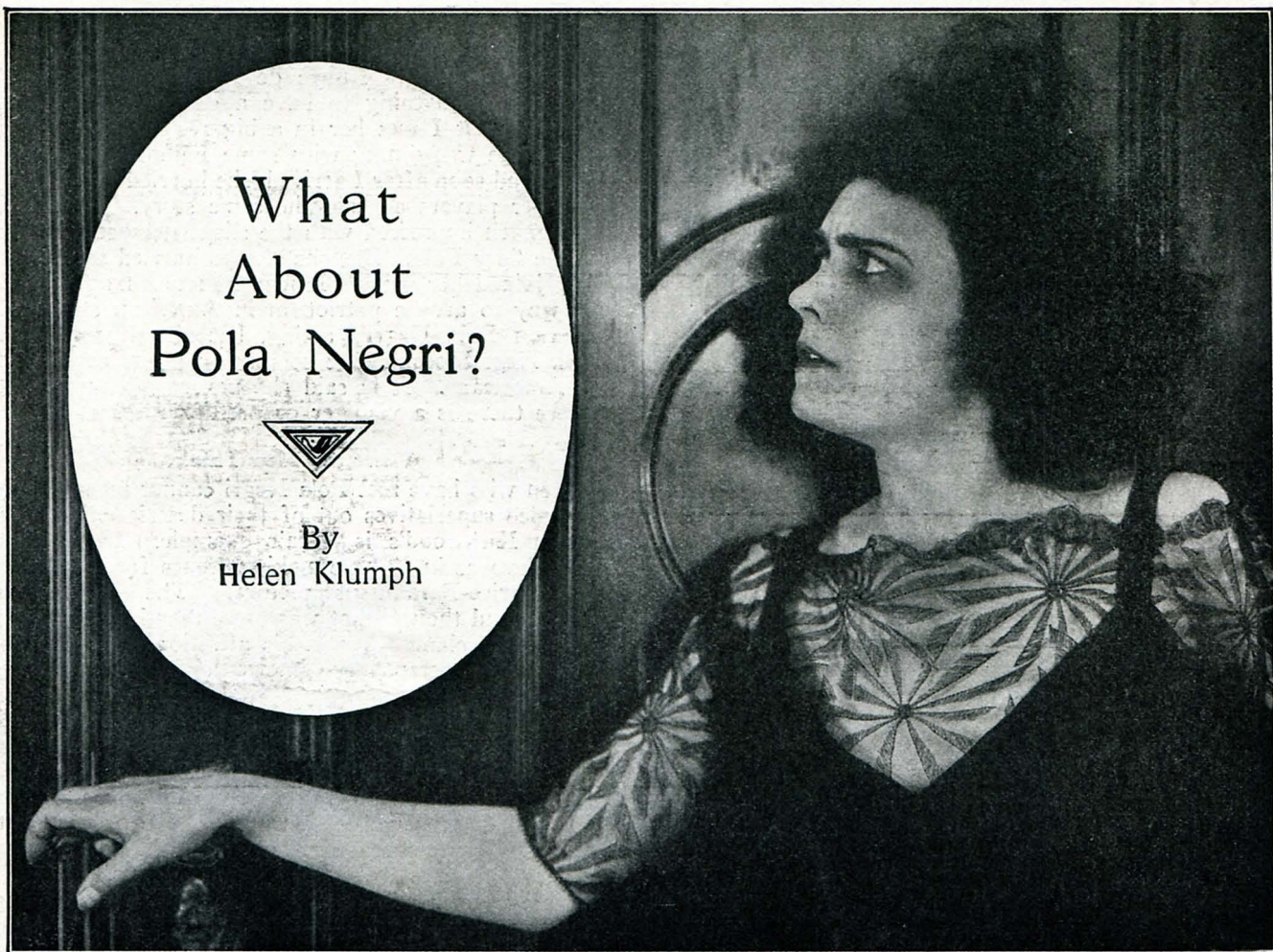
31—1895—WEDNESDAY.—A well-known soubrette of the period, Nellie Callahan, was given a benefit performance of the play "Myrtle Ferns" in Louisville, Ky., and among the actors was a struggling, serious young man who has traveled far since these twenty-seven years ago, being known today as David Wark Griffith.



Fascinating to men, a little bit scornful of other women, that is Pola Negri. Her dynamic personality may not please you, but it grips you. She is one of the most amazing personalities in motion pictures.

What About Pola Negri?

By
Helen Klumph



ALMOST as old as the motion picture is the legend that off the screen the vampire is a wholesome character. At the theater the subtitles endow her with almost diabolical power; in real life we read that she has only one husband and several children, that she lives on the right side of Main Street, and that her favorite form of amusement is a taffy pull or reading Elsie Dinsmore aloud to the children. The next time we see her we notice flaws in her work. She doesn't seem so sleek, so serpentine, and we are inclined to think that instead of plotting relentlessly against her next victim, she is thinking up a snappy recipe for a new kind of custard.

Perhaps that is why our home-grown vampires don't continue to thrill us. Perhaps that is one reason for the tremendous impression made in this country by Pola Negri, whom First National introduced to this country in "Passion" about a year ago and who has been seen frequently since.

There is no make-believe about her characterizations. There is no flinching at realism. She vibrates. She is a magnet. Her passion is swift and torrential and relentless, and her gaiety is spontaneous. Crude and coarse she may be at times, but she is always convincing. And the effect of her screen work has never been diluted by reports of her simple home life.

At first when I started to find out all I could about Pola Negri, I was afraid that some one would try to cast an aura of domesticity about her, in the well-intentioned belief that no actress is complete without the home touch nowadays. Thank goodness, no one did. Remember her *Du Barry*, remember her *Carmen*, and

then try to reconcile the woman who interpreted them to one who is devoted to the interests of a little home.

It cannot be done. Pola Negri belongs to the world of affairs, to the pulsating, dynamic world where artistic history is being made. The great cities of the world must be the home of such a woman, brilliant men and women her friends.

Forecast Her Future for Yourself

This fascinating Polish actress was the sensation of motion pictures last year. But will she become a real favorite of the American fans?

If you are one of the many who delight in sugar-sweet heroines, you will not care for Pola Negri, but if you are one of the few who are fascinated by her rugged work on the screen, you will want to know more of her.

In this she is presented—not as she impressed one interviewer—but as many film celebrities have known her. Only a composite picture made up from the varying impressions of many people can give you an adequate idea of the many-sided personality of this remarkable woman. Here is that multiplicity of views of her from every angle.

"The Woman Who Never Sleeps."

"What is Pola Negri like?" I asked a young art student who returned from Berlin just at the time that "Passion" made Pola Negri the most-talked-of player in New York. "They call her 'The woman who never sleeps,'" he told me. "That's a tribute to her popularity, not a reproach. Germans don't expect their actors to lead cloistered lives."

"What about Pola Negri?" I asked anxiously of Jeanie Macpherson when she returned from abroad last year. "I was so disappointed," Miss Macpherson told me, "I didn't meet her. She was away, at Nice, on a rest cure when I was in Germany."



Men find Pola Negri charmingly feminine.

So you can take that title for what you think it is worth.

A Leader of Fashion.

Charles Chaplin says that Pola Negri is the loveliest thing he saw in all Europe. He says that she is really beautiful, in a typically Polish way, with jet-black hair, very small white teeth, and warm coloring.

"You never saw any one look so smart," Anna Q. Nilsson told me explosively when I asked her impression of Pola Negri. "She is perfectly groomed and there is a flair to every movement she makes. But—" That "But" was very expressive. "Is she haughty?" I suggested. "I wouldn't say." Miss Nilsson retreated from dangerous ground hastily. It's a mean trick asking one player her opinion of another. "There were five of us who just happened to go into the Berlin office of Famous Players when she was there, and

perhaps she didn't like meeting so many of us at once. Anyway, she rushed off immediately."

"She's striking," Rubye de Remer told me. "I'd have given anything to have a chance to study her closely. But I met her in a big restaurant in Berlin where she was dining with some Famous Players officials and soon after I arrived, she hurried away."

Other players all told the same story. They were very much impressed with the slight glimpses they got of the fiery Pola. But she always hurried away when they joined her party. It may be true that the quickest way to arouse patriotism in American stars is to mention Pola Negri's acting, but also it seems that Pola Negri doesn't care so much for the competition of Americans. It is said she never stays at a party where there is a younger or prettier woman.

What the Men Think.

Men who have met Pola Negri cannot seem to leave any nice superlatives out of their descriptions of her. James Kirkwood's is a fair example. He met her while he was in Europe making scenes for the George Fitzmaurice-Paramount picture, "The Man From Home" and though that was some months ago, no one has yet supplanted her in his affection.

"A vivid personality—international in its appeal," he sums her up.

"I had an unusual opportunity to study the real Pola Negri," he told me. "When I went to Berlin some German film executives arranged a special dinner at the Hotel Adlon honoring a group of American film people who happened to be there."

"In the party were Mr. and Mrs. Norman Kerry, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Kaufman and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Loew, also Directors Ernst Lubitsch and Wegener, and Pola Negri. So you can see that the stage was well set for observing the reactions of Pola Negri both to Americans and the European film experts with whom she has been associated."

"Pola Negri is perhaps the most amazingly attractive woman I have ever met. She possesses more than a usual share of good looks, but this is backed up by a most powerful personality. She is vivacious, vital, gloriously alive."

"Although I saw her in Teutonic surroundings and she spoke in German she in no way savors of Deutschland. By nationality a Pole, her appeal is not limited by boundary lines. Her quick response to emotions, her use of her hands in conversation, her adaptability to persons and surroundings give her an artistic value equally salable in New York, Kamchatka or the Island of Yap."

"Pola Negri will always be popular with men patrons of motion pictures because she is an unusual combination of two qualities particularly enjoyed by the mas-



Crude and coarse at times—as in this scene from "The Red Peacock"—Pola Negri is always convincing.

culine element, vitality and vivacity, these two softened by truly feminine traits which keep her from that air of masculinity which men resent. And at the same time she is not a clinging vine. In other words she steers a splendid middle course which should build and retain for her the admiration of both men and women.

"I can't repeat directly anything Pola Negri said at the Adlon dinner. As I have said she speaks such rapid German that I caught only occasional snatches. My more gifted American friends, however, raved to me for several days afterward over the catholicity of her knowledge. She seemed to be able to talk with intelligence on modern literature, politics, the drama, in fact any of the topics which might come up at such a gathering. My impression was that she was an exceedingly well-read woman.

"She was very curious about America, expecting to come here to make pictures sooner or later. In fact she is studying English assiduously with that end in view. And she is accurate in her information regarding our country, having closely questioned every American player or director with whom she has come into contact. She likes Americans, for they 'play up' to the vivacity which is her greatest characteristic. Her associates in the German film studios are naturally more phlegmatic and as a result Pola Negri fits smoothly into any American gathering she may attend."

The Center of Attraction.

According to all accounts Pola Negri is accustomed to a great deal of attention wherever she goes. There is always a circle of admiring men about her; she dominates every conversation as high-handedly as a queen. She is a star who lives up to the legends and traditions of artistic temperament. She is not modest; she is not ingratiating; she is not sweet, nor appealing. In fact, one can hardly apply to her any of the adjectives our own stars love to merit. She is made of sterner stuff; pride and confidence and above all the defiant insouciance of a born artist. If she can't have the center of the stage at all times, she won't play. That trait in most actors is detestable; in a Bernhardt, a Duse, it is part of their charm. Pola's classification is left to you and posterity. For my humble part, I like her.

"She is very conspicuous looking," Ralph Kohn, the assistant secretary and treasurer of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, told me. He had just returned from abroad where he had dined and danced and chatted with the intense Pola, and he beamed with pleasure as he told about her.

She is sparklingly vivacious—often with an undercurrent of defiance. This scene, also from "The Red Peacock" shows how wealth transforms the poor girl below.



In the early scenes of "The Red Peacock" Pola Negri does not flinch from making herself unattractive.



"She would attract attention anywhere. She is very distinctive, always—wears hats trimmed with what-do-you-call-it, like the ones in her photographs."

"Burnt ostrich feathers," I supplied.

"Yes; that's it," he said. "It looks like a barbaric headdress on her, but awfully stunning. The string of pearls she had on when I met her would have made her round shouldered if she wore them all the time, but that kind of thing suits Pola Negri. She looks just like an American girl so far as dress goes, has more style than any one else I saw abroad.

"She is not vivacious, not sparkling, but she is entertaining. She doesn't speak English, you know, but we managed to get along in German. Polish, and a little French. She is studying English."

"Is it true," I asked him. "That she really knows quite a bit of English, but pretends she doesn't, so that she can listen to what visitors from America say about her?"

"How'd I know that?" he asked despairingly and then added, "Well, she's got a wonderful sense of humor," as much as to admit that there

Continued on page 90

Heroes I Have Known By Hazel Shelley

An unusually frank account of how some of the leading male stars have impressed a writer who has known intimately most of the players both in the East and the West film colonies.

THIS is a story of personal impressions. In it I have set down with utter candor my own individual reactions to some of the great screen heroes.

They are not the same impressions I would have had from seeing these heroes only on the screen. They are different from the impressions that any male writer might have had—for what can a mere man know of the exhilarating effect of close-cropped wavy hair, for example, on the feminine heart? And lastly, they are perhaps entirely different from the impressions that these same heroes would make on you. My only claim for them is that they are frank and sincere.

I was sixteen years of age when I met my first screen hero—Eugene O'Brien. It is hard to explain the exquisite thrill, closely allied to terror that made my knees imitate a couple of castanets when we were introduced. Any school-girl will recognize the symptoms—a sort of "can this really be I?" feeling. At that time he was playing opposite Edna Mayo in "The Chaperon" for the old Essanay Company, and even now, looking back upon the meeting, though fortified with all the calmness of my present-day sophistication, I must admit that

Eugene was very good to look at. His hair with its bronze tints that caught the sunshine waved rather crisply close to his well-shaped head; his eyes were cerulean blue with rather a dreamy expression, his profile was as perfect as that of a classic Greek. And—he had a way with him! Innately a gentleman, his manner seemed to draw you into his exclusive circle, as much as to say, "My dear, you and I are different from this ordinary rabble. You will understand me."

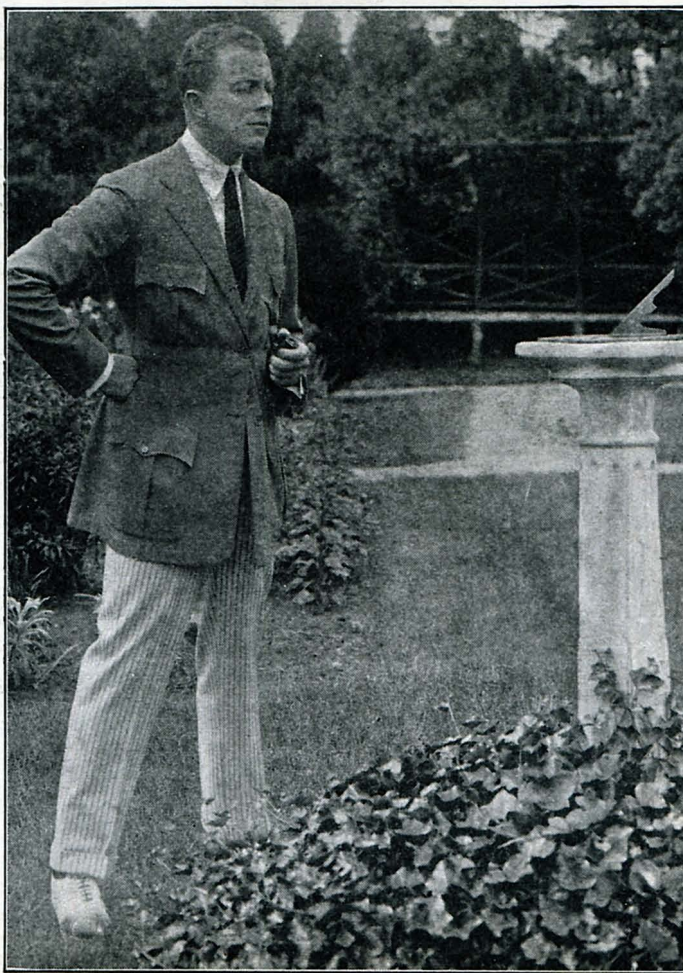
Of course this manner is inordinately flattering to women, and they picture Eugene O'Brien as their perfect Lancelot ready to do and dare for them as he does in pictures. Yet Eugene was the first to shake my illusions about heroes.

Two years later I met him for the purposes of an interview. He had become the idol of New York, but I must give him credit he was even more courteously charming than before. He gave me his picture and autographed it and treated me to ripe red cherries from a



To those who know him Wallace Reid seems like a happy-go-lucky boy.

Eugene O'Brien has a way with him that captivates the feminine hearts.



black-lacquer bowl. In a glow of enthusiasm I wrote what I considered a eulogy of the hero's home and characteristics. Alas! I mentioned something about a delft-blue davenport and described his English accent. Offended is a mild term to apply to the O'Brien state of mind when he read those descriptions. Somehow to me he lost a little of his heroic aspect when I learned of his anger.

However, Wallace Reid came to the rescue of my lost illusions concerning heroes—not knowingly of course, because Wallie would be the last person in the world to acknowledge himself a hero. Yet he is the champion of every woman everywhere. His heart is almost too big and too generous for his own good. Although he reached a man's estate some

time ago he seems more like a happy-go-lucky boy, and every girl or woman who knows him wants to mother him. I don't believe he has ever willfully hurt any one. His valet adores him, and what is it they say—no man can ever be a hero to his valet?—well, Wallie is. I feel that the screen recently has not done

him justice. Only in "Peter Ibbetson" did I glimpse the actual possibilities of the man properly given a chance. I believe that down underneath, the ideals of *Peter Ibbetson* are the ideals of Wallie Reid. Those that know him superficially will laugh at this statement. Yet I repeat, at heart Wallie Reid is a hopeless idealist, and I, for one, feel that he is searching—perhaps darkly at times—for some grail, and that if he ever finds it we will see the real John Barrymore of the screen, providing his managers have the judgment to make use of his genius rather than his good looks.

I am sorry to have to say it, but I cannot enthuse over the latest screen hero, Rodolph Valentino, whom they say—and I have no doubt that it is true—is the most popular of all screen heroes at present. I watched him when he was making scenes for

"The Sheik." It seemed to me that his self-satisfaction burst from him like quills from a porcupine. I looked in vain for the slightest hint of idealism in his eyes. No woman would try to mother him, I assure you. He is too self-assured, too hard, too egotistical. Yet the women are mad about him. Do they want a master? Well, I can well imagine Valentino mastering them. I asked Lila Lee why all the girls were so crazy about Rudy.

"Have you ever seen him dance?" she queried. "He dances divinely." Yet I imagine Valentino's fascination is much greater than his mere ability to dance well. Perhaps it is his Latin fire—but if fire could be cold I should say Rudy's was—calculatingly so. It may be that I have not the right to judge Valentino—for I declined the opportunity of meeting him. His manner seemed to me to be too much that of a grand mogul, and I am too much of an American to enjoy salaaming.

I am prejudiced also concerning another screen hero—but for—rather than against; for while Tony Moreno is also blessed with the fiery Latin temperament, he is of a far warmer and more sincere caliber. I admire his tremendous enthusiasms, his honest hates, his loyal loves. I can imagine him a Charlemagne fighting for a great cause, but I cannot visualize him as a wily modern diplomat earning honors by a legion of lies or oily compliments. His passions are too honest to be hidden in sidelong glances. His eyes are round and startlingly, brilliantly brown—instead of being narrow and veiled. When I first met Tony he was hiding his handsome features behind Pearl White's for the camera.

"The ladies *must* have the close-ups—God bless 'em," he said.

The last time I saw Moreno he was a Vitagraph star. "This story features everybody except me," he confided with a rueful laugh. And he spoke the truth. He is diligent, capable of great things and he never indulges in any follies which might retard his career. Yet his opportunities on the screen have

Tony Moreno's passions are too honest to be hidden in sidelong glances. His eyes are round and startlingly, brilliantly brown.

Photo by C. Heighon Monroe



I looked in vain for the slightest hint of idealism in Valentino's eyes.

Lytell is a hero whom we can all understand. There is a thrill to his handshake, a gleam to his eyes that makes every girl who knows him wish she were his leading lady. The first time I met Lytell he was beating a man at tennis, the next time he was helping solve studio difficulties for Bayard Veiller and Viola Dana. He even gives his own wife a thrill by staging his Saturday-night parties in his own home.

A hero surely!

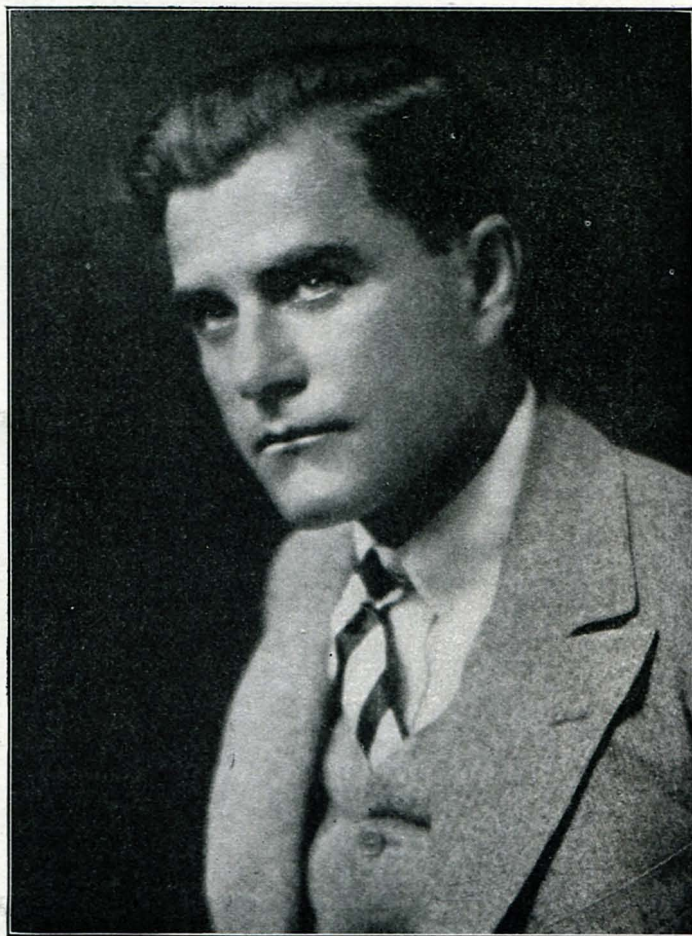


Photo copyright by Ira C. Hill

Bert Lytell is a hero to all who know him because he is so genuine.

come slowly and only his sterling worth as an actor and his personality, which has held his loyal following despite poor vehicles have allowed him to retain his popularity.

In private life Moreno is even more heroic than on the screen. I know many people he has helped along the rocky road of their hard times. He never forgets a friend—*never!* That's saying something for a screen hero, but most memorable of all, he can order a dinner that would make Lucullus turn over in his grave with jealousy.

Bert Lytell—now *there's* an American hero for you. Talk about being a hero to his valet; Bert's a hero to his scene shifters, studio carpenters, his director, his leading lady, even his press agent. Why? Because he is so *dog-gone genuine*. His primary desire, like that of every worthwhile actor, is to be successful in all his pictures, but instead of climbing by stepping on his fellow workmen he climbs by helping them along, too. He is too much of a man to pose as an authority on love, marriage, or feminine beauty—but he is an authority on brains.



From Hollywood Hills

One case where distance does not lend enchantment.

By Edna Foley

GLIMPSED through these hillside trees Universal City looks like an extensive factory, but on the screen different parts of it transport you, in fancy, to the glamorous four corners of the earth. Just now within the confines of Universal City there are tropical huts galore and great thickets of woodland for "With Stanley in Africa;" there are Indian encampments and long lines of prairie schooners for "In the Days of Buffalo Bill;" there is, too, the ingenious civilization of a far-away island for "The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe."

All this and much more there is at Universal City, for unlike other "lots," it has on its five hundred and fifty acres plenty of room to leave some of the sets standing permanently. Among these permanent sets there is a gold mine with all its accompanying machinery and buildings, a coal mine, a subway, a New York slum street, an ocean liner at a wharf, extensive sections of Monte Carlo, Japan, and India. All of these, and others, are rented from time to time by other companies—including not only the small independent producers, but some of the largest ones as well.

THE OBSERVER

Brief Chats with you on Interesting Topics concerning the Screen

"Merton of the Movies"

Not for a long time has The Observer read anything that he has enjoyed as much as Harry Leon Wilson's "Merton of the Movies" which recently ran serially in a weekly magazine. If you have not already read it we recommend that you beg, buy, or borrow a copy at the earliest possible moment. If you recall that Harry Leon Wilson wrote "Ruggles of Red Gap" and "Bunker Bean" the book will need no further recommendation.

"Merton of the Movies," besides being one of the best examples of American humor of recent years, performs a real service in bringing to light many of the popular misconceptions regarding motion pictures. Merton is a boy living in a small town, who believes everything he reads, and whose idea of what a star is really like is, therefore, about as real as a child's conception of Santa Claus. Determined to become an actor, he goes to Los Angeles, and there, on the studio lots, he begins to have his cherished dreams completely shattered, in a series of screamingly amusing adventures.

Since his main object was to spin a humorous yarn, Mr. Wilson made no pretense of touching upon the serious side of picture making. For his types he selected only those which would serve his purpose, and his picture of Hollywood, besides making no pretense at being comprehensive, is almost as far from being realistic as Merton's conception of the place had been. As Cervantes did in "Don Quixote," he broadly burlesques that which he wishes to satirize. But the picture he has drawn has this virtue: instead of being something utterly false it is the truth, exaggerated for effect. It probably will, in some degree, have an effect not dissimilar to that of "Don Quixote," in its day.

The Side Show Days Are Past

There is no longer any reason why the public, or any part of it, should continue to be hoaxed with the old-fashioned type of publicity yarns, invented by press agents, and circulated by sensation-loving papers. A few years ago, when the movies were only a sort of side show, it was natural that they should be exploited by side-show methods, and if attention could be called to a star by giving her a "purple soul," a startling philosophy, or a desert birth-place, such means probably were justified.

But to-day the movies have become the attraction in the big tent. The side-show barker's harangue is out of place.

There is another reason why the motion-picture people and those who write about them must, from now on, deal frankly with the great fan public. Katherine Fullerton Gerould stated the reason for this very clearly and convincingly in a recently published article in which she said that *since the producers have made the motion-picture play a part in the life of almost every American*

home they must accept the corollaries of that success. One of the corollaries is that they must deal as frankly with their patrons as must the village merchant who expects to hold his patrons' custom and good will.

The Truth Beats Fiction, Always

And the truth about motion pictures and the motion-picture people is much more interesting than the old-fashioned, fabricated stories. About a year and a half ago we started Ethel Sands on her series of adventures in movieland. She was an eighteen-year-old girl who had always lived in a small town, and who had an average fan's impressions of the movies—a large part of which, made up from indiscriminate reading, was far from reality. A great many of her friends told her, "Well, you're a lucky girl, but it's a pity, in a way. The movies will never be the same to you again after seeing just how they're made and after really getting to know the stars. All the glamour will disappear, and its romance vanish."

But what happened? As our readers know, Ethel Sands, from her first excursion into movieland, began to meet with surprises, to encounter things that were entirely different from what she had always believed, as she has set forth from month to month in her "Adventures." But has she lost interest in the movies? On the contrary, she has many times assured us that she is a much more ardent fan than she ever was before. And we have had letters from thousands of other fans expressing their appreciation for the opportunity of learning, through her articles, just how the different phases of movie life have impressed a typical, enthusiastic fan, seeing them for the first time.

We Take Exception

Richard Connell, the well-known humorist and writer of short stories for popular magazines, is apparently a high-brow, nevertheless. Writing in the *New York Tribune*, he protests vigorously against overworking and misusing the word "artists" by applying it to motion-picture actors. With the exception of Charles Chaplin, Mr. Connell is inclined to class them with figures from Punch and Judy shows, Hippodrome elephants, and juggling seals. He says: "Art is creative. What does the screen actor create? He was born with his face. How much other equipment has he? None, if you except a certain mobility of features, a make-up, and a sport shirt."

We would like to beg Mr. Connell's permission to speak of John Barrymore's and Lillian Gish's screen portrayals as "artistic." We are sure that they are, even according to *his* standards—whatever they may be. In "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" John Barrymore's face was of little importance compared to the mental power that face expressed. And this is true of Lillian Gish in any of her pictures.

What Is Art, Anyhow?

And while speaking of Mr. Connell's views, we might just as well get a few words off our chest on the subject of art. What is your definition of art? Ours always has been "Any job well done." We find that Webster's is, "The employment of means to accomplish some desired end." And Pearl White lined up with us in an interview by Malcolm Oettinger which appeared in a recent number of *Picture-Play* when she said: "Anything that accomplishes what it sets out to accomplish is art. We made 'The Virgin Paradise' to entertain, and according to all exhibitors' reports it *does* entertain. Therefore it is Art with a capital A and shaded letters."

Our contention is that if the desired end is to hit Charlie Chaplin with a pie the accomplishment of that feat is art, and the man who threw the pie is an artist.

One More Convert

Recently a high-school teacher in New York City who was about to read to her pupils a celebrated essay on love sought to introduce the subject by asking them what they considered the greatest thing in the world. Some answered immediately, some only after reflection, but the majority verdict was the same—the movies. Somehow, the teacher didn't have much hope of their getting a kick out of Mr. Drummond's words after that. And she was right; they didn't.

That night, as they say in the subtitles, she went to the movies. It wasn't the first time—not quite—but it was the first time since the days of the hit-him-and-run type of scenario. Fortunately she didn't blunder into a neighborhood playhouse and see "Her Secret Sin" or "Ashes of Passion" or any of that ilk. She saw "Orphans of the Storm," the Griffith masterpiece. I won't attempt to describe the effect on her further than to say that she returned to her pupils next day a chastened woman. She had just found out that with little or no natural ability at story-telling she had been trying to compete with men of great imagination who had vast resources at their command.

She used to scorn the movies; when she found what a grip they had on her pupils, she feared them; now she has made them an ally. She studies all available information about coming pictures as eagerly as her pupils, and where she finds one that fits with her course of study she urges the pupils to go. Poor pictures come in for unmerciful panning in her classroom. Nowadays she is finding her job easier because the pupils are interested in what she has to say. But her conversion is of more importance to the industry and to the discerning people who want less trash and more worth-while productions, for every individual added to the ranks who shop carefully for their pictures—avoiding the mediocre ones and advertising the good ones to their friends—hastens the day of better pictures.

Why Not More Revivals?

Seven of the most successful pictures ever put out by the Paramount company were recently revived and shown in New York City, and because of the success of the venture they are to be shown again throughout the country. The seven were: "The Miracle Man," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "On With the Dance," "Behold My Wife," "Don't Change Your Husband," "Old Wives for New," and "Male and Female." In conjunction with these were shown revivals of Mary Pickford's "Madame Butterfly," Pauline Frederick's "Tosca," Geraldine Farrar's "Carmen" and other old pictures edited down to short length. The experiment was so very successful and people were ob-

viously so pleased at this opportunity to see old pictures that it ought to awaken other companies to the possibilities of revivals. For our part, we would give almost anything to see the old version of "Enoch Arden" in which Lillian Gish appeared, the "Judith of Bethulia," in which Blanche Sweet played *Judith*, "The Kreutzer Sonata," in which Theda Bara played a secondary rôle, and any and all of the old Fox pictures in which Betty Nansen, the marvelous Danish actress, appeared. There are many persons who would like to see the old fairy tales that Marguerite Clark played so charmingly, "The Coward" and other early Charles Ray pictures, and any number of others. What would you like to see?

Recapitu- lation

One of the points inevitably raised by the revival of these seven great pictures was—how much have motion pictures improved since these were produced?

And the answer is—very little, if at all.

The most noticeable improvement is in the subtitles. Such flowery language as "On With the Dance" boasted has not been seen on the better screens in many a day. But for the most part these pictures are just as impressive now as when they were first shown.

Among other things these old pictures show us that John Barrymore's "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" has never been equaled on the screen; that Thomas Meighan and Betty Compson apparently needed the inspiration of a George Loane Tucker to bring out their best work, and that a De Mille spectacle still has some power after its clothes have gone hopelessly out of style. And "Madame Butterfly" reminds us that the screen lost one of its most gifted performers when Marshall Neilan gave up acting for directing.

Very Personal

Recently George Randolph Chester, former scenario editor of the Vitagraph company, contributed an article to a magazine of tremendous circulation in which he told of the mangling process

that stories go through in the course of being produced as motion pictures. In his article there was much truth, but it left the impression that if one person could control all of these processes we would have a much better quality of product.

He has told his side of the story in the following passage:

"There have been twelve good causes for bad pictures: the author, the producer, the star, the script editor, the continuity writer, the director, the cutter, the title writer, the sales force, the censor, the exhibitor, and the public. Twelve cooks to spoil the broth!"

That system may be all wrong, as he says, but let us look at the situation in a different light. Last December The Observer told with a great deal of joy of an experiment that the Vitagraph company had been brave enough to foster. They had given Mr. and Mrs. George Randolph Chester an opportunity to write a story, arrange it in continuity form, cast it, direct it, cut it, and title it. It is said that Mr. Chester spent an entire year just writing the continuity, and judging from the length of time between the completing of the picture and its delivery to the company for exhibition the cutting and titling must also have been done in leisurely fashion, all of which must have given Mr. Chester every opportunity to do his best—and which must have been awfully expensive for the Vitagraph company. The picture was "The Son of Wallingford" which few will recall as one of the especially outstanding pictures of the year. Which would indicate that the one-man system is no better than the other, especially since Mr. Chester seems to have abandoned it.

When Queen Meets Prince

They may do it with pomp and ceremony in the movies, but when Constance Talmadge met a prince in real life—pouf!—it was just one more engagement added to a busy day.

By Emma-Lindsay Squier

THERE should really have been a fanfare of trumpets, and a band playing the national anthems of Egypt and Filmiland. At least there should have been a velvet carpet with flowers strewn upon it, and a bevy of jeweled ladies-in-waiting and stout uniformed gentlemen-also-waiting. In the olden days when a queen met a prince, there was something of a function made of it. It was considered an occasion, and treated as such. No use talking, these modern days have taken all the romance out of royalty. For when Constance Talmadge was told that Prince Something Or Other, son of the Khedive of Egypt, was there at the studio to meet her, she simply remarked, "Well, that will be a thrill for both of us," and didn't so much as change her dress in honor of his Egyptian nibs. And the prince, who looked just as royal as a barber, or a plumber's assistant, said in a guttural voice that suggested a mouth full of porridge, that he was "charmed," and he kissed her hand to prove it. Then every one stood around and looked embarrassed.

I was on the side lines in my capacity of Interviewer-in-chief to Her Majesty, Queen Constance. So far there hadn't been much of an interview. Constance had been too much engrossed in putting on and taking off a varied assortment of clothes in which she was to pose for setting-up exercises. And, as she confided to me without the slightest embarrassment, she had

Philadelphia Jack O'Brien put Constance through a tortuous maze of setting-up exercises.



Photo by Pach Brothers

Among her intimates Constance Talmadge is the life of the party, but before an interviewer she is amazingly devoid of enthusiasm.

never "set up" in all her life, so how was she to know what kind of clothes a person wore when they did that sort of thing? Her publicity representative held out for low-heeled shoes. Constance was against them. Simply didn't wear them, she maintained, and wasn't going to begin, at her time of life. After trying a combination of white skirt and black shoes, a mottled sweater and a black dress with no shoes, she finally decided on a sports sweater over a fashionably short, black skirt. She refused to remove her French-heeled pumps.

"It will look all right in the picture," she averred. The publicity representative was dubious. But the queen had spoken. We trailed out of the dressing room and headed for the stage which was vested with the choleric glare of the Kliegs. Our complexions became livid parodies of their former selves. Constance's sweater turned light green and my blue cape became a dyspeptic-looking lavender affair.





Constance refused to wear low-heeled pumps during her setting-up exercises.

A group of men were waiting in the vicinity of the Klieg-lit stage. Some of them were negligible, being only photographers, and studio deck hands, so to speak. One of

them was huge and pigeon-breasted, with a nose somewhat flattened by wear and tear—he, we conceived rightly, to be Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, the famous ex-pugilist and now a trainer of note, who was to direct Constance in the setting-up exercises. But among the other three men in the group, we could not distinguish the prince. "He might at least have worn a diamond in his buttonhole," said Constance to me, *sotto voce*.

One of the gentlemen stepped out and made some sort of a vague introduction. Constance beamed upon the group generally and stuck out her hand. Three men made a dash for it, but it was the prince who reached it first, bent over it and kissed it.

"Only a prince could do it that nicely," said Constance, with perfect composure, and his royal highness said many guttural things, the only intelligible one being that he was "charmed."

The photographer by this time had adjusted his instrument of torture, and Constance invited the prince to pose with her before the camera. He accepted with enthusiasm, and Constance put him through a series of American jazz steps, which also "charmed" his Egyptian soul. Shades of the departed Pharaohs! Must they not have turned in their sarcophagi—plural for sarcophagus—when the heir to that royal and ancient line stepped bravely out in a scandal walk with a bobbed-haired movie queen? What series of hieroglyphics could have expressed adequately their feelings!

But Constance and the prince were serenely unconscious of the weight of centuries. Neither of them seemed overwhelmed by the importance of their respective callings, nor of the epic magnitude of their meeting. In fact Constance told me in an "aside," that meeting royalty was getting to be "old stuff" for her. There had been a count or something last year—where was he from—Sweden or some place—well, anyway, his name was Grease—or something—

I identified the unknown scion of royalty as Prince Axel of Denmark. I had met him at the Goldwyn studio in Los Angeles.

Oh, yes, said Constance, that was the one. Then there was an Italian duke or something—she

couldn't remember his name. The Prince of Egypt announced that he was going to California soon. Constance said so was she, and invited him to come and see her work at the studio in Los Angeles.

Philadelphia Jack O'Brien was getting restive. So Constance diverted her attention from the prince and followed the massive trainer through a tortuous maze of gymnastics known as setting-up exercises. Between the acrobatic agonies she demanded to be shown an exercise that would reduce hips—she maintained, in the face of his tolerant, likewise skeptical smile, that her hips were too large, that they must be reduced—

"You've got no more hips than a snake," pronounced Mr. Philadelphia gallantly, or words to that effect.

"I'm positively dead!" declared Constance to me at a later hour. Mr. O'Brien had gone back to Philadelphia, or wherever it was he came from, and the Egyptian prince had taken leave with as many bows as if he had been before a curtain in a theater. We were in her dressing room again, and her eyes were indeed very tired, and the sparkle in them was dimmed.

"Setting-up exercises—phew! I call them setting-down exercises!"

She illustrated her point by flopping down on the couch. "Fans ask me how I keep my figure, how I keep slender—I'm commonly reported to be athletic, I believe, but I'm not. I don't swim well, ride well, or do anything strenuous. I dance a lot, of course, but that's all."

There was a short silence, and I appraised my victim for the first time professionally. It occurred to me that fans would want to know exactly what she looked like, what she talked like, in short, what she *was* like. Had it not been for the very fortunate advent of the prince and the pugilist that day, I would have had meager material indeed for this account of meeting fair Constance. For she is—I have learned it since—the despair of interviewers. I suspect that she prides herself a little upon being so difficult. It is not that she is snobbish, or "upstage," or discourteous. Not in the least. She simply makes no effort to be entertaining or enlightening upon any of the subjects in which her adorers would be interested. For one so young she is amazingly devoid of enthusiasm. I do not think she is particularly blasé—in fact, I know upon good authority that she is, among her intimates, the life of the party. But there is about her, a certain calm acceptance of things, among which is a placid belief that when one is being

The son of the Khedive of Egypt stepped bravely out in a scandal walk with the bobbed-haired movie queen.

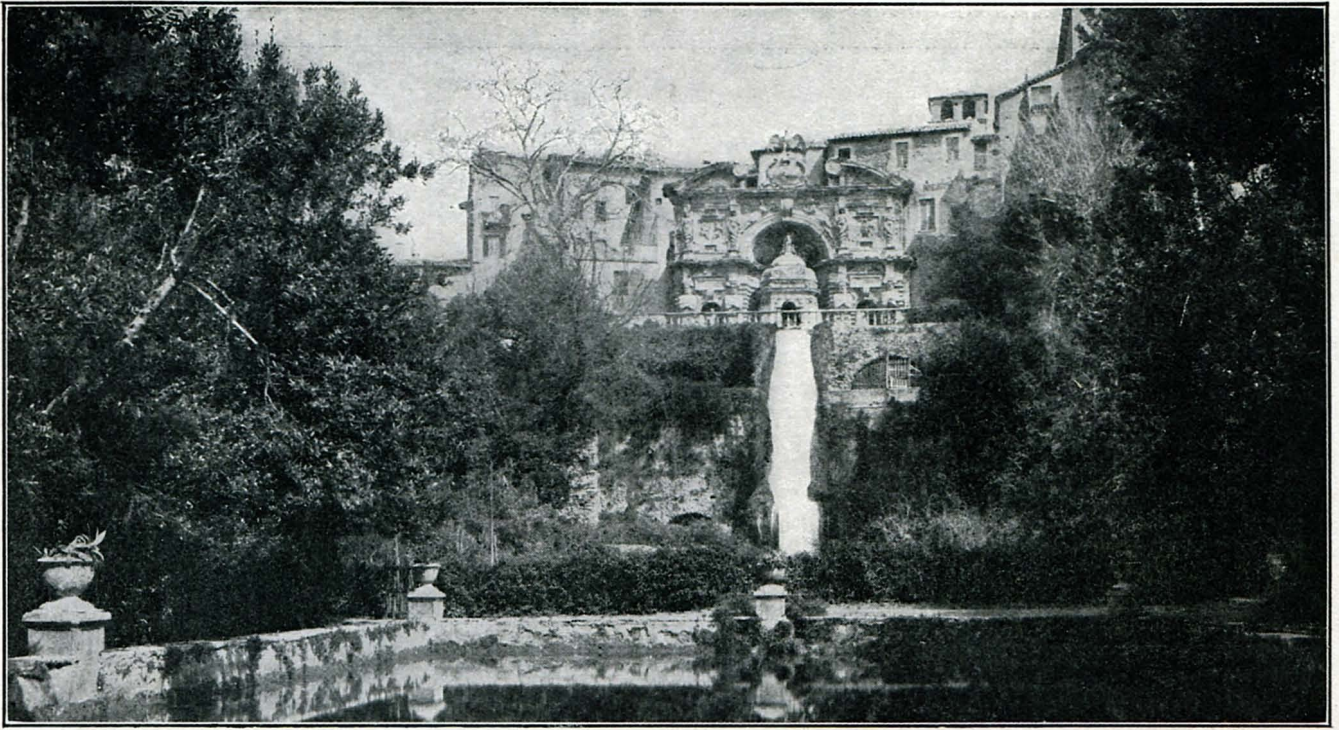


Her trainer smiled tolerantly when Constance insisted that she must do something to reduce her hips.



interviewed it is the interviewer's job to do the talking.

Continued on page 101



George Fitzmaurice spent much time and care in selecting the most picturesque castles in Italy to add beauty and grandeur to his production of "The Man From Home."

They're Growing Bigger As Well As Better

During the coming season you are going to see what promises to be the greatest group of pictures ever shown. This article will tell you something of what is in store for you.

By Edwin Schallert

THE great hour has struck. The giant struggle for conquest has begun. With flashing sword and helmet, with lance and sweeping standard, the films are lining on the battle front. It is the day of flaming victory or sullen defeat.

With clarion voice the public have demanded that their heroes perform deeds of glorious valor. Their heroes have heard and are armored for the fray. They bear the tokens radiant of the heroines fair. They gaze on realms unconquered and undreamed and fight for kingdoms beauteous and rare.

Within the next twelvemonth you will see on the screen some of the most momentous productions that have ever gleamed on the silver canvas. You will behold artistic beauty, as well as fine photography; you will see great stories as well as clearly drawn characters; you will witness magnificent exploits, chivalric deeds, and the wonders of legend, history, romance, and strange lands.

Ever since the beginning of spring there has been a new thrill in the air of film-land. Some change, subtle and portentous, has been stealing over the studios. Everywhere there has been a new quiet, a new concentration, a new energy.

I began to detect this first, I believe, in the ordinary routine of interviewing stars. During working hours, this has become increasingly difficult. It used to be easy. One could sit around and chat at length while the director was having the lights fixed or looking up some stupid piece of bric-a-brac, or a monkey or par-

rot to add "atmosphere" to the set. The interview was rarely interrupted.

Lately I have found that I could only get as far as the "what-are-you-working-on-now?" and "what-are-you-doing-next?" preliminaries before the star was called back on the set. And when such a star returned to our chat generally only about a minute elapsed before he or she was called back again. And all the time I talked to an actor I knew that his mind was constantly on what he was going to do and not what he was saying.

I noted too that scenes were expeditiously rehearsed and shot by the director, and when the lights were being fixed there was a lot more serious conversation than I had usually observed. I heard too from the gossip of extras about how they had worked late the night before, and how they had gone home "nearly dead" every day for a week now, and hoped they would have Sunday off.

At some of the studios, particularly Lasky's, there was a great deal said about the combining of stars in special productions. The names of Wallace Reid and Bebe Daniels were mentioned in unison. Agnes Ayres had been cast in a picture with Jack Holt, Thomas Meighan was to be cofeatured with Leatrice Joy in the next Cecil B. De Mille production; stars like Gloria Swanson, May McAvoy and Rodolph Valentino were all bunched together in one film. Bert Lytell, one of the most popular of stars, is to play with Betty Compson in a big production of "To Have and To Hold," a tale of our own colonies to which, for massiveness, have been added court scenes from sixteenth century England. Another means of achieving grandeur has

been adopted by George Fitzmaurice, the director, who went abroad to film "The Man From Home," and who gave to the Tarkington story a background of European castle gardens and Italian seacoast such as could never have been reproduced with lath and plaster.

Simultaneously, there flashed before me radiant visions. I talked with Rex Ingram about his production of "The Prisoner of Zenda," which he had just finished. I could see in imagination the resplendent glory of a fabled European court. I could feel the pulse of heroic daring that made men battle for the safety and love of a princess. I could hear the clash of steel on steel as they met in combat in vaulted corridor or on castle wall.

Everywhere I went I began to notice there was some star or some director who was talking about this or that big palace or villa or estate which was to be duplicated for his picture. Everywhere I began to catch glimpses of leading men in silken knee pants or embroidered jacket, everywhere women adorned with rich brocades and finest laces, who were making tests for coming pictures.

I beheld Norma Talmadge gowned in the long, flowing dress of a French aristocrat for her adaptation of "The Duchess of Langeais," by Balzac. I glimpsed Valentino in the magnificent silvered garb of the bullfighter, his hair done up in a short queue that, I was told, was absolutely *au fait*. I saw Mabel Normand in a billowy and richly embroidered dress of early Spanish-California history, with a white lace mantilla thrown over her head, which she was using in her picture of "Suzanna." I watched Barbara La Marr attired in a queenly silken robe of black enact a scene in a bedroom that was fashioned after that occupied by Gaby Deslys, the French actress. The bed was canopied with great silken drapes that hung over it heavily as grapes from the vine. The wood was carved and sculptured, like the nuptial craft of an Egyptian queen, and glowed with a dull bronze radiance that intoxicated. It was being used in Rex Ingram's production of "Black Orchids."

These were signs, I assumed, of an increasing attention to detail of beauty on the part of film makers. They indicated, too, a general tendency to break away from the commonplace of conventional modern backgrounds, and also from conventional modern stories.

It was at the Pickford-Fairbanks studio that I had my great thrill, however. Here I saw the fulfillment of the prelude that I have described. Here was the actual drama of chivalric exploit being enacted. Here

was the dream of conquest made manifest. Sets, costumes, action swam in a maze before me.

Coming down the street to the property I had caught sight of a vista of giant walls cutting across the horizon. Huge towers and buttresses frowned from their height through the sheen of sunlight. Great portals loomed as we approached. Sweeping stretches of ruddy stone, venerable and aged as those of a feudal domain, fell upon my gaze. I had not felt such enthusiasm since I had viewed the colossal plaster elephants, the dizzy intermingling of white walls and scaffolding that had distinguished Griffith's set for Babylon in "Intolerance."

When I actually reached the scene I was to realize

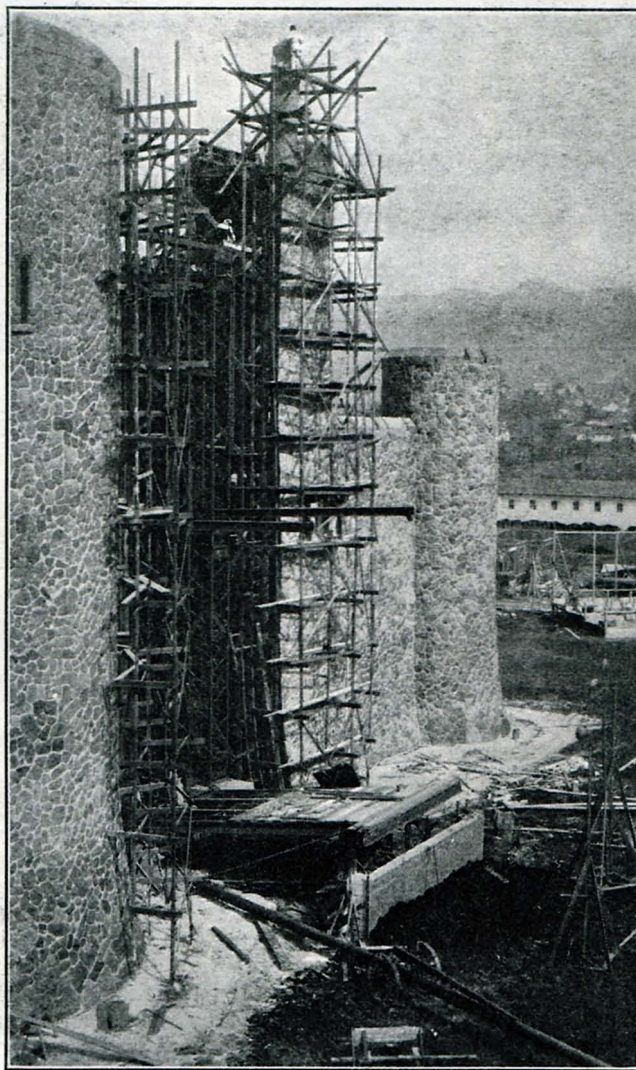
how little I had really felt of the actual happenings which were taking place. Beside those walls was the tournament field occupied by its hundreds of armored extras, its magnificently caparisoned horses, its effulgently garbed ladies of the court. It was the day of the tournament. Knights on champing steeds, heavily accoutered with mail, were trotting about. With visors drawn and lances set they rehearsed the joust. Some parried with broadswords from the ground. Others drew taut the bow and sent the arrow flying to the distant target. Knights and squires, archers and swordsmen all were preparing for entry into the lists in the new Fairbanks production, telling the story of Robin Hood and Richard the Lion-hearted.

I looked around at the romantic, dreamlike assemblage. I gazed at the flashing rainbow of color effects made by the gayly painted tents of the knights. My eyes wandered across the tournament field, alive with gleaming shields and scintillant lances, past the brocaded and canopied platform of King Richard, to the great castle with its towers, and its drawbridge, rising like a sheer cliff. The effect was gigantesque. It awakened memories of legends and fairy tales.

There were two women standing near me, visitors. I judged, who had by some chance gotten by the studio guards. One was raving breathlessly over what she saw. The other nodded and murmured replies, too thrilled to talk. "Oh, isn't it wonderful!" she exclaimed breathlessly. "Isn't it marvelous! Look at it, isn't it immense! And aren't those tents beautiful. And look at that piece of brocade over there on the grand stand. Oh, I wish I had it for a dress!

"What are those men on horses doing now? Oh, look over there! Who's that girl with all the pearl necklaces? Oh, it's Enid Bennett. Doesn't she look beautiful? Just like a real princess.

"Oh, there's Douglas Fairbanks," she shrieked ex-



This is only a tiny corner of the castle set used in Doug's forthcoming production of "Robin Hood."

citedly. "Oh, my goodness!" And she put her hand up to her mouth. "I'm afraid he heard me." I didn't catch the next few whispered words, but judged that she was exploding to her companion about Fairbanks' blond wig, his new beard, his fine physique and dashing demeanor. He and Alan Dwan, the director, were engaged in a lively discussion about some phase of the picture, and Doug was illustrating with his sword some point of knightly encounter.

Doug had told me once what he had contemplated doing in this picture. He had in fact outlined the story for me in detail and had shown me what possibilities it had for the exploitation of the age of chivalry. He himself had elected to play *Robin Hood*, making the bandit the hero of the piece but preserving the integrity of the character by having him act from motives of fealty to his king and devotion to *Maid Marian*, whom *Robin* loves.

I had, however, no conception of what he intended doing in the actual production of the story. I did not know until I saw the setting and talked with him that day at the studio that he was undertaking this big feature as an actual crusade in the interests of the picture game.

"While I was in the East last year I made up my mind to it," said Doug. "They wanted me to do a lot of talking about what we were doing, and what we intended to do, during a series of personal appearances. But I couldn't see the idea. I'm in the business of *making pictures*, and I'm going to stick to it. I can do more good for the film industry by making one good picture than I can by conducting a lecture tour all through the country."

It came to me of a sudden that the spirit of Doug's words was behind what producers were doing generally. They were lining up their forces in a seemingly concerted campaign via the medium of the screen to bring before the public the salient fact that the films are really an art, as well as an industry.

You, who have watched the prophecies of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, have perhaps anticipated the approach of this new day. It has been heralded in the *Observer* and in special articles. It has been set forth in these that the program picture has lost its hold, and that the future success of the cinema drama must rest with the really powerful production.

You have felt a new satisfaction in viewing such films as "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," "The Three Musketeers," and also less spectacular affairs like "The Old Nest," because they betokened a real effort to give you something real. They represented force and energy at work and a certain high ambition, which

you had mayhap previously expected from Griffith only. They were truly big pictures.

Having lived next door to the movies since they stepped out of their baby clothes into their short pants and equally short dresses, I have become somewhat blasé to the ordinary routine myself. It takes something more than a pretty set, a nice new dinner gown, or a plot about Totty Twoshoes and her troubles to thrill me. I like to see something that has real muscle occasionally.

You've also grown somewhat weary, I take it, of drawing-rooms and crêpe de Chine and tedious romances of sweet girl graduates, agonized heroines, and the eternal aftermath of domestic tribulations. The gun play of the Western does not excite you as it once did, nor do sordid stories of the underworld retain their ancient grip. You have longed to be lifted out of yourself by the contemplation of daring and noble adventure, by dreams of knightly heroism, and views of the universal realities of love and sacrifice and loyalty.

The producers are aware of this. They are rising to meet the demand. They have been talking of a change for many days. I know that months ago J. D. Williams, general manager of First National, said to me that there was no use in wasting time on small productions, because the public wants the big ones. He said that people were shopping for shows and that movies as movies had lost their appeal.

Maurice Tourneur, the director who is to go abroad to make "The Christian" for Goldwyn, prophesies that all pictures henceforward will either be great successes or great failures. There won't be any happy middle ground, according to him, except for a very limited number of program features for the cheapest theaters, to be shown at very low prices. And

Tourneur has been making a picture which you are to see next fall, and which I venture to predict will be one of the "big ones." It is the story of "Lorna Doone," one of the greatest romantic narratives ever written.

Nearly all producers contend that while the big pictures still have the chance of making even bigger money, the small ones will have to play to a less discriminating audience, and consequently at cheaper prices. In most theatrical centers there has been in fact a readjustment of the schedule of admissions to meet this condition. Meanwhile they are hammering away at the big-production idea with a vengeance.

Douglas Fairbanks is settled regarding this policy.

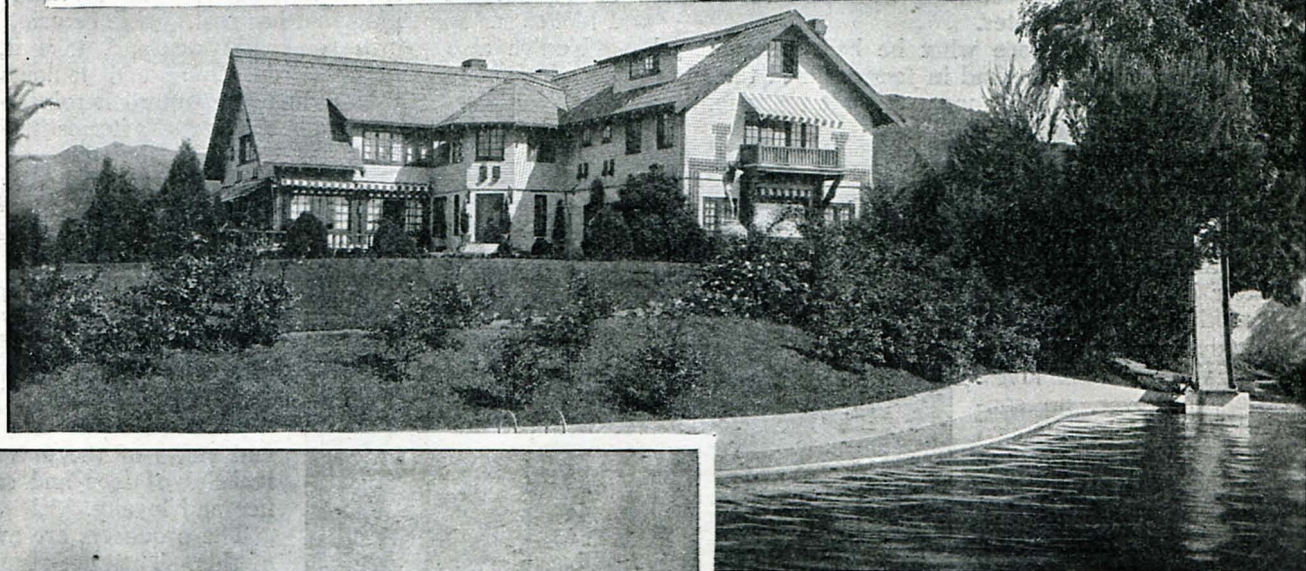


Here is just a glimpse of the great cathedral scene from Rex Ingram's "The Prisoner of Zenda."

If You Were Mary Pickford? Think of it! And if you

can, you have reason to be both thrilled and frightened at the thought. By Gerald C. Duffy

Pickfair, though not far from Hollywood, is the home of two stars who take no part in the colony's social life.



ACTRESSES will happen in the best-regulated families. Which is a fortunate thing for both the actresses and the families. In a certain Smith family living in New York—just as other Smith families live in New York—an actress happened not so very long ago. Led by a sage desire to become individually famous and popular, she abandoned her name, which was already famous and popular, and assumed one which no one had ever heard before then and which probably every one has heard before now. So Miss Smith, who happened to be an actress, became Mary Pickford.

It could have happened in any other Smith family, or even in any other family; it could have happened in your family. *You* might have been—or might yet be, for that matter—Mary Pickford under a different name that would please your fancy better, or under your present name if it is fancy enough to please you. Imagine yourself suddenly dissolving from your present identity and then crystallizing in the mundane image of the most famous girl in the world. *Pink* thought!

In suggesting that you imagine such a thing I am assuming of course, that you are of the eligible sex; this is a story for ladies only—the men have their own exclusive ones. So, girls, suppose you *were* Mary Pickford!

Conceive—if you think you can later survive the shock of discovering it isn't true—conceive the glorious surprise of awakening some morning and seeing a soft, beautiful, perfect spiral of blond hair upon your pillow. You wonder how it got there, and in amazement you seize it to throw it out of bed, but you find that seizing it hurts your head. Bewildered, you grope for the other end of the curl and discover that it is attached to your scalp. Then you are suddenly astounded by

noticing that there are other blond curls beside the first one—your head is covered with them.

Marv Pickford never calls her husband "Doug." That familiar abbreviation is left for others who don't know him as well as she does.



Everything at Pickfair is beautiful and comfortable—but above all, it is livable and homelike.

Thoroughly roused by the shock, you sit bolt upright in bed and look around you. Your amazement is multiplied, for you find yourself wallowing deeply in a mattress so soft that it almost submerges you. Rose silk coverlets adorn the bed, which is at one end of a rose room so vast that it awes you; and through rose-curtained windows the tender morning light is reaching in to caress you, and even the light is rose from the tinge of the California sun. A moment later you find yourself in the center of the room, standing upon a rose carpet, and you wonder how you got there. Upon looking at your apparel, you discover that in your dazed condition you put on a rose negligee and arose.

Moving timidly about the room, you first come upon a low chiffonier, over the top of which are strewn many little bottles, most of them bearing Paris labels. They are the most exciting perfumes in the world. You uncork a few and inhale their ethereal scents, and then you count the bottles. There are fifty-five; the fifty-fifth you learn by the pen-written label is a vial of pure jasmine essence brought from Tunis by Mary Pickford.

Still puzzled and dazed, you look about at the room. At the end opposite the bed, you see a divan and a fireplace; and there are huge chairs that are overflowing with upholstery, the general impression being that of a homelike living room rather than a chamber for slumber. A large mirror, across from the windows, at-

tracts you. You wonder how you look in blond curls. And then descends the greatest and most wonderful shock of all. Staring dumfounded into the mirror, you discover that you are not yourself at all—that in the place of your usual facial design is a face you have seen more often than you have seen your own. It is more beautiful—if you will pardon my boldness—far more beautiful than the face you have been accustomed to wearing. *You*, by some impossible power, have become Mary Pickford!

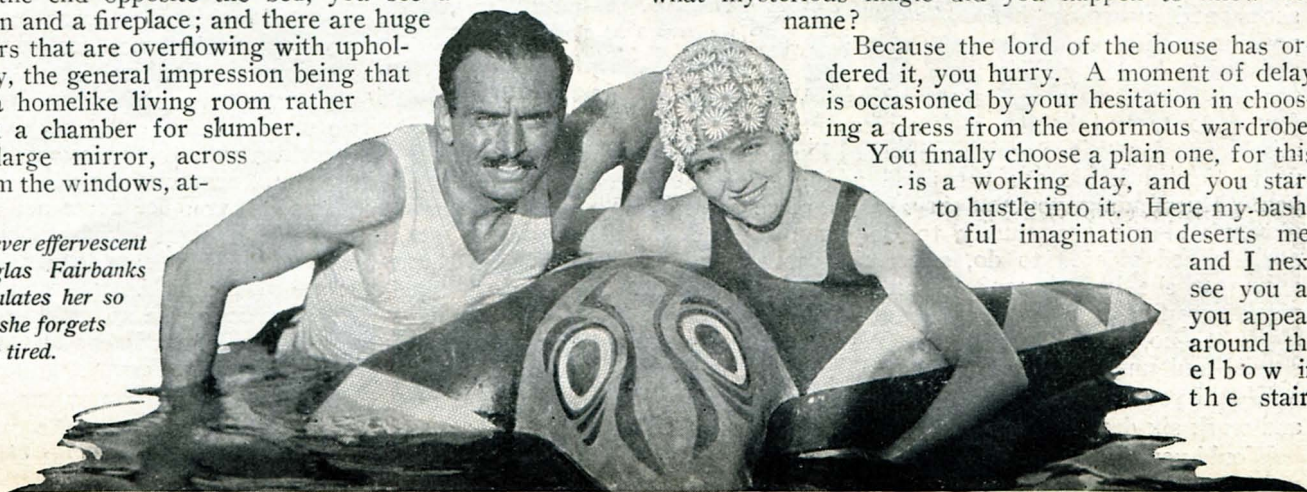
A knock at the door startles you. You want to hide, but a strange voice coming from your throat says: "Come in." Instantly you are confronted by a very tall, very dark and very fierce-looking woman; the fierceness however wilts away when she smiles. Suddenly from her lips come sounds; strange, ridiculous, unassorted sounds. You are surprised that you understand them and that you know you have been told in French that Mr. Fairbanks says if you don't hurry down to breakfast you'll be late at the studio. You answer: "*Très bien*, Bodamere," and the woman vanishes. Suddenly you realize that you called her Bodamere. By what mysterious magic did you happen to know her name?

Because the lord of the house has ordered it, you hurry. A moment of delay is occasioned by your hesitation in choosing a dress from the enormous wardrobe.

You finally choose a plain one, for this is a working day, and you start to hustle into it. Here my bashful imagination deserts me,

and I next see you as you appear around the elbow in the stair-

The ever effervescent Douglas Fairbanks stimulates her so that she forgets to be tired.



case and descend to the tiled hall. Mr. Fairbanks, who is watching his police dog *Coppet*—pronounced “copy,” which publicity-man Larkin will tell you it is—turns and sees you at the same moment. He calls:

“Hello, Hipper!”

You smile and you are happy, for “Hipper” is the name which no one but your husband has the right or the audacity or the imagination to call you. By your answer you reveal your mood. You may say: “Good morning, Douglas;” but if you are feeling particularly piquant your reply is, “Good morning, Tiller.” The reason you call your husband Tiller is the same reason for which he calls you Hipper. But you never call him Doug. That familiar abbreviation is for others who don’t know him as well as you.

Follows the thrill! Tiller crosses to meet you and sweeps you from your feet, holding you aloft. The kiss starts before your toes are upon the floor again. I shall give no details of this. You will have to use your own imagination.

Upon leaving the tiled hallway, you pass through a mahogany dining room into a white ivory breakfast room in a remote corner of the house. What comprises the breakfast I cannot say, for I have eaten only luncheons in that room. Breakfast is the one meal of the day which Hipper and Tiller can be sure of eating alone.

From the time of folding the napkin after the morning repast I cannot say what you would do if you were Mary Pickford. I know what Mary does, but I have grave doubts if you, inhabiting her shoes and usurping her position in life, would be satisfied to be Mary Pickford without certain radical revisions. We all have a few favorite bad habits, a few pleasant vices, a few mischievous ambitions which we would like to take with us to heaven if we are permitted admission. Would you, then, finding yourself in Mary’s place with the money and the opportunity to do exactly what you gosh-danged pleased to do, select the mode of existence that she has chosen? Would you go to bed at nine-thirty five evenings a week and the other two evenings at—no, you’re wrong—at eight-thirty, except on special and unavoidable occasions?

Would you arise at seven-thirty six mornings a week and work six days every week? Or would work at all?

Would you live within seven miles of Hollywood without being a prominent figure in its social life?

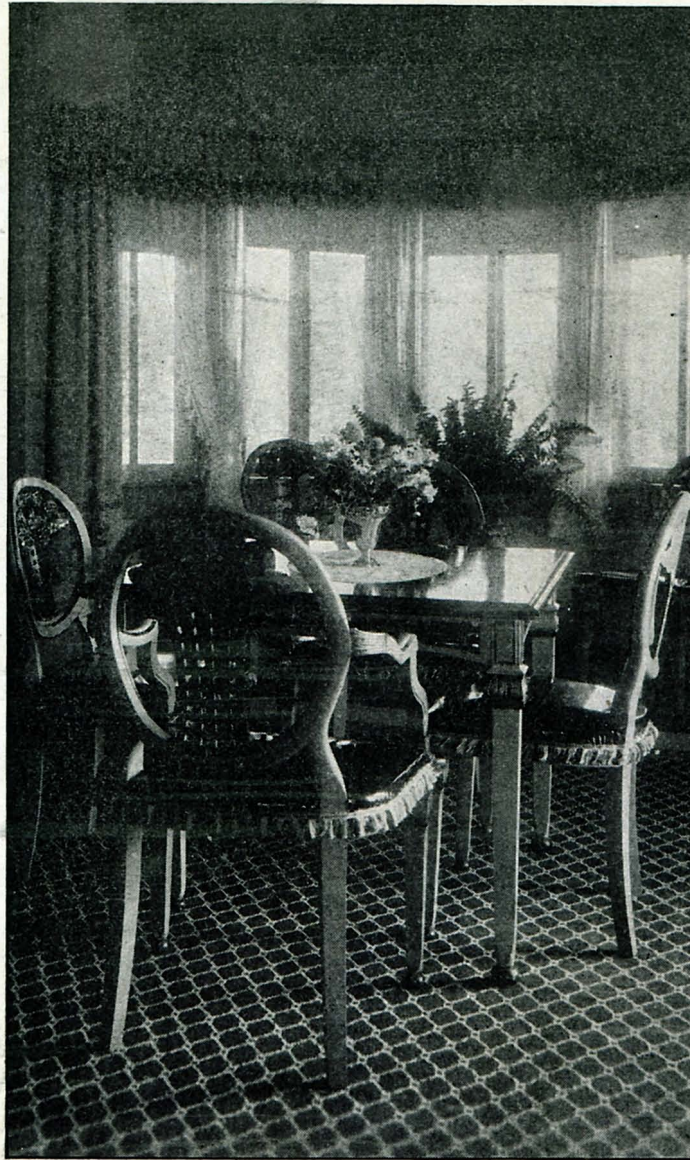
And, having money, automobiles, Parisian gowns, beauty, and the admiration of the most thrilling men, would you behave yourself or would you misbehave? Do you realize that being popular brings compulsory inconveniences and hazards, and that people who are popular must also be good? If you were Mary Pickford you might with just one delectable indiscretion lose everything that she has struggled years to gain.

For one of the most dangerous of high explosives is fame. When carried gently, gracefully, cautiously there is no peril attached to it; but if it is forgotten for a brief instant, if the person who holds it slips because of something smooth, or falls because of something rough, or puts it in a hot place, it will explode with a detonation that will be heard over many continents and echoed in newspapers, sewing circles, and churches. So, for your own sake, if you were Mary, you could not do the things that motion-picture people are supposed to do; but, instead, you would have to be content to do the things that motion-picture people really do. But it is not compulsion that makes Mary’s life tranquil and serene, as is proven by her abstinence from even the most conservative of public pleasures. Logic will tell us that in order to retire at nine-thirty she must not stay out after nine-thirty at the latest. So, instead of spreading herself in public she compresses her life into fourteen waking hours a day. And, considering all that she does, it doubtless requires much compression to make it fit.

After breakfast she is whirled to work in a car. I shall not deal with her professional life; that you

know already. But there are many things she does beside acting. Between scenes she is constantly viewed and interviewed by gentlemen of the press who come to get a story from her and remain to try to sell one to her. She gives orders to her office force and takes them from her director; she signs photographs and autographs checks. At noon she pauses to eat a dish of spinach—and usually nothing but a dish of spinach. In the course of the afternoon she takes fifteen to twenty scenes, two cups of tea, and a French lesson.

During the ride home the ever-effervescent Douglas stimulates her so that it does not occur to her to be tired. They have dinner and then go to the movies. This last is an interesting procedure. It takes place in



The charming sunny dining room at the Fairbanks home is closed to friends only at breakfast time—when Mary and Douglas prefer to be alone.



A PERMANENT record of Gloria Swanson and Rodolph Valentino in a scene from "Beyond the Rocks" which the cruel censors will limit to little more than a flash on the screen.



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

SINCE "Saturday Night" Leatrice Joy has been much in demand. Not only will she be the featured player in Cecil De Mille's next production "Manslaughter," she will also play a leading rôle in Marshall Neilan's next.



Photo by Clarence S. Bull

STEADILY Helen Chadwick, comédienne, is retreating in favor of Helene Chadwick, the dramatic actress. She plays important rôles in two coming Goldwyn pictures, "The Dust Flower" and "Brothers Under the Skin."



Photo by C. Heighon Monroe

THE prayers of Antonio Moreno's admirers seem to have been answered at last, for he is playing in what promises to be a worthy story. It is Rupert Hughes' "The Bitterness of Sweets," in which he plays an Italian dancer.

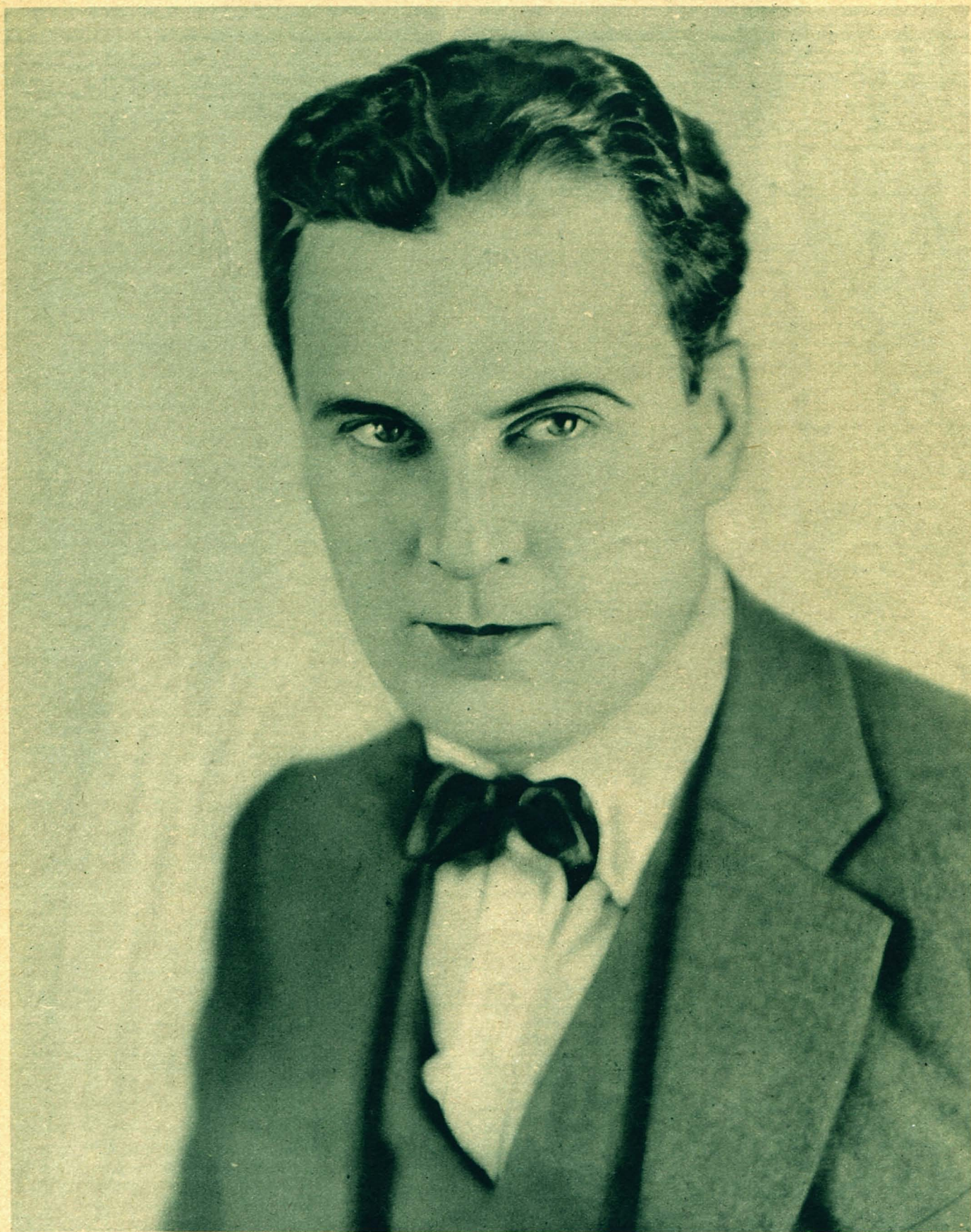


Photo copyright by Strauss-Peyton

THOMAS MEIGHAN has been filming "Our Leading Citizen," a story written by George Ade, the famous humorist, who is one of his most enthusiastic admirers. His next appearance will be in a De Mille production.



Photo by Witzel

MARJORIE DAW'S career is a varied one. From the torrid sophistication of "A Fool There Was" she fled straight to the great open spaces and played in "Ridin' Wild."



Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe

SHIRLEY MASON is a charming young star whom many people would like to see given bigger opportunities. "Very Truly Yours" is her latest Fox star picture.



Photo by Donald Biddle Keres

BEAUTIFUL Betty Compson—only her dearest friends know what hardship and despair preceded her screen triumphs. For the first time this inspiring story is told on the opposite page. It is a story that will interest every one.

Some Bumps on the Road to Stardom

Contrary to what many people believe, Betty Compson did not glide easily into stardom. Her real history is one that either will make you pause and hold back, or else will inspire you to push on. Whichever way it affects you, you will find it a story of unusual interest.

By Constance Palmer

THE popular idea of heroes and heroines of motion pictures is that they shoot meteorically to the dizzy mountain heights of success, and feed to satiation on the fruits pluckable there.

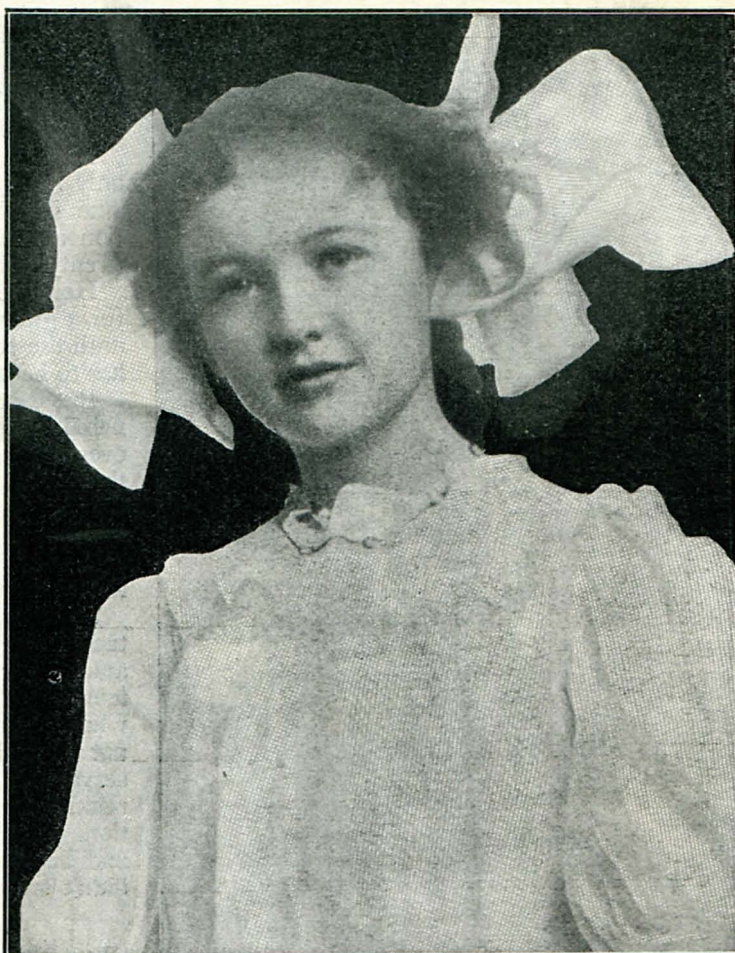
That makes a good story, but it doesn't happen to be true. In order to forestall contradiction, I will say that in some cases, extremely rare, motion-picture careers actually have been meteoric, but in many more cases, the struggle has been slow and bitter. The lurid tales of success based on the irregular interest of managers and directors may, in the prehistoric days before the all-revealing, merciless close-ups, have been true, but the substantial fame of performers to-day rests on a solid foundation of hard work. There is Betty Compson, for instance.

Betty Compson is looked up to by millions of young girls as the epitome of everything they would like to be. She appears before them in expensive clothes, in expensive surroundings, and is made love to by handsome—and expensive—leading men. She has arrived: she is a princess of the enchanted realm. It is not my idea to blame them in any way for putting themselves in her place, and for being sure that were they given her chance, they could be as she. They look ardently into their bedroom mirrors, registering joy, anger, delight, sorrow. All the while they are more and more convinced that if they only were given a *chance* they would make good.

If they only knew that such chances are not given, but taken!

Betty Compson—and all the other girls you see on the screen—did not get there by posing in front of their bedroom mirrors and wishing they might have a chance. Probably they used their mirrors to powder their noses, and to see that their best hats were at the correct angle—then promptly forgot them as they sallied forth to *make* a chance for themselves. And they kept everlastingly at it. They learned by experience—and a disappointment is an experience, you know. And they also learned never to let an opportunity slip by.

Betty Compson was not born in the lap of luxury. She knew none of the advantages of money until she earned that money for herself. She was born in a little Utah mining town. Her life there was restricted to the meager benefits offered by such a town. But because there was within her the urge which drives men and women from the comparative safety of their homes



When she was twelve years old Betty Compson had just a trace of the gracious beauty that distinguishes her to-day.

STARS DON'T OFTEN TELL

much about the disheartening drudgery that preceded their success. They mention briefly early privations, struggles, disillusionments—and dismiss them with a shrug. These details are not glamorous, not pleasant to think about—but sometimes they are inspiring, as in the case of Betty Compson. She didn't want to tell this story, to dwell on the misfortunes of her past, but she was persuaded to do so, because as the ideal of hundreds of ambitious young girls all over the country, her experiences are of vital interest. Here you will find no fairy tale of a pretty girl's leap to stardom in a day—a week—a year; you will find the confidential history of a brave young woman who would not accept defeat.

into the wide world of chance, she took the only means of which she knew to quiet that urge.

She had played the violin at several amateur entertainments, so when an offer came from a small-time vaudeville booking agent, she decided to turn her musical ability to professional use. Her family was much against her taking the stage as a means of livelihood, for she was only sixteen at the time. The troupe was scheduled to play the small towns of Utah, Arizona, and Montana. The salary was small, and out of it had to be paid living expenses, railroad fare, and the price of

clothes. Finally a compromise was arranged. It was decided that her mother accompany her.

Then followed several months of one-night stands, dirt, poverty, and discomfort. Any actor who has been booked on such time will realize the hardships of the existence. Finally it became impossible for Mrs. Compson to continue with her daughter, so she remained in Salt Lake City, where the company was playing at that time.

Betty, scarcely seventeen, was now doing a "single"—that is, appearing alone in an act in which she sang and played her violin. We've heard a lot about the dangers of such a life for a girl on her own, and this particular girl assures me that none of the stories are



Perhaps it was the sordidness that Betty Compson brushed up against that fitted her for her dramatic work.

exaggerated. She tried all this time to save enough money to send for her mother, but still found it impossible as the months went by. Mrs. Compson was now, I believe, acting as housekeeper in a summer resort in or near Salt Lake. One would help the other financially as the occasion demanded, turn and turn about.

The experiences a girl would gain during such a hand-to-mouth existence, are of course merely to be guessed at by the girl who lives at home. Tiny second and third rate hotels, with many inconveniences; bad food; accommodation trains; murky, gas-lit, wayside stations at ungodly hours; the frequenters of such stations at more ungodly hours; the small-town audiences, made up of rough miners, farmers, and loafers; the lack of money; poor clothes—the unutterable dreariness of it, and the recurrence of that

terrible thought: "What am I getting out of it? Where will I be when my freshness is gone?"

This is the fire that burns away the illusions of youth, and youth's delusions, too. But it is the fire from which will come the finished product—if the material is there.

Finally she was stranded in San Francisco. Penniless, her only thought was to get enough money to return to her mother. The fare to Salt Lake was sixty dollars, so she took a position as nursemaid to the children of a wealthy shipbuilder, at twenty dollars a month. Three months to get home!

Her life in this house was as happy as such a life can be for a girl whose ambitions are high. Everything went smoothly until the young son of the house fell in love with her and wanted her to be his wife. How many times has such a story been told?

But Betty insisted that she would not give up her career, nebulous enough in those days of drudgery, relieved only by an evening spent at the movies and a long walk home afterward through the quiet San Francisco streets. She would not allow her belief in herself to be shaken. There are women who are not fitted for a life of housewifery and the cares attendant. She knew she was such a woman, and was using every means in her power to climb to her particular niche.

Since she told me this story, I have often thought that the tact and graciousness of manner for which she is remarkable among her associates, must have been developed to a great extent during this second phase of her career. No matter what kindness she met with in the household, the family could not have been pleased at the infatuation of their son for a servant in their employ. There were times, of course, when relations were strained. You can imagine for yourself the situation. But Betty earned her sixty dollars, bought her ticket, and boarded the train for Salt Lake. When she arrived, she didn't tell her mother that she hadn't eaten on the way.

There is depth, soul, to all of Betty Compson's characterizations.

Soon after this an agent booking from Salt Lake City sent her on a tour of the Northwest, with what is called a "girl act."

"Oh, yes—I was one of the 'merry-merry!'" Betty assured me, with her open smile. "And let me tell you that was a marvelous lot of girls! Every one of them has made good."

They played Seattle, Portland, Spokane, and Vancouver, and during their stay in the Canadian town, she made the acquaintance of a gentleman who offered to give her a letter of introduction to Al Christie, then of the Universal Film Company. Mr. Christie and his brother have since built their own studio, but at that time were renting space from Mr. Laemmle.

While playing a previous engagement in Los Angeles, Betty had gone out to Universal to inquire about the possibility of work. They had taken a test of her, but had said there was no opening at that time. The gentleman whom she met in Vancouver wrote them in her behalf, but before she heard from them again, she had finished her Northwestern tour and was back in San Francisco.

Mr. Christie remembered her, and wired that there was now a place for her in his company. The task was to get back to Los Angeles. She wired her mother to make arrange-



ments to meet her in Los Angeles, and to live there with her if the Christie engagement became permanent. She also asked her mother to send money for the fare, but did not mention food. Again she traveled hungry.

In accepting the Christie offer she had not told them the day of her arrival. Meantime her mother had closed her affairs in Salt Lake and was on her way to Los Angeles. Betty knew she could stay for at least a week at the little hotel where she had engaged a room, without being asked to pay her bill. Meanwhile her food consisted of the most economical purchases—doughnuts and coffee, pork and beans—everything well known to the impecunious.

Then everything came right at once. Mrs. Compson and a money order she had sent her daughter arrived at once. Betty by this time had notified Mr. Christie of her arrival, and her work had started. They found a boarding house which was less expensive than the downtown hotel. Circumstances began slowly to improve.

But clothes were a difficult obstacle at this time. It was not a general custom three years ago for the smaller companies to furnish an actress with a modern wardrobe. When period costumes were required, they were rented from a large costuming company, but an actress must not wear the same modern gown in two different pictures. Consequently, when two people are living on forty dollars a week, and one of them *must* appear prosperous, the problem takes ingenuity to solve. Mrs. Compson sat up nights, altering, combining, and eliminating, until every possibility was exhausted. But this same problem is one which must be met by most beginners in pictures. For every such need there is usually a solution. In this case

there are establishments where one may rent clothes—evening dresses for from three to five dollars, according to their elaborateness and newness. Betty paid many of her dollars for the use of such gowns, and thus bridged a gap on the road to success.

After perhaps a year and a half of comedy work—invaluable for training the brain to quick thinking—she felt that there



Photo by Woodbury

Betty Compson's radiance has not been dulled by adversity.

must be another daring step onward. She left Christie's and sought a chance as an emotional actress. But chances were few, and those who gave them out were very wary. Several times she was on the verge of securing an engagement at Lasky's, which she had set as her goal. But something always seemed to interfere—sometimes studio politics, sometimes pure chance. At different times during this period, she filled engagements with other companies, as leading woman in five-reel features, and once as the heroine of a serial.

A friend of mine and of Betty's told me that at this time many people who knew her well were afraid that she could not stand the strain—that she was going under. Again the lack of money was a constant menace. How long she was going to last was a matter of conjecture.

Then came "The Miracle Man," the maker of three stars—Thomas Meighan, Lon Chaney, and Betty herself. The opportunity was given these three people by the late George Loane Tucker to show what they could do. This picture is considered one of the greatest in film history. It was filled with what we speak of professionally as "hokum"—briefly,

Her comedy days were trying, but they trained her to quick thinking.

hackneyed situations—but because of the viewpoint of the man directing the picture, it was made into a great thing. It was transformed not only into the expression

Continued on page 96

A Fan's Adventures in Hollywood

She has a wonderful time experiencing the thrills of being an actress—with make-up, costume, and everything—even fan mail.

By Ethel Sands

WHEN the editor of PICTURE-PLAY jolted me out of at least three years' growth by sending me all the way to California to write a fan's impressions of the stars and studios, I thought that nothing that could happen to me after that would surprise me. And then when I visited Wallace Reid out at his house and went riding with Rodolph Valentino I found myself just as breathless and excited as I was the first time I visited a studio. After that I began to get anxious and to wonder whether the rest would be an anticlimax. I've always expected that the time would come when I'd lose my enthusiasm; but whenever I get to thinking about that, something comes along that sweeps me off my feet and proves to me that I'm just a fan after all and as enthusiastic as ever.

That is what happened when I was asked if I wanted to play extra in an Alice Lake picture. Well, I was thrilled. Of course, the experience was not entirely new because I had been in a little test film with Corinne Griffith and I had played extra back in New York in a Bert Lytell picture. But this time I was to get made up and wear a company costume and do everything the way a regular extra does.

A large number of extras were engaged for the picture as there was to be an elaborate bazaar scene, so it was necessary to go to the studio the day before the scene was to be taken to get fitted for a costume.

The Metro studio is an unusually attractive one with a long, low white office building in front and several big inclosed stages and buildings in the rear.

A very pleasant young girl from the Metro publicity office took me over to the wardrobe department to see about my costume. There were several women there—some working on sewing machines. One of the women led us upstairs, where there were just heaps of beautiful costumes of every description hanging in glass closets. It was enough to make any girl want to be an extra just for a chance to wear one of those gowns. I didn't know that the companies furnished the clothes for the extras before, and maybe they don't except for special occasions. I noticed there weren't any everyday clothes hanging around—only elaborate ones.

The wardrobe mistress selected two very beautiful black gowns, and led me into a dressing room to try them on. The first was a stunning affair of black jet trimmed with net and a long train, but I thought it a little too severe for me, and I was afraid I'd get all tangled up in the train. Besides, the lady mentioned that Alice Lake had worn the other gown, so of course I preferred that. It seemed to take on an added glamour at once, and it was pretty, anyway. The black velvet skirt was draped at one side and at the waist was a large red velvet rose with a streamer of buds hanging down. The bodice was embroidered with pearls, and

the shoulder straps were of pearl beads. A long panel hung in back, lined with silver cloth, and a gorgeous silver scarf went with it. Every girl knows how different lovely clothes make you feel. It was easy to imagine myself a star in that gown!

After I got dressed in my own clothes again the publicity woman took me around to show me the studio. It's great to go around a busy studio—you get such fascinating glimpses of different stars at work or waiting around.

"Here comes Gareth Hughes," my guide said, and sure enough it was. Seeing him again reminded me of how terribly thrilled I was that first time I visited a motion-picture company, for he was the first actor I met. He remembered me and said I must be sure and come out to see his home some time, and asked me how I had liked "Sentimental Tommy" after I saw it on the screen. He is very proud of "Sentimental Tommy." Then some one pointed out Lewis Stone to me, and a moment later I recognized Stuart Holmes who was standing near the Hughes set where a wedding scene was to take place. I thought of the days when I used to shudder at his arch villainies with Theda Bara and Claire Whitney. If you had told me at that time that I was going to meet Stuart Holmes in real life, I feel sure I would have died of fright, so impressed was I with his screen villainy. He didn't seem to look so terribly fierce and wicked at close range now, but perhaps he has reformed a bit since he hasn't got Theda Bara to goad him on.

They were just putting the finishing touches to the set for the Alice Lake picture when we walked on to meet Maxwell Karger, the director. He remembered letting me join the crowd when he was directing Bert Lytell back in New York. He was very nice, and said I could get in the picture that very afternoon if I wanted to appear in a garden scene, but as I had another engagement I couldn't accept.

Going off that stage we ran into Rex Ingram. It seemed hardly believable that the director of such masterpieces as "The Four Horsemen" and "The Conquering Power" could be such a young man. He is so good-looking in an Irish way with blue eyes and black hair that you almost wish he'd play his own heroes in his pictures. One would almost envy his wife if she wasn't such a lovely person herself. Every one speaks well of Alice Terry; whenever she is mentioned you always hear what a sweet girl she is. I met her later on in her dressing room. She was sitting at her dressing table in a negligee with her auburn hair in a thick, long braid over her shoulder. I missed the blond wig at first, but her own color hair becomes her every bit as well. She has very large, wistful eyes, and the same sincere, quiet manner that makes her so charming on the screen. You wouldn't think that a distinctive girl like Alice Terry

WESTERN STUFF

Those handsome heroes of the West who ride hard, shoot straight, and live nobly, come in for a lot of kidding from all sides, but down in their hearts most people like them immensely. Ethel Sands does, so naturally she wanted to meet William S. Hart and some of the other actors identified with "Westerns." The ones she met—William S. Hart, Harry Carey, Jack Hoxie, and "Snowy" Baker—were all that she had hoped they would be, and they showed her many interesting and surprising things about the making of "Westerns." She will tell you what a nice and jolly sort these men are next month.

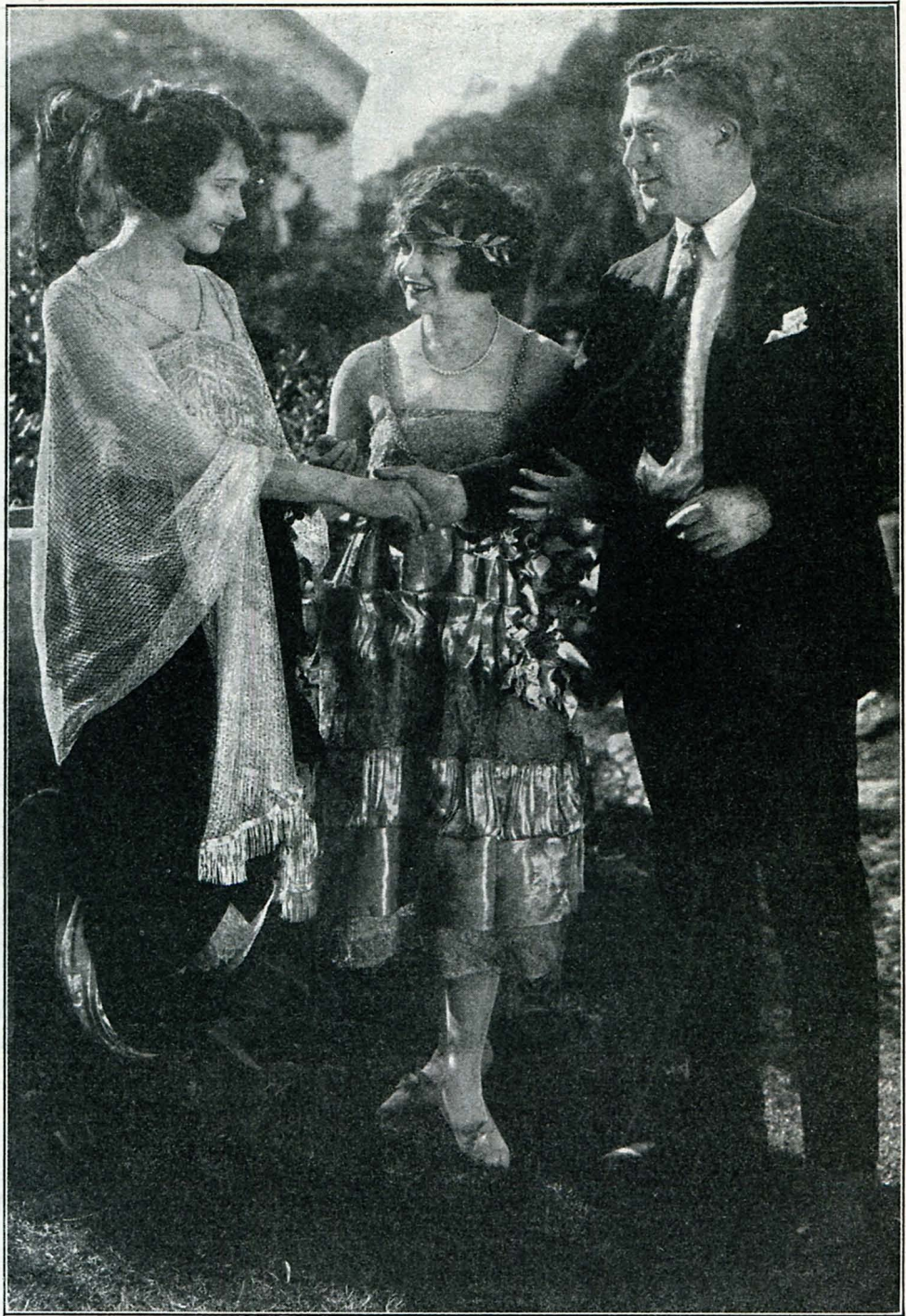
would have had to be an extra girl for several years before she was recognized, would you? But she finally arrived, so you see there is always a chance if you have the courage to stick to it.

The next morning a car called for me quite early. So far I was being pampered; they certainly don't do *that* for ordinary extras. You're supposed to be at the studio at nine o'clock, ready to go on the set. So I found a good many extras were making up and some were all ready when I arrived there; then I learned that many of the more experienced ones make up at home where they can take their time and make a better job of it than when they have to hurry and crowd in with a lot of others.

All the girls and women seemed to be headed for the hairdresser, so I went there first. I never knew before that the extra girls were accorded the privilege of having their hair dressed, but they are. The hairdresser certainly had a great deal of patience, and worked fast because there was a big crowd of women, and they all had to be ready on time. I watched several girls return and ask to have their hair arranged differently as they thought it didn't become them the way it was done. Many of the girls wore fanciful costumes such as Japanese or South Sea Islanders, but if they didn't think the style of hairdressing particularly suited them, they asked to have their hair fixed more becoming to the face than to the character. It amused me to see little Japanese maidens with fluffy, bobbed hair, and one little South Sea maid had her hair marcelled and brilliantined very nice and slick—but as she happened to look rather remarkably like Gloria Swanson that way no one could blame her for insisting on it.

Finally my turn came, and my hair was swiftly marcelled and arranged. The hairdresser suggested that some sort of ornament would put a finishing touch to it, so she got some long, trailing feathers and pinned them to one side of my hair. And then after I had got myself into the velvet gown, came what I thought would be the fascinating business of making up.

Fans, if you think it's an easy matter to make yourself beautiful simply by plastering your face with grease paint and powder—you're mistaken. Making up is an art—I've tried it. With all my movie adventures, I had never yet been made up for the camera, so I was eager to try my hand at it. There were all the ingredients before me. The sticks of grease paint, powder, lip rouge, eyebrow pencils, mascara, and liquid white.



Ethel Sands and Alice Lake were all dressed up for the bazaar scene in "Kisses" but they stopped long enough on the way to the set to chat with Richard Tucker.

Now I didn't have the idea that a good many fans I know have—that if they could just be made up they would rival Mary Pickford or Katherine MacDonald. I had learned better than that.

When I first saw the movie players in their make-up and saw how hideous it usually makes them—to the eye—I was very much puzzled. Then I found that the studio make-up isn't intended nearly so much as an aid to beauty as it is to correct some things that the camera does to our faces in the way of accentuating shadows, making red appear black, and so on.

Knowing that, I had not expected to become transformed into a star by means of grease paint. But I thought it wouldn't be very hard to get the stuff on the way the others did, which I knew would be necessary if I were to photograph well.



In the big bazaar scene in "Kisses," Ethel Sands can be seen at the extreme right; her head just shows above the girl in the foreground who is carrying a basket of flowers.

The press lady didn't know much more about it than I did, but we decided it didn't matter much how you got the stuff on as long as you plastered yourself with it, and so we started in.

The cold cream was easy, but we were soon tripped up on the grease paint. It's in a long, thick stick, you know, and it has to be rubbed on hard before it comes off onto your face. Smear it on we did, but because of it being so hard, we couldn't get anything but heavy streaks. The powder would even it up, we thought, so I put it on thickly. Then I looked in the glass to see how much I was transformed.

I was transformed, all right—into a more than fair imitation of a clown. My face was all streaks from the way we applied the grease paint without smoothing it. Gracious, will I ever forget how queer I looked!

It was too much for our sense of humor, and we nearly went into hysterics. I sobered down, though, when I thought how far from funny it would have been if I had been depending on my appearance to advance me in the film world.

Cold cream came to the rescue to take the stuff all off, so we could start again. Experience had taught—and this time we got it on more smoothly, but there wasn't much time left, so we had to work fast. I could only apply the rouge and pencils hastily, as best

I could, and after several attempts with the mascara brush—in which I succeeded in getting some in my eyes, making them smart so that I thought I was blinded—I finally was ready.

Downstairs we met Alice Lake getting the finishing touches to her costume. My! She was a beautiful vision in a most beautiful gown. She reminded me quite a bit of Alice Brady. She is small, with the same dark-brown hair and eyes. Her hair was curled, and she wore a bandeau of a spray of silver leaves around her head. Her gown was of orchid color with wide silver lace, and a great bunch of orchid satin flowers hung from the waist at one side, and the bodice and shoulder straps were of rhinestones. She looked like a lovely hothouse flower and sparkled like a jewel.

At first you feel self-conscious parading across the big stages in evening dress, and the make-up feels funny and strange on your face. I felt as though everybody must know I was a rank amateur at all this, but nobody paid much attention to me so I guess I wasn't as conspicuous as I felt. When I reached the set it was crowded with extras, and I got a bit of stage fright because I never had been in such a mob before. They were only extras, but to me they were experienced veterans—and I felt like—well, just an inexperienced fan among them all.

I sat down on a box and waited as every one else seemed to be doing. I felt half nervous and yet eager. A set ready for action is always the most thrilling thing. There seems to be excitement attached to it—something like there is just before the last day of school.

The set was a dazzling one. It was supposed to be a bazaar scene and was decorated very much like a De Mille set. I only wish the screen could show up the beautiful colors of it. Bright colored lanterns and balloons were strung across the set and in the background a fancy staircase led up to the balcony on both sides—where the orchestra was. Wheels of chance and beautifully decorated booths were plentiful.

Alice Lake's booth was in the center. It was a huge basket, the handle making a bower of flowers and the counters were laden with boxes of candy. Miss Lake saw me and came over and sat beside me, and I didn't feel so strange and lost then. She outlined the story for me so I knew what it was all about. The title of the picture was "Kisses," and unlike the rest of her pictures is not going to be so heavily dramatic. She called Harry Myers, who plays her leading man, over to meet me. I felt as though he had just stepped out of "The Connecticut Yankee," so like his pictures does he look. Mr. Myers held a megaphone he was going to use in the scene, and had added an individual touch by decorating it with flowers and a balloon.

"Say, that's a good idea," admired Alice, "only don't let any of the others see it, or they'll copy it—hide it," and attempting to conceal the balloon in the mouth of the megaphone, she pushed too hard and with a loud bang it burst right in our faces. This tickled Alice. She went into gales of laughter. Then Harry Myers had to go off in search of another balloon.

"You know," Alice explained to me, "you have to be careful about your actions on a crowded set like this, because the extras copy the principals and stars, and if you think up something original like Mr. Myers did and let them see it, by the time they're ready to shoot the scene, every one has duplicated it. If people could only be more original in the movies, they would get farther—especially extra players. There was a certain extra girl that we used to use quite a bit, and she began to copy every move I made. She copied the way I fixed my hair, and if we were on the set together I couldn't do a thing without her imitating it. It made me nervous and fidgety, and it looked ridiculous on the screen, so finally they couldn't use her any more. That's how a good many extra players hinder themselves."

She told me there were three of her gowns, including the one I had on, being worn on the set.

"See that little girl with reddish, bobbed hair," Miss Lake pointed out one of the girls in the crowd. "She used to double for Nazimova." Much to my surprise, she turned out to be one of the little girls from the Studio Club. A middle-aged man and woman came on the set then, and Alice Lake introduced me to her parents. They had come to watch the scene, so they sat on a slightly raised platform where the cameras and director stood.

Alice was called away to her booth, and one of the assistant directors called everybody on the floor.

Rehearsals were about to begin!

He distributed the extras in different parts of the set—told them just where to stand and where to walk to when a certain number was called. I was somewhat familiar with the method because I remembered Mr. Karger using it when he made a mob scene for "The Message of Mars." Several assistant directors were carrying out his orders and filling in the people in the foreground and around Alice Lake's booth, and they gave us things we were supposed to have bought.

To the novice it all seemed funny at first; a Japanese girl would offer me a cup of tea and I'd take it and never think of drinking it, but return it when another rehearsal was called. Perfectly strange extras would rush up to me, or nod as they passed by, and I soon found myself turning to any one and saying the most ridiculous things so as to appear well acquainted. Gentlemen bought flowers from the pretty flower girls and presented them gallantly to extras they'd never seen before, and when the camera stopped every one would have to go around giving everything back.

Finally, everything was ready. The lights went on, bathing the set in a dazzling glow. The orchestra up in the balcony began to play, the people started to dance, and the gay crowds commenced to promenade the floor. It seemed a wonderful transformation. People standing around in groups at the sound of "All right, now! Let's try it," become suddenly one happy, laughing crowd. When you're in it you soon catch the spirit, and soon forget that the eagle eye of the camera is recording every little move and expression.

Oh, it's fun in a way!

It's like being a kid again and playing make-believe. There was all that crowd of people, all in full regalia—elderly grand dames and gentlemen, pretty young girls, young men and lots of little tots—all playing that we were rich society people, and all knew each other. Then—suddenly—the camera ceased clicking, the lights went out—and the spell was broken! We were all strangers again, some tired, some sad. I seemed to be the only happy one, and I guess it was because I wasn't worried about my next job the way the rest were.

Alice Lake was in her booth, with Harry Myers standing near by. I was paired off with another girl, and all that was required of us was to mingle with the crowd and walk from one booth to another looking at their wares. We'd stand in our places, and when our number was called that would be our cue for action. Of course, in a scene like this, that's so important, it requires quite a bit of time and rehearsal to get it all to go smoothly—when they hear the camera clicking at first the people get a little rattled, and empty spaces in the crowds are left. We must have done that scene

Viola Dana let Ethel Sands share her fan mail—and now she can give any one tips on what to write to a star.



over a dozen times or more before it was satisfactorily shot.

The next scene was where Harry Myers acts as "barker" for Alice Lake's booth, and the extras were supposed to crowd around him when he gets up and shouts, "Come and buy a homemade kiss—sweet as the girl who makes them!"

This scene didn't go very well. We didn't seem to be doing it right no matter what we did. Too many would get around the booth and leave the foreground empty, or just the opposite. About the sixth time, Maxwell Karger lost his patience and exploded.

"For Heaven's sake, *wake up*, you people!" he roared. "Don't be afraid to work—you're getting paid for it! Pay attention to what you're doing—all I hear is, 'See you again at six o'clock!'" And I heard him say to one of his assistants, "All they're doing is making dates! It's a good-looking crowd, but you can't get anything out of them."

"Well, you said you wanted a bunch of young people," said the assistant, "and now you've got 'em."

"Perhaps if the orchestra was kept playing it might liven them up a bit," suggested June Mathis, the well-known scenario writer, who seemed to be the only calm person around. So they struck up "Ain't We Got Fun." Only nobody seemed to be having so much fun—but me. Every one was tired. I would have been, too, if it hadn't been for the novelty of it. The day was unseasonably hot, and the lights added to it. Even the stars were not spared, as Alice Lake and Mr. Myers had to go through their action every time we did. One o'clock came and only two or three scenes had been taken. Perspiring assistant directors were racing around,

and Mr. Karger was fairly tearing his hair and yelling like mad. Then some notes of a previous scene were lost, and every one had forgotten what the numbers were of the extras who had been standing around the booth! Even the extras themselves didn't remember if they had been standing there. If they took the next scene without being certain, it would make a bad mix-up when the scenes were put together. As it was past noon, Alice Lake suggested that maybe we could all work better if we had something to eat. So we all trailed off to luncheon at a tiny little restaurant across the way, where every one in the studio eats. It seemed so queer to see people out in the street in evening gowns, walking along complacently.

The restaurant was tiny and jammed full of people, and I felt so confused I was terribly relieved when Alice Lake beckoned me over to sit by her. There wasn't much variety in the menu; just frankfurters, ham, potato salad, and things like that. It was so warm and smoky I couldn't eat much, but Alice's spirits weren't dampened any, and she ate heartily. Apparently, she is used to it. She seems the last one you'd think would play such heavy dramatic rôles in pictures, she's so gay and happy-go-lucky herself. "Gracious, do you always have to work in such hot weather as this?" I asked.

"Do we!" She fell back in her seat. "Well, I should say so and when it's much hotter, too. You can imagine what it's like in summer."

Even my hitherto unquenchable enthusiasm for movie acting was beginning to waver.

"Hello, Vi!" shouted Alice, and who should come dancing up to our table but Viola Dana, Alice's best

Continued on page 86

Pat is at the superlative age of seventeen; she longs for sensations.



Soda Pop—Plus

Not a very dignified characterization for a young woman of Patsy Ruth Miller's attainments, but a true one.

By Myrtle Gebhart

TO begin with, I was prejudiced against Patsy Ruth Miller more than a year ago because her father bought the white stucco bungalow I wanted my mother to buy. However, we settled down across the street from each other and became friends in spite of it, for nobody could resist "Pat," with her impish humor.

I remember when Patsy Ruth had just started in pictures and I took her to a preview at the Ambassador. She was just as thrilled at seeing all the celebrities as any one in the crowd. When Enid Bennett passed us, Patsy reached out a bold hand.

"I touched Enid Bennett!" she said, as thrilled as any fan.

And we took the wrong car going home and got lost and when we finally reached there, after dark, her father was doing a Marathon up and down the street, had called out the cops, and had a murderous look in his eyes. Soon after that we moved to another part of town, and I hadn't seen Patsy since she became a Goldwyn leading lady.

Brother Winston opened the door, a saucy voice bade me enter, and I perceived what appeared to be a duet of mother and daughter on the bench before the grand piano—but it proved to be Patsy getting sewed into a new blouse.

"I've got the lace on the collar and one cuff, but this child won't be still," Mother Miller laughed; "I have to catch her on the fly, trailing along behind with my needle."

After Patsy Ruth had got sewed up respectably, dinner was served. Patsy's Aunt Catherine was there from New York with her small son. Then there was Mother and Father Miller, Brother Winston, Pat, and me. Also Rags, a new addition to the family—a wire-haired canine with a face that would never get him in the movies.

"Will you kindly be less frivolous?" Patsy inquired pertly of the laughing family. "This is an interview—a serious proposition. But," turning to me, "I can't put anything over on *you*—you know too darn much about me!"

You may remember her as Ruth Miller in "Camille;" but there is another Ruth Miller in pictures, so it behooved our Ruth to change her name. Her full equipment is Patricia Ruth Miller, obviously too big a mouthful, so she abbreviated it to "Patsy Ruth."

Pat is at the superlative age of seventeen; she longs for sensations from which she may experience a thrill—and she gets one out of everything—a new boy friend or a new summer frock. And she thinks she is very, *very* cynical!

"I *adore* H. L. Mencken, and his writing," she exclaimed, after I had turned the conversation toward her likes and dislikes. And while she didn't overlook doing justice to the fish and potatoes and biscuits she went on, "and I love to look him up in the dictionary—I get a great kick out of Webster." Which I knew was true. I've seen Pat sitting on the floor, poring over the dictionary for hours at a stretch, hunting for great big *cynical* words. She wants to grow up quickly, you see.

"I've just finished two pictures with Tom Mix—farmed out, you know, while Goldwyn was closed," her irresistible treble rippled on, "Western stuff—red-corpuscle stuff. I thought my life wasn't complete because I'd never done a wild-West heroine with two guns in my hands and fire in my eye. We had excitement all right—Tom rescued me sixty-one times, I braved a forest fire and the buggy turned over. I was *praying* that buggy would turn over—I long for something to happen to find out how the sensation will affect me. But, as we hung there on the brink of the ditch, I kept thinking 'How tame! No thrill at all!' I sat right on Tom's face and wasn't hurt a bit. Life is terribly disappointing, isn't it?" She focused the battery of her big brown eyes on me.

I choked on a biscuit and pondered this marvelous quality of youth from the peak of my jaded score of years. Pat is striving very hard to appear sophisticated—I had a good laugh over an interview with her that I read the other day, in which the writer made her out so very cynical, not knowing from his brief meet-



Photo by Evans

She is really an adorable bit of femininity, but she thinks she is cynical.



For all his boasted gruffness Patsy Ruth Miller winds her father right around her little finger.

ing with her, that it is the dress Pat wears when she wants most to impress strangers.

"And nobody will give me credit for having any opinions," is her complaint. "Just because I'm only seventeen! Of course, I change my opinions about once a week—have a mental house cleaning. But while I have 'em I like to air 'em—and nobody pays any attention to me around here!"

Patsy Ruth's frothy Goldwyn comedy dramas have made her quite a following—and I shall have to tell you about her latest fan, though she'll probably murder me in cold blood for telling. Her kid brother, Winston, had a great disdain for her interviews in the fan magazines. "Ah, you ain't so much," he scoffed. "You've never had your picture in the *Police Gazette*." Then her picture did appear in that noted publication

Continued on page 104



Photo by Kenneth Alexander

Corinne Griffith looks as guileless as can be, but she is really harboring a secret her fans would love to know.

Over the Teacups

The work of actors, Fanny the Fan believes, should be restrained, but not the comment on it.

By The Bystander

WHAT are you doing?" I finally asked Fanny in desperation after I had watched her making faces at herself in her vanity-case mirror until I couldn't stand the strain any longer.

"Trying to look guileless," she explained, continuing to study her reflection. "There's a technique to innocence just as there is to anything else, and I'm going to master it. Corinne Griffith looks as guileless as can be in spite of the fact that she is harboring a secret that her fans would love to know. I know the same secret, and I simply can't manage to look innocent. I know that some determined person will come along and see me beaming all over and persuade me to tell them what caused it."

"Well," I murmured, "why not tell me then?" But she wouldn't until I settled back in gloomy silence behind the teapot and refused to discuss anything else.

"There's a rumor," she began ponderously, "that she is to leave the Vitagraph company. As soon as it started a lot of other companies began pursuing Corinne and making her offers, and now it looks as though she would have her own company right away and have big stories and good casts and a real chance to prove her ability. Her contract with Vitagraph has several months to run, but these people who want Corinne are so anxious to get her that they are willing to buy the remainder of her contract from Vitagraph. It seems almost too good to be true, doesn't it, that both Antonio Moreno and Corinne Griffith are to become emancipated this spring."

"It does," I admitted, "I feel like going around to all the theaters where her pictures are playing, telling perfect strangers the good news. Perhaps they wouldn't understand my enthusiasm, though."

"Oh, yes, they would," Fanny assured me. "Every one feels like that about Corinne. And that reminds me of more good news. Will Rogers is going to make some more pictures. He'll probably spring some awfully good jokes about it in a few days because he is being starred by the same man who starred Strongheart, the Belgian police dog, in 'The Silent Call.' And Theodore Roberts is going to play the lead in 'The Old Homestead.' Isn't that great? And May Allison is coming back to pictures to costar with her husband, Robert Ellis. That doesn't thrill me particularly because I never could get excited over the wax-doll type of beauty. But what does thrill me is that they are going to make their pictures in Porto Rico. The scenery ought to be heavenly. If the scenario writer has any heart at all he'll fix it so that most of the scenes can be played in the surf."

"With a lot of old stars coming back it doesn't look as though there would be much room for more, but there will always be room, I guess, for a girl as cute as Billie Dove. She used to be in the Follies, you know. Then she played in two of Christy Cabanne's productions and now she is a Metro star. Isn't that wonderful?"

"I'll reserve comment until I see her first star picture," I muttered gruffly.

"Well you needn't be so pessimistic," Fanny chided me, "if you aren't hopeful about a Metro star's pictures before she starts making any, when can you be? And speaking of Metro stars reminds me of Bert Lytell, because he isn't one any more. I had an engagement for tea with him one day last week here at the Claridge and when Bert finally came rushing in about half an

hour late, what do you suppose he told me? That he was leaving that very afternoon for Hollywood to play in a big special production of 'To Have and To Hold' for Famous Players. Betty Compson plays the other leading rôle. It's an early Colonial story, you know, about a shipload of girls who were sent over to America to marry colonists. Bert plays the part of a colonist with a heart of gold who—but I mustn't spoil the story for you. Anyway, he wears fancy wigs in the picture—at least he accounted for the blond hairs on his coat by saying he had been having wigs fitted—and he wears those big blowzy trousers that look sort of like tires going flat. It will be much nicer than it sounds when I describe it. Bert will be grand and noble all through the picture, and Betty will be beautiful, and what more could any one ask?"

As she finished talking she leaned over so far to catch a glimpse of some people just beyond the door that I thought for a moment her chair would topple over backward.

"Isn't that Ann Forrest?" she gasped weakly.

"How should I know?" I retorted, "I'm not such a contortionist as you are. I can't see more than fifty feet away and around three corners."

"You could if you took dancing lessons with Anna Q. Nilsson," Fanny replied airily. "I do believe that is Ann Forrest. You know she is having such a good time in New York that there is no telling when she will go back to Hollywood. I wish some

Ann Forrest is having such a good time in New York that there is no telling when Hollywood will see her again.

one would give her a wonderful big part. She could play it. I was so surprised the first time I saw her, she was so much more—well, jazzy than I had expected. I'd love to see her in 'Nice People,' but unfortunately that is all cast, and she isn't in it. I saw her at the Paramount Ball, and she looked darling. So did Anna Q. Nilsson and a lot of others, but I think the sweetest of all was Miriam Cooper. She had on a white dress and carried an ermine scarf over her arm that made her hair and eyes look blacker than ever. She looked about sixteen at first glance. Anna Q. Nilsson had on a medieval blue dress that made her look charming, but she always looks lovely, anyway. Incidentally, she acquired the most interesting, mysterious, foreign air while she was abroad. It is enchanting. She looks as though she would explode with temperament any minute."

"Speaking of going abroad—" I murmured.

"Oh, you're thinking of Gloria Swanson," Fanny cut in. "She was here only two days on the way abroad, but I was lucky enough to see her, anyhow. When I arrived at her suite at the Plaza, she was in the midst of a discussion of eighteen-months-old babies with a man from the Famous Players office who has a baby just the age of little Gloria. He was insisting that his baby goes to school, and Gloria demanded the details. We all listened gravely enough until he told about their giving the babies round pegs and square pegs and a board with different-shaped holes in to play with. Then

Estelle Taylor created quite a sensation on board the S. S. Yale where scenes for "A Fool There Was" were filmed.





Photo by Donald Biddle Keyes

Lila Lee looks so charming in her "Blood and Sand" costume that Fanny hates to think of all the woes the scenario has in store for her.

Gloria remarked that if the babies knew enough to put the round ones in the round holes and the square ones in the square, they knew more than most casting directors would ever learn.

"I've heard a lot of people say that Gloria is just a fashion plate and nothing more, but that is because they don't know her. She wears her haughty air and her bizarre clothes only on the set in the studio. She's really as charming, and unassuming as any one could wish. And she made the most strikingly original remark to me that I've ever heard."

"What was it?" I demanded.

"She said that she had no sense of humor. Now you know it takes some one with a really great sense of humor to make a remark like that. It's just the mental lightweights that go around proclaiming to the world how wonderful their sense of humor is. Gloria is too busy taking a serious interest in things—babies and all that."

"Well, if she has no sense of humor, as she says," I remarked languidly, though I didn't believe it, either, "I'm glad I didn't rush 'way up there to remark apropos of her sailing for abroad—'Sic transit Gloria mundi.'"

Fanny just glared at me. She hates puns, except of course, when she makes them herself.

"Mary Thurman and May Collins are here. I've been thinking seriously of dyeing my hair red ever since I saw Mary Thurman's, but mine wouldn't be slick and

straight like hers, so what's the use? May Collins wants to break her picture contract and go into a stock company in Duluth and get some experience. I'm not catty enough to say she needs it. I've heard that Dorothy Dalton is looking longingly stageward, too. And that reminds me—I was talking to a girl the other day who played with Dorothy on the speaking stage in 'Aphrodite.' She said that when Dorothy left the company all the ballet girls sat in their dressing room and cried bitterly. It seems she always fought their battles for them and sympathized with their troubles and was big sister to the company in general. Yet if you put any such story on the screen every one would say it was sentimental and sloppy and untrue."

Fanny dabbed sparingly at her eyes, and as she put her handkerchief back in her vanity case a lot of letters bulged out.

"One from Lucy Fox," she answered, apprehending my question. "She is still down in Jacksonville making a serial with Charles Hutchison. And one from Alma Rubens; she's in Banff up in the Canadian Rockies with Lew Cody making a James Oliver Curwood picture for Cosmopolitan. And here's one that will interest you. It is from Kathryn Kirk, a fan who lives down in Philadelphia. She sent me a clipping about Joseph Schildkraut's wedding at the city hall there. Isn't it a pity that he went and got married just as fans were beginning to get acquainted with him through 'Orphans of the Storm?' He married Elsie Bartlett Porter, a New York society girl who had been on the stage for a few months."

"And speaking of Joseph Schildkraut—I saw his mother and father yesterday."

You know all last summer while he was making 'Orphans of the Storm' his parents used to visit the Griffith studio, and they heard so much talk about 'Broken Blossoms' among the players there that they wanted awfully much to see it. It wasn't being shown anywhere, so it looked as though they were going to be disappointed, but trust Lillian Gish not to forget what any one wants. As soon as she had a few days to herself between trips around the country to appear at openings of 'Orphans of the Storm' she gave a showing of 'Broken Blossoms' and invited Mr. and Mrs. Schildkraut and some friends who had mentioned wanting to see the picture again. I confess I cried just as hard as I did the first time—but so did Dorothy Gish, so I was in good company.

"Lillian had the picture shown at the Apollo Theater just after the matinee of 'Orphans of the Storm' and would you believe it—not one of the audience leaving the theater recognized her as she stood at the door looking for her guests. And stranger even than that—I didn't recognize her, either. She had on a tiny hat with a black veil draped over it and horn-rimmed, smoked glasses. The disguise was complete."

"When I left, my eyes looked so bleary with tears that I hoped Lillian would lend me her glasses to wear home, but——"

"You ought to get a pair of those," I cut in, "and carry them with you in case you see anything sad. I saw you when you came out of 'Smilin' Through,' and your face looked a wreck. They might sell them at

the door of the theaters where 'Smilin' Through' plays. When I think of all the tears that are going to be shed over that picture I'm simply limp. I ruined a dress, a coat, and a pair of suede gloves at it myself."

"Let's talk about something more cheerful," Fanny urged. "The mere thought of the buckets of tears I wept at 'Smilin' Through' makes me want to go again, and if I do I'll have to go around wearing a mask."

"Might be a good idea. I hear Douglas Fairbanks is using them on some of the actors in 'The Spirit of Chivalry.' They'll be much more expressive than some faces."

"Now don't get catty," Fanny urged, just as though she never was. "By the way I passed Diana Allen on the way over here, and she looked perfectly lovely. She's playing in 'Linda,' Corinne Griffith's new production. Trust Corinne not to be afraid to have other pretty girls in the cast."

"I don't see why you're so critical of stars who always surround themselves with homely girls," I scolded her. "Brides have been doing that in selecting their wedding parties for years and nobody blamed them. But speaking of brides—Buck Jones is going to marry a girl who is playing in vaudeville."

"I don't care what Buck Jones is going to do. I want to know more about Diana

Allen. You know, when I heard that she had been made a Selznick star I wrung my hands in despair and said now we'll never see her again, poor girl. And that's just about what did happen. Now the Selznick company has announced that Kathryn Perry is going to be one of their stars. I only hope they don't neglect the little formality of going ahead and making some star pictures with her, now that they've gone that far. There's a great idea for a mystery serial, 'What happens to the Selznick Stars?' The first episode would be the disappearance of Martha Mansfield, the second Zena Keefe, the third Diana Allen, but why go on talking about it? It would make a thrilling mystery picture, and any one is welcome to the idea."

She settled back as importantly as a censor; sometimes I suspect that Fanny has a touch of uplift in her soul.

"You know," she drawled, "I think that Marion Davies is going to make a really wonderful picture at last. It's 'When Knighthood Was in Flower,' and she looks so perfectly beautiful as *Princess Mary Tudor* that it won't matter whether she acts or not. And the production is simply gorgeous. I had luncheon out at the studio

Gloria Swanson wears her haughty air and bizarre clothes only in the studio.



Photo copyright by Hugh Cecil

Anna Q. Nilsson acquired a becoming foreign air of mystery during her stay abroad.

the other day—you know those dainty studio luncheons of bean soup, roast pork, pie, and coffee; no wonder Miss Davies doesn't come down until afternoon—and when I went down on the stage floor I could hardly believe my eyes. There was a towering castle with its gardens beyond. There were dozens of soldiers in armor, and girls in exquisite velvet gowns with huge skirts and big, puffed sleeves, an orchestra playing haunting melodies, candles sputtering in huge candelabra, and banners waving to and fro from above. And on the wall behind *Princess Mary's* chair there were two of the loveliest tapestries I ever saw, with knights in armor charging spectacularly across them. Joseph Urban designed them. I bet when the picture is finished that Marion Davies will take them and put them up in her apartment at the top of the studio. She loves beautiful things so that her home and her apartment at the studio are almost like museums.

"Every one's making big pictures now. Isn't it fascinating? I can hardly wait to see 'A Fool There Was' in its new version. They say that Estelle Taylor created quite a sensa-

Continued on page 101

What's Happening in the Studios

Little items of interest about motion-picture players.



Jackie Coogan believes in getting his training early. So when the University of California football team visited his studio he had them try him out for quarter back.



Doris May is one of these luxury-loving stars you are always hearing about. You'll notice she has all the comforts of home at her studio.



May McAvoy is willing to do almost anything to get rid of the adjectives winsome, demure, and delicate, which critics bestow so persistently upon her.



Do you believe that this is Katherine MacDonald in the kitchen of her own little home preparing dinner for the whole family? Neither do we. It is a scene from a new picture of hers. But don't you remember the days when stars used to expect us to believe that kitchens like this were their favorite domain?

Harold Lloyd's so attached to his Civil War get-up that he hated to finish "Grandma's Boy" and pass on to a less interesting costume.

The camera caught Charles Ray unexpectedly, so not to be alone in the misfortune of being photographed without make-up, he hooked Mrs. Ray into the picture.



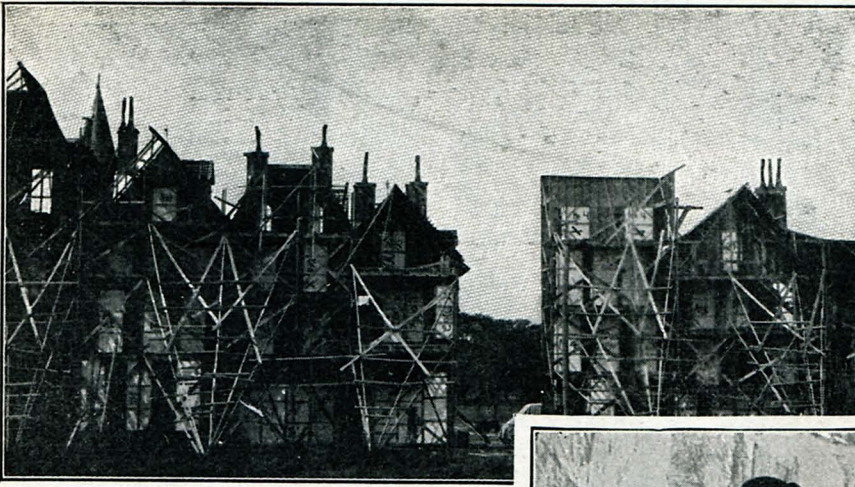
Didn't you wonder when you saw "Orphans of the Storm" where those wonderful French gardens were located? Here is a view of them which shows how they were built right in the yard at the side of the old Flagler mansion—now the Griffith studio. The stairs are the ones up which *Henriette*, Lillian Gish, and the *Chevalier*, Joseph Schildkraut, ran when he rescued her from the aristocrats' orgy.



Dorothy Phillips, at the left, tries some monkey business with the camera, and Anita Stewart, below her, tries—oh, well, it's her husband, Rudolph Cameron, anyhow.

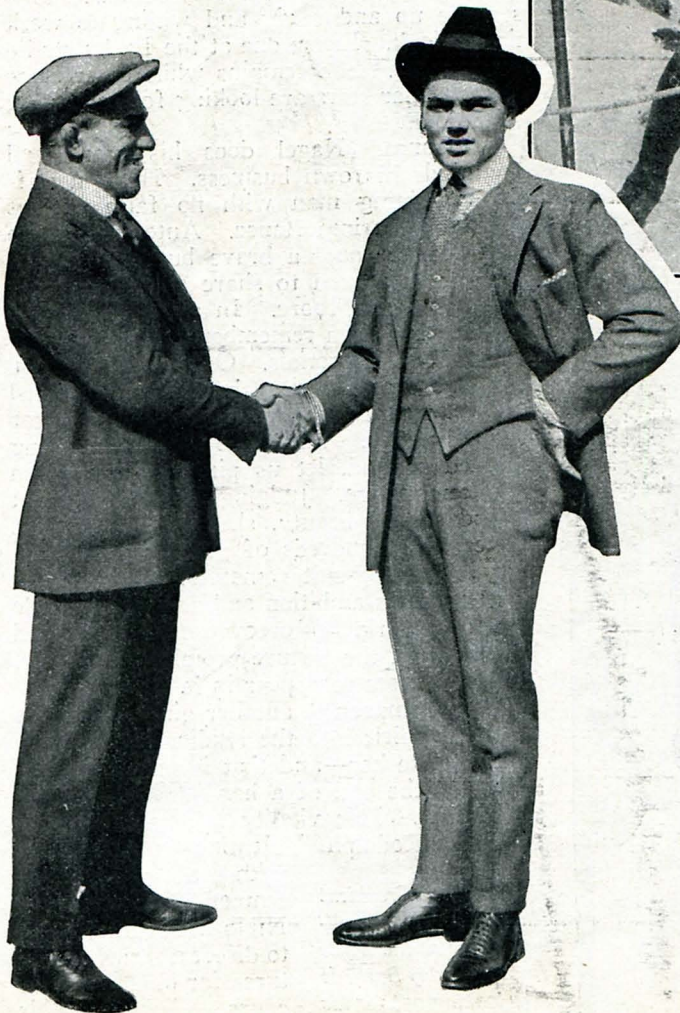


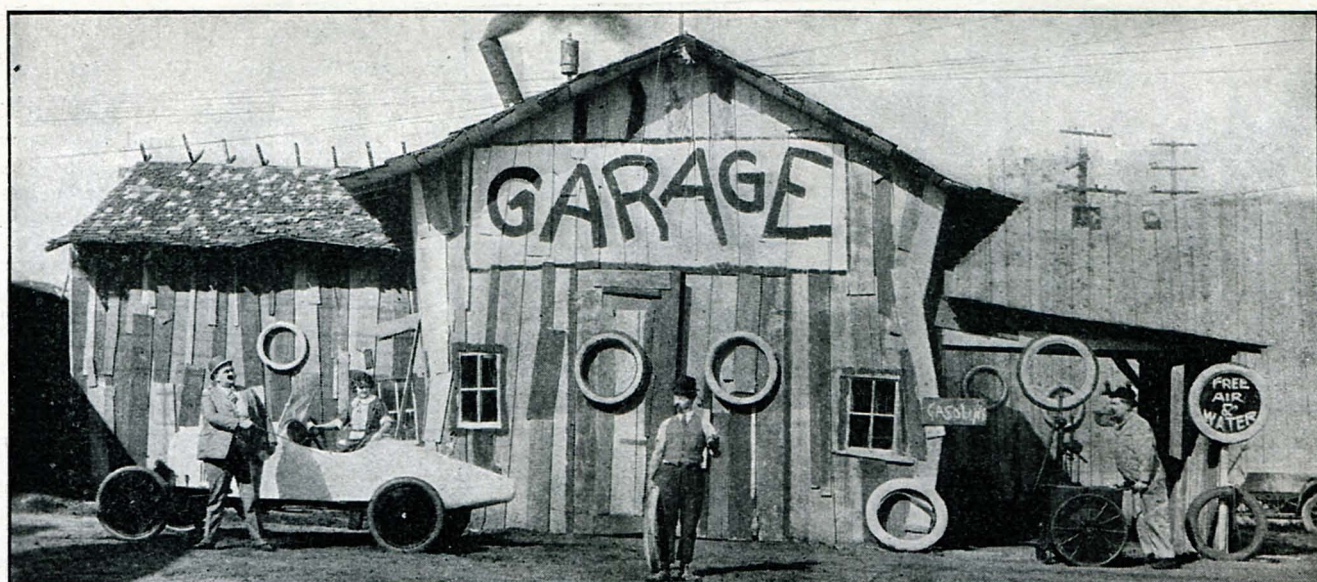
Helene Chadwick and Pat O'Malley play a scene from the *Family Album*.



And here is that section of Paris near the guillotine where the frenzied mobs in "Orphans of the Storm" cheered the executioners. But in this view you see the houses from behind—and learn that all is not what it seems from the front. This set too, which is just one of the many French streets erected for this picture was built on the grounds of the Griffith studio at Mamaroneck, New York.

At the right is Gloria Swanson who, apparently, also likes pictures of Rodolph Valentino. Below Bull Montana proves that even though he is a star, Jack Dempsey can beat him at hogging the camera. And in the corner, Phyllis Haver shows that she takes no chances on Ben Turpin's sense of direction.





Snub Pollard doesn't intend to be outdone by any of these producers who are putting up palatial sets. The tires you see in the picture are real, and the gasoline is as real as might be expected in a garage that looks like this.

The News Reel

Here, there, and everywhere in Hollywood our intrepid reporter goes and unearths for you all the interesting details of recent studios happenings.

By Agnes Smith

What Hollywood Wants.

WHAT is wanted in Hollywood just now? Stars, directors, stories? No, the current need is for dependable players. The studios want "good troupers"—men and women who will report in make-up at nine o'clock in the morning and remain until the day's work is done. It sounds commonplace, but it had to happen. High salaries bred temperament, and temperament raised the dickens around the studios. Many of the so-called stars reported for work when they pleased; they dictated their own terms. And when the producers failed to meet these terms, the stars marched out and formed their own companies. Most of these companies, founded on personal ego and a little borrowed money, failed.

I do not weep over the producers, but sometimes I shed a few tears for the honest, hard-working director and for the much-maligned studio manager. When you have to make a rigid report to Old Man Expense Account, it doesn't brighten the day to have some star ride up in her limousine two hours after schedule time. The producers, angry at the state of affairs and fearful of the scandals that have centered around Hollywood, have gone to foolish extremes. They are barring out many of the stars. Now there are certain stars that the public wants to see; there are more than a dozen or so who are worth the high salaries paid to them. But a great many excellent players are suffering for the sins of a few. I don't mean the glaring sins that you read about in the newspapers. I mean the sins against studio policy and studio routine.

A Few Laurels.

To get any sort of work in a studio now, one must be a little lady or gentleman and mind the teacher. There are exceptions, of course, but the chief players are punching the time clock. Lois Wilson is one of the few beauty-contest favorites I know who has been worth anything



at all to her directors. What is the secret of her success? Publicity? Intense interest in art? A daily walk barefoot in the morning dew? Not at all. Directors want her services because she is always made up and ready and willing to work at nine o'clock. Every one at the Lasky studio respects her. She remains while other more spectacular stars are looking for something to do.

Conrad Nagel does his work and minds his own business. He is a self-respecting man with no false notions about his importance. Antonio Moreno made not only a brave but a wise step when he agreed to share starring honors with Colleen Moore. In a little while he might have been remembered simply as the hero of a few serials. One of the earliest of the screen favorites, he suddenly decided that he would be more popular as an actor than as a star. While the laurels are being handed around, let us pin a shamrock on Colleen Moore. Judging her by the strict standards of beauty, she is not beautiful. There are hundreds of prettier girls playing in bathing-suit comedies. But Colleen has boundless ambition and an unquenchable zest for work. Moreover, she has good judgment; if the picture promises to be bad, Colleen refuses to appear in it.

Betty Compson is another girl who brings the right spirit into the studio. Her fellow workers like her—and that is saying a great deal. At the end of a hard day, she comes up smiling. Her vitality is amazing. And there is Rodolph Valentino—a gentleman with a well-trained temperament. Fred Niblo has been engaged to direct a series of pictures for him. And, of course, June Mathis will write the scenarios.

Having given President Harding a thrill by calling on him at the White House, Wesley Barry is now looking out for his own amusement.

His next film will be "Amos Judd." Realizing that he is a distinct type and not fitted to play the eternal American young man, Valentino will limit the number of his pictures.

I am not trying to nominate the stars of the future nor am I attempting to give a morality list. I am simply telling you of some of the players in the studios who actually earn those fancy salaries you hear about.

Rumors and Wedding Bells.

By the way, Harold Lloyd doesn't like the rumors about his marriage to Mildred Davis. And neither does Miss Davis. After Charlie Chaplin's flights in romance you can't blame them. Lloyd is another persistent worker, and, of course, you have heard all about his modesty. It's the real thing. He doesn't crave publicity. He prefers to make pictures—good ones. He lives in Los Angeles, far from the other motion-picture players. His home is quiet and contains no tricky decorations. He has never met Charlie Chaplin, Mary Pickford, or Douglas Fairbanks. He never goes to movie balls.

Snub Pollard, who works at the Hal Roach studios, is married to Mrs. Elizabeth Bowen of Kaintuck. The wedding took place without the customary denials, rumors, and announcements.

Perhaps you heard that May Collins formed her own company. As yet, she has made no pictures. May made quite an impression when she first arrived in Hollywood as the alleged fiancée of Charlie Chaplin. Goldwyn starred her in one picture, "The Bridal Path." And then along came Claire Windsor. She, too, was featured by Goldwyn in "Grand Larceny." Miss Windsor is a real screen beauty and seems headed for fame and fortune. As for May Collins, with Mary Thurman, she was sued for damages to an apartment. The landlord wanted eight hundred and fifty dollars. Mary Thurman is the former bathing girl who was prominent in some of Alan Dwan's productions. She looks like an Indiana copy of Anita Loos, which means that she is huskier. Not much has been said about the suit; a Hollywood landlord has the social status of an assistant camera man.

Travel Notes.

Following the example set by Tom Moore, Richard Dix has left the Goldwyn studio to become a leading man for Lasky. He will play opposite Betty Compson. Goldwyn is centering its activities around the Rupert Hughes and E. Mason Hopper pictures.

It's all coming and going in Hollywood. Marshall Neilan has gone abroad. So has Gloria Swanson. Mabel Normand is threatening to go. Meanwhile, Matt Moore has returned, and all the boys and girls are glad to see him back. Allen Holubar and Dorothy Phillips, his wife, have returned from San Francisco where they spent most of their time looking for a Chinaman with a queue. Most modern Orientals wear derby hats. The name of their new picture is "Hurricane's Gal," and most of the scenes were taken on board ship. Dorothy says she was seasick most of the time. Wesley Barry is homeward bound and so are the Talmadges and Anita Stewart. Rumors are flying thick and fast about who will go abroad to play in Maurice Tourneur's production of "The Christian."



In his quiet moments, if there are any, Douglas Fairbanks will look like this, as Robin Hood in "The Spirit of Chivalry."

Society in Hollywood.

Judging by the standards of an Irish wake, the Wampas Ball which was given recently in honor of some of the younger players was a great success. The crowd was large and fairly noisy, and the floor was so crowded that no one could see the entertainment features and only the bravest dared to dance. Claire Windsor was the beauty of the evening and wore a charming white gown. Kathryn McGuire, a graduate of the Sennett school, also received considerable attention not only from her escort, Johnny Harron, but from most of the other men present. Will some reformer please tell us why motion-picture actresses dress more modestly and behave in more seemly fashion than the average débutante? They do; to believe it you ought to see them at a movie ball.

Hobart Henley was among those present. He seemed bewildered. "If a director wanted to cast a picture from this crowd of beautiful girls, what could he do? Please warn all pretty girls to stay away from Hollywood. It isn't fair that all the attractive women should be gathered in one small town."

Julia Faye has been chosen for one of the four leading rôles in "Nice People." It's a William De Mille production which will introduce the screen novelty of showing us how flappers smoke neat little pipes. With "Blood and Sand" and the Fairbanks' picture, "The Age of Chivalry," it is causing a great deal of comment.

Up and Down the Village Street.

Taylor Graves, and not Charlie Chaplin, will play the rôle of *Fagin* in "Oliver Twist." "What's your new part?" I asked Raymond Hatton.

"In an anti-Volstead production directed by Penrhyn Stanlaws."

"How come?"

"It's called 'Pink Gods and Blue Devils.'"

Anna Q. Nilsson has a leading part—but that has nothing to do with the joke."

Frances Hatton is playing a leading rôle with Buck Jones. As no one has called Raymond Hatton the Frank Craven of the screen, I shall be original and do so.

William Fox is going to produce "The Village Blacksmith." Tom Santschi and Virginia Valli will have the principal rôles. The company is sending East for the chestnut tree and the anvil.

George Walsh has been sued by Seena Owen, his wife, for divorce. Estelle Taylor was named in the suit. The filing of the suit and the attendant publicity automatically canceled George's contract, it is said. Universal, you know, has one of those morality clauses. George believes that he

is right and is willing to put the matter up to the board of directors. He doesn't think a man is guilty until the law proves him so. If he leaves motion pictures, he probably will go into vaudeville and then to Europe. As an amateur athlete he has a high standing, and he is one of the few actors who never "steps out."

The following poem, written and set to music by Thomas Meighan and Arthur Fried, is dedicated to a prominent woman star, more noted for her beauty than her brains:

Oh, you beautiful dumb-bell
What a girl you are!

When you commence
The fun's immense.
It's a lucky thing for me you ain't got sense.
Oh, you beautiful dumb-bell
What a girl you are!
When they said the war was over,
The good news they brought.
You surely looked your sweetest
When you asked "Who fought?"
You're beautiful!
You're wonderful!
But, oh my, you're dumb!

PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE's article on how to write to your favorite movie star caused a lot of comment in the studios. Katherine MacDonald says she doesn't care what sort of letters she gets just so they aren't written in Portuguese. She doesn't know a word of the language.

The handsome-man contest also caused a flutter. Cullen Landis was pleased to death to be among those present, but he wants it distinctly understood that he is married. John McCormack, the singer, wrote a long and insulting night letter to Thomas Meighan. He said the only reason that Meighan won was because he—McCormack—is not a screen star. Bull Montana was said to be furious. These Italians have a lot of temperament.

That popular man about town, magnate, bon vivant, and clubman, Mr. Ben Turpin, has been spending the social season at Hot Springs, Arkansas. Every one in Hollywood has a postal card to prove it.

A certain young actor approached a lit'ry gent.

"How many words in a novel?" he asked.

"About one hundred thousand."

"Good," he answered, "then I've almost finished."

In speaking of good troupers, I have failed to mention Lila Lee. Miss Lee has been on the verge of stardom for several years. After watching some of her scenes in "Blood and Sand," I think she will achieve greater honors than that. I think she will become an actress.

Everything is set for the "Follies" to be given by the Writers' Club at the Philharmonic Auditorium in Los Angeles. Marion Fairfax is in charge of the affair, and Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks promise to be present. And so does Charlie Chaplin. It's going to be a musical comedy or something like that, and the cast includes Alan Hale, Lionel Belmore, Herbert Rawlinson, Raymond Hatton, Carl Gantvoort, Eddie Sutherland, Douglas Doty, and Ewart Adamson. Among the girls will be: Agnes Ayres, Sylvia Breamer, Marion Aye, Sylvia Ashton, Mildred Davis, May McAvoy, Edith Roberts, Claire Windsor, Lila Lee, and all the élite. Further details are promised in the next issue.

Motion-picture players have come face to face with starvation. The Sunset Inn closed and so did Frank's—for a few days. Speaking of the Sunset Inn, what two actors will take credit for riding on the mudguards of their motor and lighting matches all the way into Los Angeles, just because the headlights wouldn't work? It was done, but the gentlemen who did it are awfully shy about their little feat.

Julian Josephson says that Frank Woods of the Lasky studio took one look at his clothes and then assigned him to make the adaptation of "The Old Homestead."

Nine hundred and forty-eight persons have requested

me to tell Betty Blythe to come home and all will be forgiven. And where is Mary Alden? Can such things be?

Heard on the set of "Blood and Sand," an unofficial guide speaking: "This is Fred Niblo directing. He filmed 'The Masqueraders.' The name of the picture is—er—er—"What the Deuce?" The star is a South American actor named Valentino, and the little girl in the black dress who is playing with him is Lila Wilson."

A well-known real-estate agent on Hollywood Boulevard has lost his janitor. The janitor has gone into movies as a character actor. The erstwhile janitor explained that he had to do it to support his mother. Oh, well, a lot of the boys have made good.

Said a comedy producer to one of his henchmen: "Go around to the Hit Or Miss Studios and find out out what they are doing. See who is on the lot and how fast and furious they are turning out fillums."

The henchman did so and reported to his boss.

"They're working just about on our schedule."

"What about the quality of the pictures?" asked the monarch of merriment.

"Same as ours."

"What! As bad as that?"

Many well-known stars who were asking—and getting—a thousand dollars a week last year would now be glad of an opportunity to appear in the Pathé News.

A critic writing for an English magazine refers to the ice scene in "Way Down East" as the "great spectacle on Niagara Falls." If Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess had known that, wouldn't they have been frightened?

The same magazine speaks of Nazi-mova's country estate "Hollywood" in Los Angeles, California, U. S. A. Who says they have no sense of humor?

Rodolph Valentino was having difficulty trying to start his high-speed, imported automobile. "You see," he explained, "it's an Italian—slow to start. But once he starts, try to stop him." Whereupon the motor leaped forward, and ten onlookers tried to climb a telegraph pole.

Some sayings of the great and near-great: "Of course, she is one of my best friends —but—"

"She's always borrowing books, but she never reads them. She thinks they look well around the house."

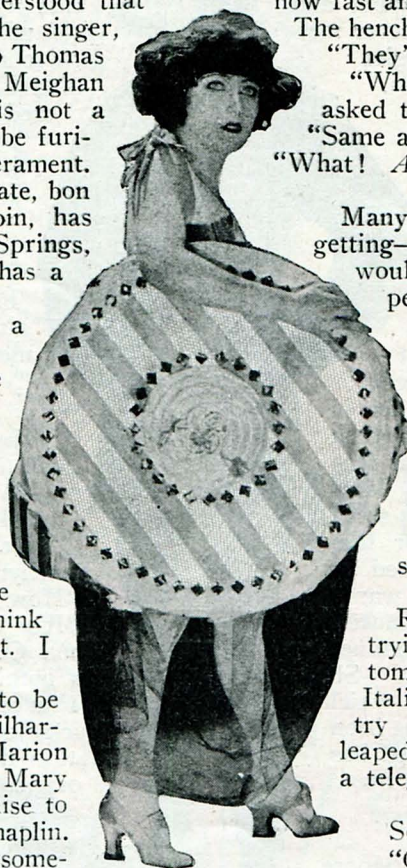
"Yes, I used to think he was a good actor —five years ago."

"You ought to try that restaurant. The food isn't so wonderful, but Thomas Meighan eats there."

"Say, that director's no good. He directs close-ups through a megaphone."

Goldwyn wanted some feminine handwriting for an insert in "The Dust Flower." Marion Frances Lee of the scenario department was called upon to write the note. She spent one entire afternoon writing this touching message: "Rash dear, I didn't mean what I said. I am still wearing your ring."

And that evening she was afraid to face her husband.



Gloria Swanson literally steps out of a bandbox in her latest picture "The Gilded Cage."

The Indiscretions of a Star

The true narrative of a favorite of the motion-picture studios.

As Told to Inez Klumph

Illustrated by Ray Van Buren

CHAPTER XIII.

BARRY STEVENS and I were sitting on the sea wall at the Griffith studio, at Mamaroneck, when he told me the next part of his story. Sarah Grant, the scenario writer, had come out with us, but she was talking to Kate Bruce, near the set, and we had wandered off to watch the yacht race that was going on out on the Sound, and wait for Lillian Gish to arrive.

I was talking about Rosy Smith and her husband, the young married couple who have been with Mr. Griffith for so long, and are experts at cutting a picture.

"They make me think of a young couple I know—another indiscretion," Barry told me, as he rolled a cigarette. "Want to hear about them?"

I did, of course. And I knew that he was glad to talk of anything that would hold his attention, for he had told me earlier in the day that he was worried to death because he was perfectly sure that the only girl he'd ever been in love with was going to turn him down. I suspected that she was Sarah Grant, but he wouldn't admit it.

"These young people did what I should think a lot of others would do," he began. "The motion-picture industry is a wonderful one for a young married couple who want to find some way of earning a living that will give them a chance to work together. Look at the things they can do—film cutting, all sorts of laboratory work, scenario or publicity stuff, acting, wardrobe room work, making sets, the man can be an electrician or a carpenter—oh, there's no limit! And if a man and his wife work together, they're likely to be congenial, I believe.

"Well, this pair came out to the Coast with their minds all set on the movies; in fact, she'd picked him from the half dozen suitors she had back home, because he'd promised that he'd let her go into pictures. She was movie mad. Pretty little thing, too—light-brown, curly hair, and dark-blue eyes—nothing much to her I thought the first time we met, but pretty enough. And like half the movie-struck flappers all over the country, she didn't realize that just being pretty isn't enough to get you far in pictures.

"Her husband was a nice kid of twenty-two who'd given up a chance to go into the hardware business with his father, back home, and taken the five hundred dollars he'd saved and the five hundred his uncle had given him for a wedding present, and come out to the Coast to give Flossie a chance to get into pictures. The only difference between him and Merton Gill was that he had a wife to look out for besides himself.

"Of course, everybody tried to send 'em back home, first shot. They had a letter of introduction to somebody—Jerome Storm, I think it was—anyhow, they sort

BY WAY OF EXPLANATION

Barry Stevens has a genius for getting mixed up in other people's love affairs that is almost as highly developed as a good reporter's nose for news. Of course, Barry Stevens isn't his real name. It is just an assumed one that he is hiding behind as he tells here the true story of his adventurous career. In the preceding chapters he has told some of the incidents that made him wary of women; he has told of a famous comedy actress whom he befriended and who got him into no end of trouble; he has told of Sarah Grant, whom he rescued from the unpleasant job of being secretary to a temperamental star, and he has told of Sarah Grant's unhappy love affair that ended in the murder during the filming of a big scene of the rascal she adored. The story is redolent of the atmosphere of the studios, and every fan can identify in some of its incidents players whose work they have known on the screen. This month Barry takes up a new thread of his narrative; having promised himself never to meddle with other people's affairs again he straightway becomes more involved than ever.

of got in, and met people, but at first they didn't seem to get a foothold. The young chap tried to get a job, but jobs were scarcer than hen's teeth in Los at that time. They took a little furnished apartment, Flossie wore her trousseau frocks, and tried to jazz them up a little so they'd look like the clothes Clare West designs for the De Mille beauties, while Jack—that was the husband—confided to me that their money was oozing away so fast he couldn't keep track of it.

"Gosh, I've got to get a job somewhere," he told me one night. "We'll be sending home for a return ticket if something doesn't break soon.

Floss has met a lot of directors, and registered with an agent, and she's played one mob scene, ruined a fifty-dollar dress, and got five dollars for the day's work. Can't live long on that."

"Why don't you get a job in pictures?" I asked. I didn't suppose he had any talent, of course; he was such an ordinary-looking sort of fellow, and never had been about anywhere; he'd lived all his life in a little country town, and had never been more than five hundred miles away from home before.

"Me? Gosh, I couldn't act!" he answered. "You're crazy to think of such a thing. Maybe, in a mob or something—"

"By that time I was strong for my idea as an idea. You know how it is, sometimes—a fellow will tell you you're crazy, and whether you think you're right or not, you stick to your story. Well, that was the way with me. I was determined that I'd make him an actor.

"We argued about it for quite a while and the upshot of it was that I hunted up a man I knew who was hunting around for something different, and urged him to give a fellow I knew a try-out.

"You can't get the stuff out of him unless you have a good director," I told him. "He's hard to handle. But he's got the stuff. Why, his mother's one of the greatest actresses in the country, but she won't admit that he's her son because she thinks that would make her seem too old. You'll see—ask him about his mother and mention her being an actress, and watch him deny it. He's perfectly natural, but he has a wonderful feeling for tempo." (I'll bet that was the first time 'tempo' was ever sprung on that little old producer!) "And, oh, man, the sob stuff he can pull!"

"Well, I got him interested, after working myself into a sweat over it. Then I introduced Jack, and the producer said he'd give him a screen test the next day.

"I sat up all night coaching the kid. Then I looked up a fellow I knew who worked at that producer's studio, and made a little deal with him. And when that particular screen test was developed and printed, the bad parts were neatly extracted before anybody but this man I knew saw them.

"Well, Jack got away great. The test was a beauty. I'd made the boy up myself, coached him in everything that he was to do, yet I was surprised. There was a sort of simplicity about him—just plain naturalness, you know, that had a big appeal.

"Come around to-morrow and we'll talk business," the producer told him. "I read a story the other day that was just what I think ought to take, and I'll bet you could play the lead."

"You know how it is," and Barry laughed as he paused. "When a producer thinks he's found a good story, all by himself, nothing on earth can stop him. He's going to make it or bust, and he'll back it with good exploitation, and special stunts, and everything else he can find to help it. As it happened, though, this story was just the sort of thing for Jack—small-town stuff, where about all he had to do was loaf around and act as he'd done when he was growing up. He had about three expressions at that time—now he has five! But that was all he needed.

"Well, probably you saw that first picture of his—you must have heard of it, anyway. In the business they talk of it as a money maker along with 'The Cheat' and 'The Miracle Man' and 'Panthea'—a picture people will go to see when it's released over again years after its first run.

"He got a long-term contract on the strength of it. He was made. But he kept his feet on the ground for a little while longer. Of course, he did rave about a bit at home, and his wife began to show the strain of it. She found herself shoved into the background, all of a sudden—the first time in her life. She hated it, naturally. And she came to me in tears.

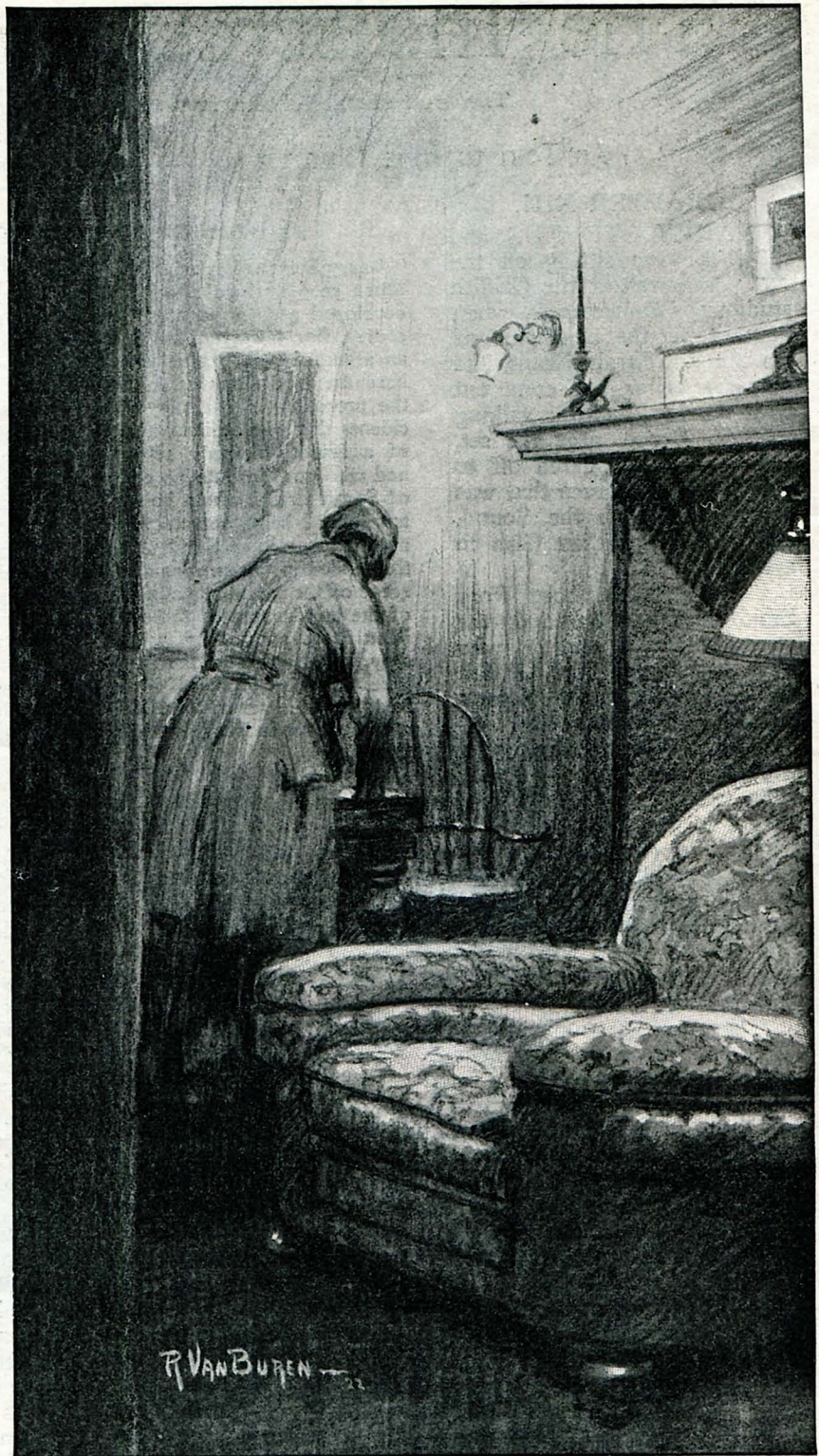
"Don't you care," I told her. "I'll give you a part in one of my pictures—just wait till we start the next one."

"Which is where you were an awful idiot," I remarked.

"Which is where I was," he agreed. "But, gosh, what can you do when a pretty girl comes to you and cries and says—"

"All right—you're justified."

"Well, there wasn't anything for me to do but just what I did. She came over to the studio two or three times, and we got along all right, and finally I gave her a part, not an awfully big one, and she worked like a little slave at it. She was sure she had talent—that was the trouble with her. She wanted to act all over the place, all the time. She couldn't ever just *be*. The director would say, 'Now, come in and pin a flower in Barry's buttonhole,' and I swear that she'd lope on the set like a trained gazelle, and go through more motions than Pauline Frederick would use in a five-act drama. We couldn't tone her down, no matter how we tried. She told me she was so emotional that she just couldn't be restrained. And sometimes I longed to restrain her with a fire extinguisher, or anything else that came handy."



He fumbled around in the drawer, looking for the revolver.

"They must have loved her around the studio," I commented.

"Yes, they did! Sure! One of the electricians came to me and said, 'Say, Mr. Stevens, some time when that dame gets to emoting I bet I drop the sunlight arc on her coco!'

"She got to be a nuisance, of course, but I felt sorry for her, and I couldn't very well chuck her. And then came the final touch, neat, but oh, not gaudy, which just about capped the climax of my career and almost sent me to jail for manslaughter, or to the cemetery."



Flossie stood in the approved transfixed-with-horror attitude while I stood there like a mummy waiting for him to find the revolver and shoot me.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Things had been going on that way for quite a while; the ice I was skating on was so thin that I could hear it crack, and each day I'd wonder if I'd break through before night," Barry Stevens told me when he took up the tale of Flossie and Jack Lewis again. "I was thoroughly miserable, with Flossie on my trail all the time, and rushed the picture along as fast as I could; I was sure there'd be no chance of her getting a part in my next one, because she was such a fizzle.

"And I'd put in a plea to have a story for my next

release that would send me off on a long location trip—to Cuba or South America or somewhere; I was pretty sure she'd never think of leaving Jack to go on a trip like that."

"How was he making out?" I asked. "The story ought to end with his being a huge success."

"It doesn't have to wait till the end to bring that about," he retorted. "He was a big success right then. People in the industry could see him at the head of his own producing unit at the end of a year and a half. He had ability—that is, he didn't have enough to do anything but what he'd always done—but they held him

down to that. And he was lucky. He had a good director, who got the same kind of stories for him, over and over again, and let him do the same things right along. He could do them, too. Nobody wanted him to do anything different, for that matter—he had a good chance to become as popular as Charlie Ray in that line. He was appealing, nice looking, sincere, honest—all that.

"He'd begun to get a little upstage, as I've said, but they were trying to hold him down. He began to rave around and tell people what to do and how to do it—dropped in on me more than once and gave me pointers—I wanted to strangle him! But I was hanging on to myself till that picture'd be done and I could clear out.

"Then his wife came to me one night, just as I stopped work—about nine o'clock, it was. We'd been doing some stupid stuff, a bunch of retakes that had nothing in 'em, anyway—and I hated the part I had in that picture, and was about ready to quit the game and see if my uncle in Wyoming wouldn't give me a regular job. And then, just as I left the set and they snapped out the big lights and left the place all shadowy and drafty and dull, there was Flossie, crying, with the tears making streaks through her make-up.

"Oh, please help me!" she wailed. "Come home and talk to me. Jack doesn't love me any more."

"Well, I felt like anything but helping a weeping wife; if I'd wanted that kind of occupation, I could have married somebody, myself. But two or three of the fellows were grinning at me as they went past and saw us standing there together, and I didn't know but she might throw a fit right on the set, so I told her to meet me out where my car was parked, and I'd get out of my make-up as soon as I could and take her home."

"I should think you'd have learned that it never was safe for you to take any woman home at night alone," I suggested.

"Gosh, I know it. Talk about having 'a blameless past, capable of misinterpretation'—I'm certainly a candidate for that description. Well, I took her home, anyway, and sat there slumped down over the wheel of my roadster, tired as a dog, while Flossie rambled on, telling me her woes.

"Jack didn't love her at all, she assured me. He had seen Charlie Ray's house, and was determined to have one just like it. All he wanted to do was make pictures and talk about them. He made her listen while he read continuities. He was trying to write a story for himself, and read her parts of that—Heaven help her! And he read her his fan mail which was more awful punishment than I could have contrived for her. Your fan mail sounds wonderful to you, if you're on the screen—that is, some of it does, the sincere part. But what it must sound like to any one else—well, I forgave her for being such a nuisance as she'd been to me, when I heard of what she suffered at home.

"And I wish I'd never wanted to go into pictures," she wound up, at last. "I hate 'em—I think they're awful. I want to get out."

"I'll do anything I can to help you get that wish!" I told her, perfectly sincere. Little did I think that I'd be called on so soon to make good on that statement.

"Well, we went to the apartment house where they were living, and as she got out of the car and started

to say good night, I realized how awfully pathetic and lonely she looked. I felt sorry for her. She was awfully tired, and when she'd taken off her make-up she hadn't even put on any powder, so that her face was as clean and sweet and pretty as a little child's. And she told me how hard it was to go into that flat alone at night, and sit there looking at somebody else's furniture, waiting for Jack to get home. He was working nights, finishing a picture, and didn't get home till twelve or one o'clock, and she hated it.

"Won't you come up a while to-night?" she asked. I didn't want to, but it was early—only ten—and she looked so lonesome that I said I'd run up for a few minutes.

"All right—and we'll have supper," she announced. "We'll have sandwiches and some of the wine my mother sent me the other day. She makes it herself, and it's awfully good."

"Well, that didn't sound especially attractive, the wine didn't; it was a hot night, or I'd have appealed for coffee. But I hadn't had any supper, except some greasy potato salad and cold tongue from the studio lunch room, so the thought of the sandwiches struck me just right. And I figured that the wine would be about like root beer."

"And it wasn't?" I asked.

Barry Stevens fitted a cigarette into the holder some woman had given him because she thought it matched his eyes, and gave me a smile that outshone his screen one.

"Wasn't!" he repeated. "Oh, lady, lady! Wait till you hear what it did to me!"

CHAPTER XV.

"The homemade wine that Flossie brought out from the refrigerator looked innocent enough," Barry Stevens went on. "And the sandwiches were not very good—she was living out of delicatessens those days—so I sort of fell back on the drink. At that, though, I had only two glasses, and then the living room began to get awfully hot, and I began to realize that the wine had an awful kick.

"Let's get outside somewhere," I urged Flossie, and she promptly suggested that we go out on the fire escape—there wasn't any porch. So we did—and took the wine with us.

"Well, it was some night—clear and starry, you know, and the world was way off below us—the apartment house was built on a hill. I sat there and dangled my legs into space and drank another glass of Flossie's mother's homemade wine, and felt pretty happy. But Flossie didn't—she cried.

"Jack'll never leave pictures," she told me, over and over again. "He likes 'em—he says he's a great artist. And I want him to get out and go back home with me!"

"You leave it to me," I told her. "Just leave it to me—and I'll fix it somehow so you'll go back home." And I felt so sorry for her that I reached over and took hold of her hand, but she jerked it away, and I found myself clutching her elbow, and gazing out into space from the fire escape, raving on about how I'd fix it so that she could go away—when suddenly a man appeared in the window behind us.

"It was Jack Lewis, of course. And he was raving mad.

"What do you mean, sitting there, enticing my wife

Continued on page 88



"The Good Provider" will appeal to many as one of the outstanding pictures of the year.

The Screen in Review

In which the recent film offerings are discussed, criticized and labeled for your guidance.

By Alison Smith

IT takes all sorts of people to make a world," says *Dulcy*.

"Dulcy" is a comedy now running on Broadway about the bromidic wife. Her path is strewn with platitudes; she believes that there is some good in the worst of us and that the darkest cloud has a silver lining. If she were talking about the movies she would tell you that they were in their infancy. She is such a thorough, perfect, idiotic bore that she is a joy and a delight at the same time. Yet, at the risk of being put in her class, I must borrow one of her bromides.

"It takes all sorts of fans to make a motion-picture magazine," say I.

I've been following the letters in our forum of "What the Fans Think" and have been very much interested—though a bit bewildered—at the differences of opinion expressed. There are the fans who adore "The Sheik" and think "The Golem" is stupid; fans who are loyal to the old stars and fans who are eagerly looking for new faces; fans whose

first—and sometimes only—requirement in acting is a pair of round eyes and a mop of curls, and fans who would rather have one shot of Will Rogers' laconic grin than all the melting looks of all the sweet young things that ever faced a camera.

Now the motion-picture critic is only one of these fans, only he puts his ideas into print instead of delivering them vocally on the way home from the movie theater. He has the advantage of seeing the best productions under the best possible conditions, and he is supposed at least to have a considerable background

against which to write—a background including an intimate acquaintance not only with pictures themselves, but also with a good many of the persons concerned in the making of films. On account of his extensive acquaintance with his subject the critic, or reviewer, if you prefer the term, is expected to be able to apply standards and to make comparisons which will help the reader get an idea of the general class into which any partic-



A famous classic of the days of romance has been revived by Rex Ingram in "The Prisoner of Zenda."



"The Glorious Adventure" is a successful attempt to make a feature picture in colors.

ular picture falls; but, apart from this the critic can do no more than lay down his personal opinions. He makes no pretense to writing as demigod or oracle. Sometimes his opinions clash with those of other fans and then there is a merry war started to add to the gayety of nations. I think it would be an excellent idea if you fans made this department a sort of symposium for ideas and wrote to me, in care of the magazine, whenever you disagree or agree violently with any given review. It is only by such letters that I have any way of knowing whether I am in the minority or not in relation to any special picture. Not that this could change my views—I'd still think that "The Golem" was the greatest picture ever filmed if every fan in the country voted against me. But I wish to emphasize that your ideas are just as important as mine—and sometimes a lot more picturesque.

"The Good Provider."

By way of example of what I have been writing about, a picture emerged this month, which I like so much that I mistrust my own judgment concerning it. It is the screen version of Fannie Hurst's "The Good Provider," made by Frank Borzage and acted by Dore Davidson and Vera Gordon. Ever since "Humoresque" had its record-breaking run in New York we have been deluged with imitations—about the loving Jewish "momma" and the cross Jewish

"poppa"—all of which fell more or less short of the mark. But now comes this picture with the same author, the same theme, and almost the same cast. And at the risk of irritating those who thought that "Humoresque" was the last word in film perfection, I must add that this seems to me to be quite as good if not better.

Perhaps it is because it features Dore Davidson. In "Humoresque" all the honors went to Vera Gordon as the mother and I have always felt that Davidson's picture of the eternally effaced old "poppa" was sadly neglected by the public. I don't mean to detract from the work of Miss Gordon—she is a true actress of a moving and genuine simplicity. But, while I understood—more or less coolly—why the audience wept over her, I forgot the audience and blinked away a few myself at Davidson's irritable and awkward struggles with his incomprehensible family.

"The Good Provider" takes the little Jewish family out of the Ghetto a step up in the social scale. "Poppa" is now a prosperous Jewish shopkeeper in a suburb of New York. The action follows his troubles with his young son and daughter—restless and ambitious—a bit ashamed of the old man and determined with the relentless cruelty of youth, to uproot the family and transplant them to an expensive Broadway hotel. His baffled and helpless rage

at the city ways, where his girl flirts with no-good goys and his boy learns to "lizard dance" and everything is generally *phooey*—this is the motif of the picture, and a funnier or more pathetic picture you need never expect to follow.

Vera Gordon again plays a mother rôle—a rôle as perfect as her first success in "Humoresque." Miriam Battista is again the small daughter, but she soon grows up into Vivienne Osborne. William Collier, Jr., is the son. The rest in the cast are excellent. In theme, direction, and acting I consider "The Good Provider" one of the outstanding films of the year.

Observe that I say "I consider." I know that there were people who didn't like "Humoresque," and they, of course, won't like this. But now we come to a new production so universal in its appeal that no film fan, even if he's lost his best girl and his shoes hurt him, could fail to be thrilled. Here the critic has a decided advantage. I am on ground familiar to almost every one.

"Gypsy Passion" is notable for being the only film showing Mme. Rejane, one of the greatest of all French actresses.



"The Prisoner of Zenda."

Probably you've all read it—at least I hope so. I'd be sorry for the grown-up who cannot treasure this book among his or her adolescent memories. My idea of an earthly paradise is the state of mind of a small boy lying flat on his tummy before the hearth and watching the figures of Anthony Hope's wild, romantic tale leaping before him in the fire.

Now, thanks to Rex Ingram, they are all about to spring to life on the screen. There is Lewis Stone looking ever so stern and noble and handsome as *Rudolf Rassendyll* and equally handsome, but weak and dissipated as his double, the king. There is Alice Terry, a blond vision of royalty as the *Princess Flavia*, and Stuart Holmes as that monster of villainy, the black-hearted *Duke Michael*, and Barbara La Marr as the sinuous brunette adventuress who nevertheless does the plot a good turn. There are dozens of other rôles, all flawlessly cast. And the background, the small but picturesque kingdom of *Ruritania*, has the romantic glamour of moats and turrets and ancient chapels that takes you back to the storybook illustrations. The magic of Rex Ingram, which brought "The Four Horsemen" out of Ibañez, has given this old Anthony Hope classic of love and intrigue and adventure, a new permanency on the screen.

I might leave this without commenting on a single flaw, but since I could find only two in all its eight reels, I think Mr. Ingram can afford it. I wish he hadn't made his comedy relief quite so obvious in the case of the goose-stepping butler. Also, I was surprised to find a Roman Catholic church filled with ladies at a coronation, whose heads were uncovered even by a veil—surely Mr. Ingram knows that no woman enters a church where the Sacrament reposes, without covering her head, according to the good Saint Paul. But these are mere flashes in an even flow of pure romance and enchantment. If you are nine or if you are ninety it cannot fail to capture your imagination.

"Fascination."

Comparisons are never particularly agreeable, but I can't resist putting this Mae Murray picture next as an example of how the romantic film should not be done. The "adventure" is never convincing. It is just a hodge-podge of wild events in Spain that no child could ever accept. Mae Murray has a lot of dances, in which she impersonates a bull with great agility and realism, and these are the only high lights. Why can't everybody be Rex Ingram?

Nevertheless, a lot of you are going to love this.

"The Glorious Adventure."

This is an adventure in color photography which really is glorious. It is the first long film we have ever seen which has captured the rainbow successfully. There is an occasional blur and now and then a suggestion of the "fringe" which has caused pioneers in this work so much trouble. But these are only occasional and altogether it is a triumph of a new art.

For their theme, the producers have chosen one of the most vivid and colorful periods in history—you can't spread the palette too thick with hues to do justice to the days of Charles the Second. The costumes and court settings are a radiant, prismatic show. And the action culminates in the great fire of London with flames scarlet and hungry enough to scare the kids in the balcony.

Its heroine is one *Beatrice Faire* who according to an old law, marries a felon to escape from debt and then finds that her husband is inconveniently released from prison by the fire. Lady Diana Manners has the rôle of this fair one. She is certainly one of the most decorative women who has ever sought recognition on the screen, even without the color to play up her beauty. She does little "emotional" acting, but the dames in those days were so haughty that their emotions were hardly released—which may account for a certain impassivity on the part of milady. At any rate it is a creditable first appearance, lavishly mounted and directed.

This doesn't mean the end of the untinted film—we didn't give up etchings because water colors happened to exist. But it may mean the beginning of a new screen medium especially adapted for royal and extravagant spectacles such as "The Glorious Adventure."



In "The Crimson Challenge" Dorothy Dalton does some fancy broncho busting.

"Gypsy Passion."

This was originally a play called "Miarka the Child of the Bear," written for Madame Gabrielle Rejane, one of the most famous of all French actresses. She was old when it was filmed and played the part of a gypsy hag, but so vital and powerful is her interpretation that it stands out against all the other rôles. She understands pantomime to the last gesture and acts with movement of her amazingly expressive body. The film itself is interesting melodrama, but the real reason why you must not miss it is that it affords an opportunity to see Madame Rejane, now alas no longer "in the flesh." Together with her French contemporary the divine Sarah, she belongs among the immortals.

"The Red Peacock."

Again I observe that while the Germans seem perfectly at home in the old France of "Passion" or the

Continued on page 83



A comedy actress must go in for all kinds of outdoor sports. There was little left for Viora Daniels to learn about snowshoeing when she finally returned from Truckee after making a Christie comedy there.

The Comedy School

Some say it is the best training for a motion-picture actress. Take a look at the advantages it offers, and if you want to go into motion pictures, consider the comedies.

By Helen Christine Bennett

IS or isn't it wise to go into comedies? Many a pretty girl and many a handsome young man has faced the problem out here in Los Angeles, particularly during the last year when jobs were scarce and comedies were shifting slowly but surely toward farce with a sprinkling of slapstick, rather than slapstick with a sprinkling of farce. Polite comedies, where a girl may remain pretty and not have to be smeared up with custard pies have a strong vogue. Indeed it would take a fine discernment to tell many of them from a real feature—except for one thing. Comedies, in picture language run one to two reels, except in rare instances.

A comedy then is a picture one or two reels in length intended to make people laugh. Its importance to girls and men who want to get into pictures lies in the fact—think it over—that for every feature made there is one comedy. That means that the chances for engagements in comedies are almost as large as in features. Not quite as large, for the casts are somewhat smaller; still, excluding extras there is not so much difference. This comedy field then is a big one; the pictures are short, to be sure, but the engagement for the actor or actress may be as long as in a feature. For you may be needed in only a few scenes in a five-reeler and the economical director may bunch those scenes, keep you two weeks or three and get rid of you, whereas in the comedy you will play a whole six weeks' engagement.

From a practical standpoint, then, the comedies offer a great deal worth considering, a big field, engagements carrying over some weeks, and as far as I can find out the same amount of salary that any feature company pays. Salaries vary largely with comedy companies just as they do

with feature companies, but the average run of them is about the same as the features, always excepting the stars.

Is it easier to get in? Yes, it is. This because pictures are short, changes are frequent, directors are not committing themselves to an error that cannot easily be wiped out. A try-out in comedies in a minor rôle is often obtainable when a minor part in a big production is not. Does it hurt your chances for feature stuff later? I think not. There is no feeling that I have been able to discover that the comedies are a thing apart in motion pictures as far as acting goes. Acting is acting whether in comedies or in features. If you as you sit in your orchestra seat will study comedies you will find that the parts are played in the main seriously; in fact practically all the effects in comedy are produced because the actors are taking a ludicrous situation seriously. The main difference in the playing, as compared with straight drama, is that comedy effects are grossly exaggerated. As far as acting is concerned, the lady who drops in front of a train in a comedy is just as distressed as the one who drops there in a melodrama, the main difference being that the train switches off and the heroine sits up feeling and looking silly as all the freight hands wave cheerfully to her while the melodrama lady has some one rescue her in the approved manner. Looking over the ranks of stars of to-day one is amazed to find how many of them passed

through comedies and came into feature work, indicating no prejudice against comedies in the minds of directors. Take

You can depend on having modish attire in comedies; the public likes its comédiennes young and well-dressed.



the Lasky constellation of brilliants. Among them Betty Compson, Gloria Swanson, Leatrice Joy, and Bebe Daniels all are graduates from comedies. Three of them are certain that the training there was invaluable. Miss Compson has an open mind on the matter.

"It is an entrance to motion pictures, surely," she says, "and you learn how to make up, and to be camera wise as to the best side of your face and the best tilt to your nose and the finest curves of your mouth. But I am uncertain as to the benefit to my acting."

Gloria Swanson is not. She credits the comedy training she received in several years of hard work, with many things. It is said that over Gloria's aristocratic and untusal nose more custard pies have been broken than on any other living actress. This may be libel, but Miss Swanson did go through a rather severe experience in the days when custards flew thick and fast. Yet she is willing to defend her experience.

"It is good preparation," she asserted. "For one thing I developed the ability to fill in, quickly and endlessly, action to suit the idea expressed at that moment. No one is quiet in comedy. And I learned to exaggerate. I had to repress that in drama it is true, but I had to learn to express it first. And I think it is much easier for a dramatic director to suppress too free expression than to have to draw the emotions out of an actress."

Bebe and Leatrice Joy agree with Gloria on this point. "The three years I spent in comedy," said Bebe, "could not have been put to better advantage by me, speaking from a picture standpoint. They were my growing years. To my mind the comedy school—as we call it—is the best preparation for a girl, that is if she has ambition and with it the necessary amount of perseverance, for her patience will be sorely tried and there will be many disappointments as the finished comedy picture registers a few scenes so quickly that they are hardly a flash and are a disappointment after weeks of labor. One of the biggest things comedy does is to develop one's knowledge of spacing. A comedy point has to be put over in much less space of time than a dramatic point. A thought must be conveyed much more rapidly. The points are broader, but it is easy to train down, much easier, than to train up. Comedy relief is in all drama, so that much of the comedy training is of perma-

Bebe Daniels looks on her three years in Pathé-Lloyd comedies as the best possible training.

Photo by Witzel



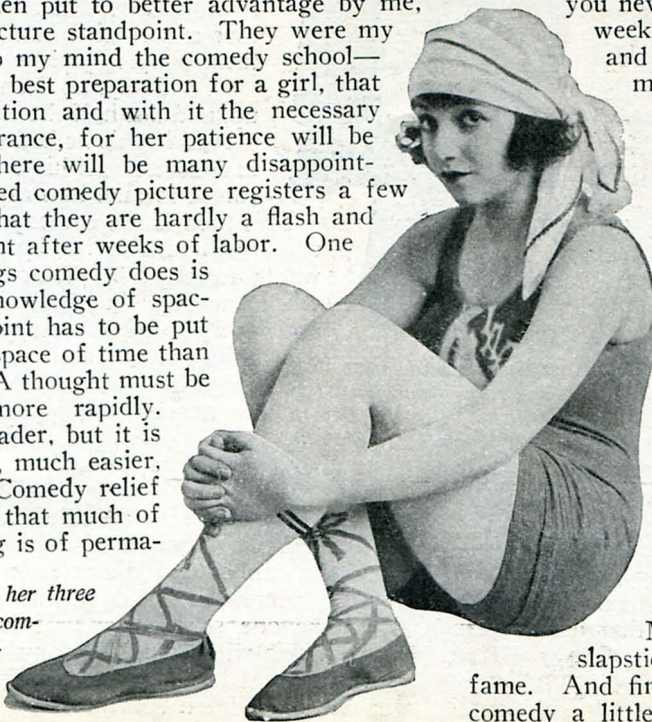
Comedies teach you to think and act quickly and put your points over in a small space of time.

nent value. In making a one-reel comedy every week as I did, one has a chance to watch one's work closely. You find out that certain make-up, dress, or arrangement of hair is becoming or not, you get to know your values. There are hardly any doubles in comedies so you must be able to drive, swim, play golf, polo, dance, and row, do any up-to-date American outdoor sports, as you never know what you will have to do. One week you may be an East Indian dancing girl and the next a shy little country maid, and maybe next a bareback circus rider. And if you can do all this the exercise helps to build you up for your strenuous work. One has to be strong to keep on week after week in pictures. And one has to keep healthy to keep beauty."

There isn't any doubt about Bebe's earnestness; she believes no girl makes a mistake in taking comedy training. And Leatrice Joy is a good second to Bebe.

"You have to think fast and often in comedy," she said. "That makes spontaneity or what seems like it. Scenes played mechanically will not seem funny. It must seem spontaneous and quick. Comedy is the primary school of pantomime. And all screen work is pantomime."

Mabel Normand worked through years of slapstick before she began to achieve national fame. And finally she came to stardom, still playing comedy a little less broad than the shorter ones had



been. Miss Normand worked steadily for ten years before stardom arrived, a long record of persistence and hard work. The Mack Sennett studio is regarded as an incubator for stars, as girl after girl has gone through and emerged as a full-fledged leading lady. Alice Lake is a Sennett graduate. Marie Prevost went to star at Universal, direct from the Sennett studio. Most of these girls had proved their fitness for dramatic work when they were "loaned" out to some feature organization.

"Loaning" an actress is one way of covering her waste time on a yearly contract. Even in this bad year the studios have held on to a certain number of their dependable actors and have paid a weekly salary for every one of the fifty-two weeks. And yet production has been slow. Consequently when a studio has no use for an actress she must still hang around. Little signs inform all salaried members of the acting staff that they must be there promptly at nine and remain until four-thirty whether working or not. It seems a rather senseless performance, but the studio has the upper hand, and many a young actor and actress has been pressed into new duties this year. There is always some work to be done, publicity stunts to be taken, visitors to be entertained, press representatives to be talked to, and in the offing a chance that the phone will ring and request the "loan" of one's person for some weeks. Kathryn Maguire was recently "loaned" to take the leading feminine rôle in "The Silent Call." These loans are really adventures into drama, and many a comedy actress has found in them her opportunity.

The high-class comedy companies resent being looked upon as a training school. And indeed some of them now offer an end which in itself is no mean thing. An actress who is good at comedy can aim at one of those fifty-two-weeks-to-the-year paid jobs at a salary per week that may run as high as four hundred dollars. During that year she may have to make only five or six pictures of two reels each which is easy work compared with the same number of pictures of five reels each. She may be "loaned" and featured in some big picture or she may have much time for rest. She is going to get into the best theaters—which a minor-feature company could not guarantee, and she is going to have a chance to build up her own public.

The leads in what are known as "polite" comedies, "polite" meaning a reduction of slapstick and an increase of farce of a more subtle kind, are exceedingly good-looking young men and women; the audiences like them so.

They have their own "fans" and their own public. They reach that public only for a short time, but they are on the screen most of that time. And—one of the things that struck me hardest as a casual visitor—the directors are much easier to please. Don't imagine for one moment that the comedy people do not work. It is work of the hardest kind to do the things required and run the very real risks that are shown. But screen directors who direct drama always act as if the last roll call was in progress. Their undercurrent of earnestness is terrific, also their temperamental

—shall we say lapses? I have often felt myself being annihilated, even as a visitor. But the comedy directors, although working hard, have laughter as an end, and most of them seem to sense that too great a tensivity is going to kill the laugh. Most of the people I have seen working about comedies are light-hearted, laughing people. Apparently they have a fine time, all the time. Even when I saw Neal Burns crawl out from a couch under which he had been acting for three days—and good and dusty and stuffy it was under there, too—he simply shook himself, tried to remove the seemingly permanent crick in the neck he had acquired, and grinned. Comedy leads have to be young people just as drama leads. If there is a character man there have to be juveniles. And this brings me to another point—clothes.

As Bebe said, you never know what is coming in comedies. But whatever does come there is no cheapness about the set nor about the costumes. If you are to portray the East Indian dancer she mentions your costume will be almost as wonderful as if you were playing in drama. You can depend on having very lovely evening gowns and modish street attire in the main. For not only does the great picturegoing public like its comedy leads young, but it likes them well dressed. The other people in the picture may be hopelessly out of date, but the young folks are right up to the minute no matter how rural the scene.

And then some actors and actresses like comedy. They enjoy making people laugh. They have no illusions as to the great mission of the drama, they like to play happily all day at some fool thing that will make everybody forget trouble. But there are very few girls among this number. Most of the girls in comedy are there frankly because they are pretty and young and as yet lacking in experience or opportunity to become big dramatic stars. The men are different. Some of them intend to keep right on laugh making even if in "natural" finish they have good looks that can rival a matinée idol. As one of them put it:

"Good pay, no front to speak of to keep up, and not half the chance of getting out."

And in this he had wisdom. For a laugh maker can hold his own until Father Time comes to take him away.

This then is the comedy field, a big field, and one worth considering by any girl or man who wants to get into pictures. An end in itself when the four hundred a week is considered, and every week—a stepping stone to bigger things if one desires. And always a training school where the tension is not strung to nerve-racking pitch. I can imagine a girl blossoming in this kindlier atmosphere until she learned the practical things she needs to know, which side of her face is the "screen" side, how her hair ought to be dressed, how much to tilt her head, just how much she can pout and not look as if she had swallowed a persimmon, and all the little practical things that make one screen-wise. It is really terrifying to learn all this with some company whose director is imbued with that terrific responsibility toward the drama, and one must learn somehow.



Sometimes comedies provide quite as gorgeous costumes as dramas. Dorothy Devore in "Fair Enough," a Christie comedy, wears this lovely Chinese suit.

Little Shining Lights

Out of the hundreds of child performers on the screen, the brilliance of a few distinguishes them.

By Myrtle Gebhart

THEY used to star them—these ingratiating little youngsters who romp before cameras and exhibit a knowledge of screen technique that their elders struggle years to attain. They used to put children's names in electric lights, write scenarios around them that featured all their cunning little tricks, and thus hasten their departure into the great beyond of forgotten picture players. For most child players have not sufficient drawing power to be stars. Jackie Coogan, Baby Peggy, and Wesley Barry—if that grown-up young man can still be called a child actor—are at present the only great exceptions.

This isn't the fault of the other children. It is more the fault of human nature, for people like to take child actors in moderation. The child actor's greatest gift is usually a heart-gripping one. Even when his mission promises to be comic, the child actor usually falls back sooner or later on sob stuff. And a picture too full of this pathos is like an organ solo played entirely with the vox humana stop or a vocal number rendered in tremolo. So the day of the child star has passed—with a few brilliant exceptions. But the day of the child in pictures was never stronger, for few pictures are complete without the child-motif, and directors know it. The youngsters may be brought in for but momentary flashes of comedy cuteness to relieve the dark-purple drama, or



Baby Peggy at three and Richard Headrick at four years earn big salaries but are blissfully unconscious of their importance.

Fifi Edwards who played with Constance Binney in "The Sleep Walker" is a born imitator.



Peaches Jackson walked off with the honors of a picture in which she was supposed to support Thomas Meighan.



they may be closely bound up in the central theme of the play, but you'll nearly always find them tucked in somewhere. If no children are called for in the original story, scenes are often written in to introduce them.

You can easily understand, therefore, that more than two hundred kiddies of all nationalities and colors are working continuously, playing small parts in motion pictures. And in addition there are hundreds of children who do bits when called by the casting directors, but who have not yet progressed to that stage called regular work.

By children I mean kiddies ranging from one day to sixteen years. After that they feel like old-timers and insist on long pants—or short skirts, as the gender may be—and grow up. I have known instances in which babies were demanded for use before the camera a few hours after birth, for you can't pass off a six-months-old infant with a mischievous smile as one of the newly arrived, pink-wrinkled, wiggly kind. They used to give us scenes of an errant father being summoned to his dying wife's bedside in time to take from her arms a hefty-lunged gentleman of considerable age. But mothers have hooted such substitutions off the screen.

Babies a few weeks old are common in the studios—and many of them

are registered almost at birth with the casting directors by proud parents who *know* that their young hopeful will outshine Jackie Coogan or Richard Headrick.

Children are born actors, as countless directors have told me—and as you know yourself, often to your own discomfiture. They are always dressing up and playing show. They are so natural in every movement and have such a very real grace and beauty in their very youth that they quickly adapt themselves to this new playhouse. It is, in most cases, but another form of play—as with Richard Headrick, who, though he has reached the mature age of four, doesn't yet know he is a workingman.

Babies have been defined by a gentleman who is supposed to know as "living jewels dropped unstained from heaven." Let us hold up to the light for momentary view some of these little jewels ornamenting the silver screen that spells fairyland to millions of people.

"The Kid" first. It is estimated that Jackie's guardians will realize about seventy-five thousand dollars on each of his productions. Not such a bad bargain for a youngster of six, is it? And is Jackie spoiled by his big income—so big that he thinks seriously of buying up all the toy banks in the country to stow it away in? (Jackie doesn't think much of real banks—"they go bust," he says.) Well, the last time I talked with Jackie he was much more concerned with a new toy lion some one had given him which people most ungraciously punch in the middle to hear it squeak than he was with his wealth.

The light of little Richard Headrick doubtless is destined for the earliest and the longest shine in the cinematic heavens. His first appearance was in "The Woman In His House" which was destined to feature Mildred Harris. But when the picture had its second showing in Los Angeles so popular had "Itchie" become that his name was featured above that of Miss Harris. Itchie does lots of things besides act. He can swim a mile—and only recently rescued a small miss from drowning in a local natatorium. He also can play several nice little lullabies on the violin. And he wrote his name for me on the typewriter without prompting. He has just recovered from diphtheria and says he's



Photo by Clarence S. Bull

Lucille Ricksen has been in many Goldwyn pictures.

consciousness is a joy to behold. I saw her in a child-act prologue at a Los Angeles theater. She was the tiniest but the central factor. She put her whole soul into the high kicks her four-year-old legs delivered; gritting her teeth, she went into that dance as if her life depended on it—and brought the house down in rapturous applause. Once, when Helen was supposed to dance before the "chorus" of other children, they came too close to the footlights to permit her to pass before them.

Helen calmly stopped, ignoring the befuddled orchestra, and pushed them back; then, returning to her place, with most admirable poise she began her dance again.

Of the slant-eyed Orientals bombarding the studios for admittance—and there are hundreds here so near to the Golden Gate—comes first to mind little Tea Choy, just half past four and a lovely small piece of ivory and jet. She has the quaint, serious dignity of her race. Her father is a prominent member of Los Angeles' Chinatown—where Tea comes before Mary Pickford in popularity—and often appears in pictures.

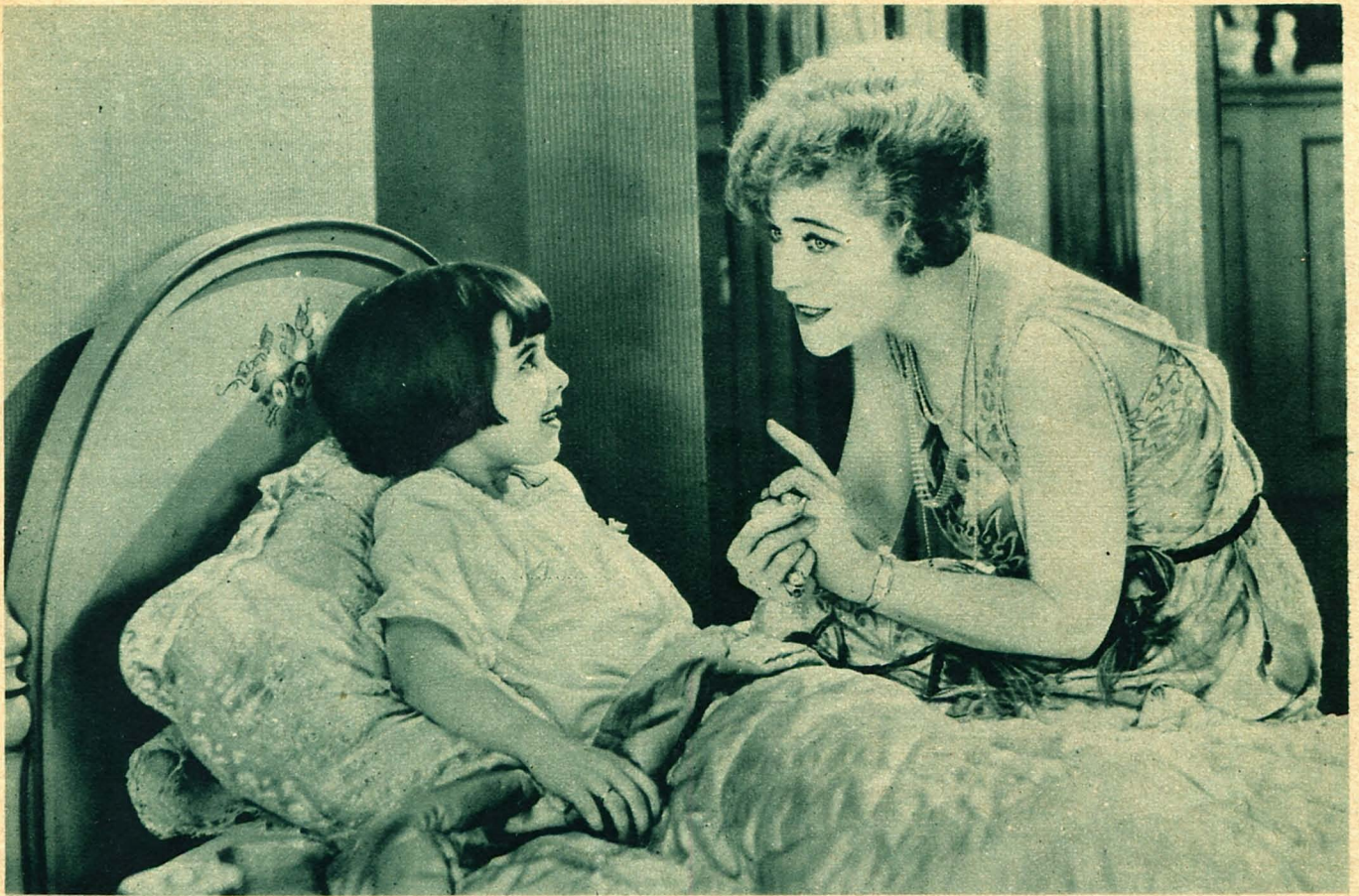
Ask her what her name is and she says, "Jus' like coffee." Her name, *Cha* is Tea in Chinese. She plays with Hayakawa in "The Vermilion Pencil" and is the oddest little piece I ever saw. The director told her to laugh. "But," she answered slowly, "I see nothing to laugh at."

Another, little more than a babe in years, is Jean Carpenter, who played the blind child in Clara Kimball Young's "What No Man Knows." Jean and Miss

Continued on page 92



John Henry is a born comedian.



Out of the hundreds of child performers on the screen only a few have really distinguished themselves. One of the foremost is Mary Jane Irving, a charming, unaffected child. She is shown above with Ethel Clayton in a scene from "The Cradle."

Among the boy actors one of the most irresistible young imps is Mickey Moore who has a long list of successful screen appearances to his credit. Recently he played with Wanda Hawley in "The Love Charm" and one of his most important parts was in "The Lost Romance."

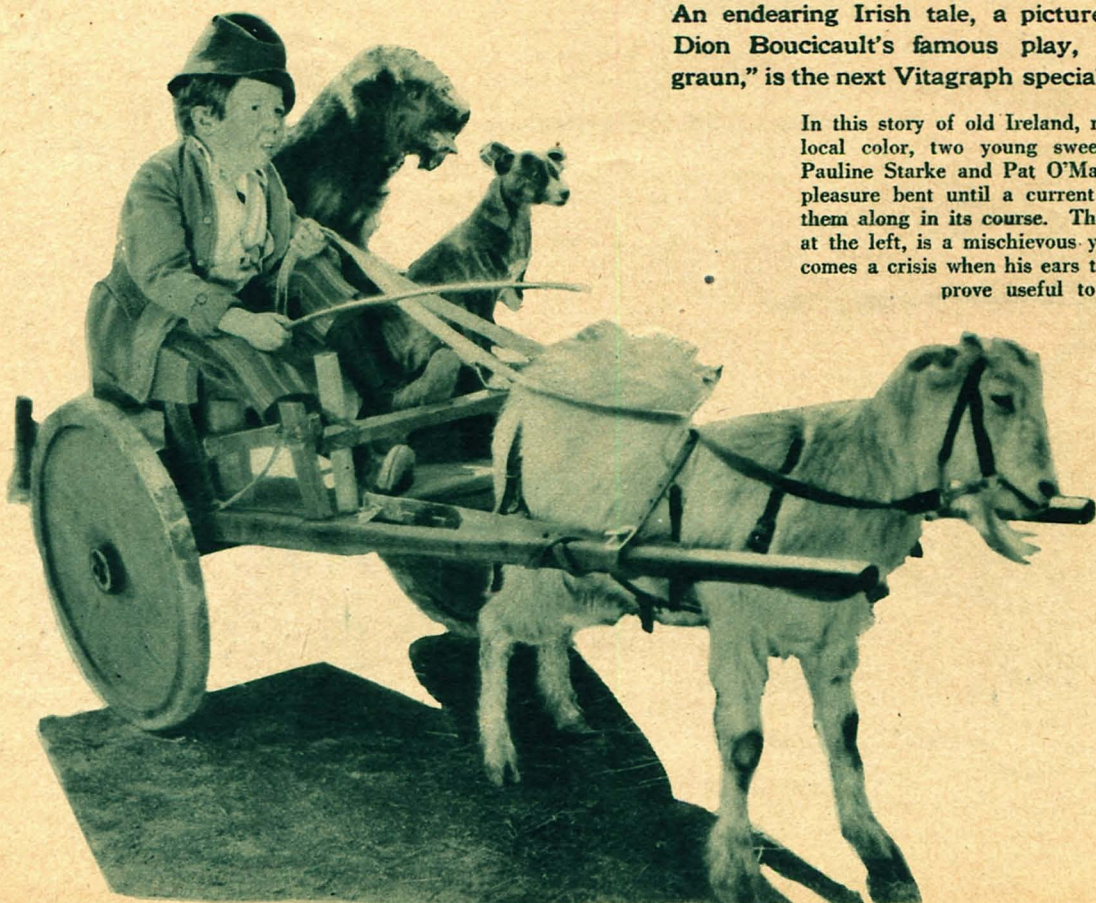




My Wild Irish Rose

An endearing Irish tale, a picture version of Dion Boucicault's famous play, "The Shau-graun," is the next Vitagraph special production.

In this story of old Ireland, replete with homely local color, two young sweethearts, played by Pauline Starke and Pat O'Malley, are always on pleasure bent until a current of tragedy sweeps them along in its course. The heroine's brother, at the left, is a mischievous youngster, but there comes a crisis when his ears that hear everything prove useful to her.





In his happy-go-lucky Irish way *Tom, the Shaugraun*, sets out for far-away lands to save a friend and straighten out the plots and counterplots that threaten his friends and the freedom of his country. Below that scene is shown the informer, a despicable character played by Bobby Mack, and at the bottom of the page is another view of Pauline Starke as *Moya*, one of her most captivating character portrayals.



Photo by Goodwin

Sometimes a dancer becomes a motion-picture star as in the case of Jenny Hasselquist, the Swedish Biograph star, who is to make her first appearance on the screens of America in "In Self Defense." She was the *première danseuse* of the Royal Opera in Stockholm, where she still appears occasionally. This photograph called "The Resting Sylph" attracted wide attention when it was exhibited in Paris.

When Milady Dances



Betty Compson reversed the process, for it was as part of her career as motion-picture star that she became a dancer. Under the training of Kosloff she mastered some of the intricacies of the dancer's art and in "The Green Temptation" performed several dances creditably. The dexterity and finish which only years of training can give is more than made up in Betty Compson's case by her beauty.

Corinne Griffith's career as a dancer is coincident with her career as a motion-picture actress, for she can hardly resist introducing one little dance or two into every picture she makes. No wonder, for she dances charmingly—as charmingly as only one who loves dancing can. Her terpsichorean history dates back almost to her entrance into pictures, for she started ballet training as soon as she found how indispensable it is to be agile before the camera. After one director had learned of her talent, all the others who directed her found occasion to incorporate dance solos for her in her starring pictures.



Photo by Kenneth Alexander



Photo by Ira L. Hill

Lillian Powell is well known to New York picturegoers for she frequently presents a program of dances at the Rialto and Rivoli Theaters in connection with the motion-picture and music programs there.

Travelogues

Feature pictures are stealing
by filming stories in



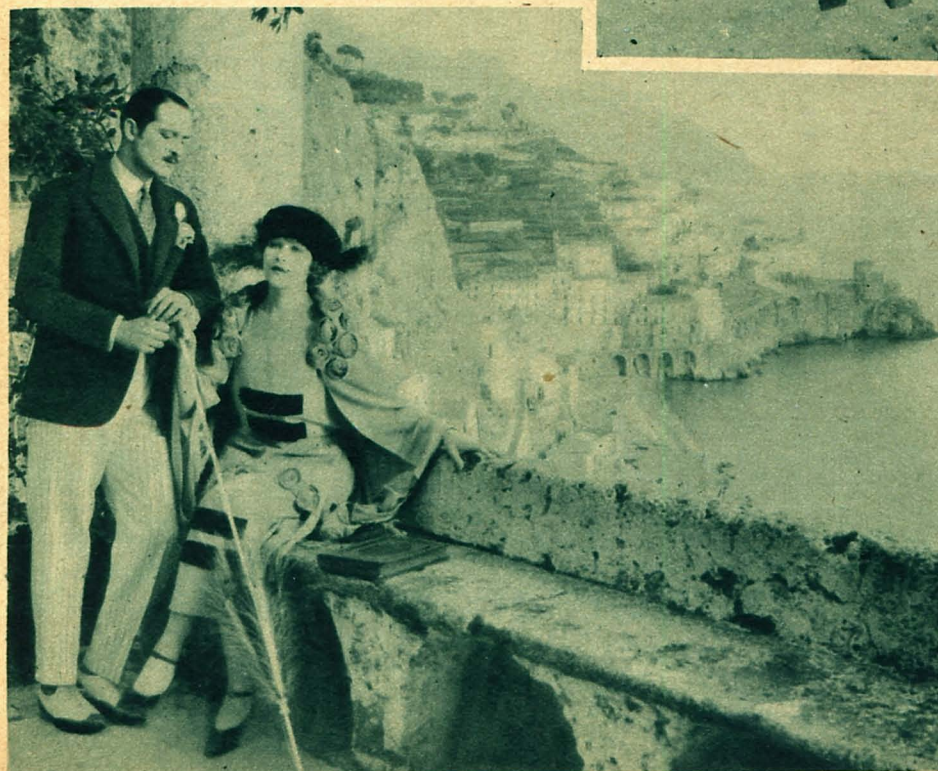
To far-away Spain John Robertson took his company to film "The Spanish Jade" for Famous Players-Lasky. There in the heart of the hills near Seville was enacted the thrilling story of *Manuela*, a beautiful Spanish girl who is gambled away by her stepfather. David Powell and Evelyn Brent play the leading rôles, but in many scenes not the actors but the background is of utmost importance. Rarely have travelogues shown scenes more beautiful than some of these which form the stage on which events of "The Spanish Jade" are enacted.



with a Reason

the thunder of scenics
their own gorgeous locales.

With a famous story and an exceptional cast George Fitzmaurice set out to make a picture that would rejoice in splendid backgrounds. "The Man From Home" offered many interesting possibilities for it dealt with Americans traveling abroad, so in its making Mr. Fitzmaurice went from the studio in England to Italy where he sought ideal locations for his outdoor scenes in the most beautiful sections of the country. At the right is shown a village scene, with Annette Benson, a young English actress, as a flower girl.



Anna Q. Nilsson and Norman Kerry play two of the leading rôles in "The Man From Home" but this particular scene is the landscape's triumph. Feature pictures such as these have indeed eclipsed the scenics for they have offered travelogues with a reason.



Marshall Neilan, too, has achieved some beautiful scenic effects in his latest picture "Fools First" but he did not go so far afield for his. California provided this location. The figures are Claire Windsor and Richard Dix.

Continued from page 69

old England of "Deception" or the still older Egypt of "Pharaoh," they can't make an effective modern picture. If they have I haven't seen it. This film is a little better than most because it has Pola Negri and there is a vital, volcanic quality about this girl which cannot be suppressed by the heaviest plot.

But aside from a rather neat thing in the line of villains—who acts as Von Stroheim might if Von Stroheim were handsome—the burden of sustaining this plot falls on Negri's shoulders alone. It is really the plot of "Camille," in fact they have named the woman *Violetta* after "La Traviata" the opera version of this consumptive queen of the underworld. So here she is again with her cough, her *Armand*, and her sacrifice in favor of the gray-haired father who comes to plead for his erring son. There is also the ballroom scene which interested us strangely, but not for the plot. We would give a lot to know what curious sort of a polka, tango, or waltz those German extras were dancing. It could never be done to the strains of "The Beautiful Blue Danube."

"Reported Missing."

Of course the best way to have a hero reported missing is to get him shanghaied, and that is what happens to Owen Moore in this very amusing melodrama by Henry Lehrmann. This picture comes the nearest to being a novelty of anything recently shown, in that it is an equal mixture of romantic story, sunshine comedy, and Pearl White serial, shaken well and served in five reels. The result is not a bad celluloid cocktail. Naturally, with such ingredients, there is plenty of exciting action which may even be taken seriously if you feel like doing so. There is a wild shipwreck, a chase between a hydroplane and a sea sled, a storm at sea and endless white and Chinese fist fights. Pauline Garon has the rôle of the ingénue who is frail but game.

"Sisters."

This picture has the favorite and familiar theme of Kathleen Norris—the divorce evil. I don't always agree with her, but she is so fair and sincere in her presentation of her viewpoint that she never antagonizes you. In this story a husband falls in love with his wife's pretty sister and causes, as you can readily imagine, no end of complications. The problem is solved by an accident—which doesn't seem quite fair of Mrs. Norris. When I write a play about divorce, I shall follow it on to its bitter end. Seena Owen and Matt Moore are the principal players in this film.

"A Poor Relation."

Here we have the annual story about the bachelor and the baby.



Anita Stewart's charm is wasted in "The Woman He Married."

You can look for it almost any time through the year though usually they bloom at Christmas time. Will Rogers is the bachelor in this case, and he manages to get some fun out of it despite a mawkish, teary plot.

Many of the older generation who saw Sol Smith Russell in the stage play from which the story was adapted will want to see the picture in order to revive sentimental memories. I fear that they will be disappointed. The famous old success of thirty years ago seems to have lost its moving power even more than "Peaceful Valley," another Sol Smith Russell play which was revived for the screen by Charles Ray.

I wish we knew why, when Will Rogers can write the best comedy scenarios on the market to-day, the producers should handicap him so. When I get around to starting causes, my first one will be Will Rogers films for Will Rogers.

"The Woman He Married."

This is one of those things where the wife, the ingénue, and the vampire are all found in the villain's apartment on "that night." As each of these ladies appears in turn, the male members of the cast chorus "What, Natalie"—or Mimi or Muriel—"you here!" But each of them went there with innocent intent—except the vampire who killed the gent—so all is forgiven. Anita Stewart has too much charm and genuine ability to be lost in such a shuffle as this.

Among Other Things.

It seems to me there are more horses than usual galloping over the screen of the past month. There is "The Crimson Challenge" which is an excellent horse show in itself with Dorothy Dalton doing some of her most fancy broncho busting. She is a vengeful daughter who starts out to get the murderer of her father, and believe me, she rides straight to the goal. Then there is "Wildfire" in which a Belgian police dog is added to the display of mustangs. It is now called,

"When Romance Rides" and is great as long as it remains a good old-fashioned horse opera. But I advise you to duck when the very sad comedy comes along. It features Claire Adams who is either the champion rough rider of her day or who had a very clever double. Tod Sloane appears in the picture as a somewhat sheepish stable manager. "My Old Kentucky Home"

is a hodgepodge of old situations made into a patchwork of indifferent merit. Besides featuring

Claire Adams is featured in "When Romance Rides."



Continued on page 103



Photo by Horwit

Claire Windsor illustrates the most becoming evening headdress for young girls.

Saying It with Frocks

Tasteful stars express their personalities in their frocks. Many a fashion and beauty hint for the well-dressed young girl is to be found in them.

By Louise Williams

THE skirts are longer," my companion commented as we watched the fashionable throng threading its way through the tables to the dance floor, "but in spite of them some girls look just as chic as ever. There's Ann Forrest, for instance. Just look at her! She's bewitching. That little frock of hers is simple and prim as can be and yet she looks awfully smart. How does she do it?"

"By knowing just what best suits her personality," I remarked, following her glance. It was easy to locate Ann Forrest, for though there were pretty girls there dressed in the height of style there was no other so smart as Ann Forrest. Not only did her gown live up to the mode of the moment, in color it had the warmth of spring and the vitality of Ann.

Now if you have the coloring of Ann



Photo by Kendall Evans

Forrest, and lucky you are if you do, you can revel this spring in the odd colors that are in vogue. Her skin is such a fresh pink and white, her hair is so very yellow and her eyes so very blue that she can wear the most trying colors becomingly. No matter how intense the color, Ann's vitality lives up to it. She never looks faded. There is no other type that can wear so successfully the season's popular colors—orchid, geranium, jade, and maize.

The girl whose coloring is more delicate can be gowned with equal effectiveness if she will but choose her colors carefully. To show how the color scale runs—and how one should adapt tones from it to suit one's personality—I have selected three little taffeta evening gowns worn by three players of radically different type—Mae Murray, Ann Forrest, and Mabel Ballin. No other fabric is so well adapted to expressing the crispness of youth and the airy fancies of springtime garments.

Mae Murray sometimes wears stiff silks, but there is always a hint of softness and daintiness about them.

But before I tell about these gowns I want to say a word about hair

ornaments. Particularly during the spring and summer they should be very simple, and I know of no more tasteful and becoming headdress than a wreath of leaves such as Claire Windsor wears in the accompanying illustration. Wreaths like this are very attractive in natural green or, if something more elaborate is required, a fine filigree of bronze or silver is attractive.

And now to return to the frocks themselves! Mae Murray proves the rule that a blonde should be blond in everything—that is that she should be sunny and frail as gossamer. Wisely Miss Murray wears dresses of shell pink and other delicate shades which harmonize with the striking paleness of her hair, and when she does forsake the usual softness of her frocks for the piquancy of a stiff silk, she tempers it with an underdress of embroidered chiffon.

This season very little trimming is being used, and such as there is is fashioned of the material of the dress in almost every case. Puffings of taffeta that simulate flowers adorn the front panel of one of Miss Murray's prettiest gowns.

Ann Forrest, being of more sparkling temperament and vivid coloring, can afford to adopt styles that are more precise. Stiff lace shoulder caps that accentuate the absence of sleeves from her gown, and a hanging scallop edge are distinctive features of one of her gowns.

Much more conservative in type and consequently in styles is Mabel Ballin—who though she declares that she has no theories about dress—always follows a well-defined course in selecting her clothes. She is a light brunette, with just a touch of red in her hair that together with her flashing eyes enlivens her appearance. It is this general conservatism and subtle flash that Mrs. Ballin brings out in her clothes.

Because her figure is slim but well rounded, she can wear gowns of soft but almost unrelieved lines. A bodice, tiny sleeves and petticoat of rather coarse lace, relieve charmingly the trim simplicity of the frock she wears in the illustration accompanying this article.

The colors most becoming to her are deeper in tone than the ones suitable for the other two players analyzed in this article. Amethyst is one of her most becoming colors, bronze, amber, and rose all accentuate the depth and warmth of her personality.

A crisp, prim frock is consistent with Ann Forrest's pert manner.

Because her figure is slim but well-rounded, Mabel Ballin can wear gowns of almost unrelieved lines.

Photo by J. R. Diamond



Any one can use colors and styles as effectively as these players do. Just study the color scale until you find your note, and then hit it in your clothes—pianissimo or fortissimo—whatever is most consistent with your coloring and vitality. It will lend distinction to your appearance.

Continued from page 50

pal. The two of them are inseparable, and they're the cutest things together, always joking and teasing each other. On our way back to the set, we met Richard Tucker and we all had our pictures taken together in a tiny little garden in the midst of the studio buildings. Then we went back to work until finally the day was over and every one from extra to star and director was pretty nearly worn out.

EDITORIAL NOTE.—Readers of Ethel Sands' "Adventures" will be interested in seeing the Metro picture, "Kisses," which she tells about acting in in this article. The bazaar scenes which she describes are not merely a flash on the screen, as so many mob scenes in pictures are. In this case they play a long and important part in the picture. Ethel Sands can be seen several times threading her way through the crowd. If you notice carefully her position in the bazaar scene accompanying this article, and then go to see the picture, you should be able to watch her in the midst of one of her most interesting "Adventures."

Now I am going to relate an adventure which I am sure will be of especial interest to every real fan, because it has to do with a star's fan mail.

As a real fan you must sometimes write to your favorite stars. And I know that often, after you've agonized for hours, maybe, trying to compose a letter that will express all your pent-up feeling for one of them, that you wish you knew just how that star feels, and what she, or he, thinks about your letter and all the rest of the hundreds of letters from ardent fans like yourself.

Of course you always feel confident that no one else worships your favorite quite as much as *you* do, and therefore the star can't help realizing that she hadn't many such fans as you—once she reads your letter.

You see, I know all about it, because I used to be one of the most rabid fan-letter writers that ever lived myself. I know just how it feels to wait eagerly for the answering photograph—and, oh, how happy you are when once in a while you're lucky enough to receive a little personal note! Isn't that true?

Well, on the day that I acted with Alice Lake I had a chat with Viola Dana, and she asked me if I wouldn't like to go over and look over her fan mail with her and see what a wonderfully interesting and varied lot of letters she receives. You can imagine how interesting that promised to be, and now I'm going to tell you everything, that this "adventure" taught me about fan letters.

On the day agreed upon I found the diminutive Viola sitting at a table in her dressing room playing solitaire.

Her dressing room is really a suite of rooms; there is a bathroom, dressing room and a reception room, done in cream and yellow, with wicker furniture. There was also a maid and Miss Gaffney, Miss Dana's private secretary, a very attractive young girl—pretty enough to be a movie star herself, I thought.

Stars' secretaries are always interesting to me, especially such nice ones as Miss Gaffney, and I know the fans wouldn't mind her reading our letters to Viola if they only knew what a charming girl she is.

I've followed up Viola Dana's pictures ever since the old Edison pictures, as she was one of my first favorites—and I knew that day when I first met her that she was going to continue to be. I know it seems as if I've said that about so many—that they were my favorites—and I don't want to seem insincere. Almost every fan has a selected number of favorites, ranging from her "crush" to special favorites, extra specials, et cetera. I just happened to be lucky enough to meet almost all of mine. The few players that I didn't like I simply haven't written about at all. That's the reason it has seemed as if every star I had an "adventure" with was one of my favorites.

Naturally, since I've met so many movie stars in person and seen how nice nearly all of them are, the greater number of these I've met are listed among my favorites now. But Viola Dana was one of the "original" ones. I mention this in passing, as all fans realize that to meet a star that falls into that class would be an added thrill indeed.

There was a desk in one corner of the room that was almost hidden with letters and beside it stacks of photographs were piled high. But I didn't pay much attention to that at first, I was too interested in Miss Dana.

She placed a chair beside her dressing table so I might watch her while she made up. I was anxious to see this done, as I remembered my own attempts at it, and besides, I had never really seen a player put on a complete make-up.

After the foundation of cold cream she took a thick stick of some pinkish grease paint and rubbed it over her face. Smoothing that out even she used another stick of grease paint of a yellowish color and put it on thick. With the tips of her fingers she spread it evenly and patted on the powder last, blending it all with a soft brush. And do you know, after I watched her put on all that, when she was through it didn't look so very unnatural—you would hardly have noticed that it was make-up at all!

That's because it was done so expertly, I suppose, for many of the players look simply ghastly with their make-up.

Then she smeared some light-red rouge on her finger and applied it, following the natural curve of her lips.

Last came her eyes, and I watched closely, for Viola Dana's eyes are most fascinating both on and off the screen. First she brushed the lashes upward and darkened her lids slightly. Taking a match stick, she lit it and burned the tip off till it was pointed. Then she melted some cosmetic on the end of it and held it downward until it formed into a little bead. When it was cool she applied it to her lashes and then with a hairpin separated each lash.

The finished work was most satisfactory to the beholder. Her eyes looked *marvelous!* Her lashes are extraordinarily long and curly, and when beaded they turned back and up until they touched her eyebrows—*honestly!*

I made up my mind to try the same thing on my eyelashes that very night. I want my eyes to look like stars, too. But while I was asking questions with that in view Miss Gaffney brought a chair for me to sit down at the desk and begin to look over the mail.

My, but I felt privileged to be sitting at Viola's desk with all those heaps of her letters before me! I couldn't resist pretending that I was Viola, and all those people were writing to me. There were postmarks from all over the world, and I didn't know where to begin or what to look at first. The most foreign-looking postmarks attracted me and I'd open a letter only to find it to be written in Spanish, French, or some other unfamiliar language.

Miss Gaffney handed me a bunch of letters that had been selected to be put aside because they were really distinctive. You see, she looks over all the mail first, of course, and sorts it out—putting aside the particularly interesting ones which Miss Dana reads. But the vast majority of the letters are very much alike I discovered after I had read a dozen or so. They nearly all say that they saw the star in her latest picture, how much they admire her, and ask for a photograph for their collection. I soon felt rather disappointed and vexed with myself to think I had written in exactly the same way such a short time ago when I used to pen words of worship to my idols. It's the natural way, of course, but you can see how soon any star would tire of letters all reading about the same.

Some of the letters were so funny and made such queer mistakes: many were addressed to "Miss Viola Drama;" some would begin, "Dear Actress;" there were verses to "Dana," and some were amazing for nerve.

For instance, one girl wrote in the most "taken-for-granted" manner for Miss Dana kindly to send her the following list of apparel for her wardrobe, as she knew Miss Dana had lots of money and clothes to spare: "several evening gowns, an evening wrap, three afternoon gowns, a complete sport costume, a street dress, a suit, a fur coat if possible, three hats, two or three pairs of evening slippers, a few pairs of silk stockings, a fancy negligee, some lingerie, and anything else Miss Dana could think of."

Viola had to laugh at that. "She didn't overlook anything, did she?" she asked. "I would hardly expect to have a more complete wardrobe for myself!"

Most of the more eloquent and poetic epistles come from Porto Rico, or the Philippine Islands. One especially flowery note eulogized Viola as "a rose in the beautiful moonlit garden of love, with her lovely face and beautiful red eyes." This puzzled Viola as she couldn't understand how any one could get the impression that her eyes were red!

Some of these letters are quite beautiful and sincere in their praise, though.

I think that the letters from the Japanese fans are usually enjoyed the most. They are all so novel and quaint that all the stars love to read them.

But if you could see the mash notes Viola gets! I doubt that any star gets more. She couldn't very well. From young boys to even such distinguished persons as district attorneys come proposals of marriage!

There was one original letter which had pictures drawn all over it to represent the different words. For instance, it began, "Dear Idol of My Heart," with the pictures of a deer, an idol, and a heart. Another was a verse written by a Japanese fan: "Come, autumn, come; bring movie season again—" and went on to say they wanted autumn to come around when the movie season would begin so they could see Viola again.

Viola Dana seemed ever so pleased with these letters and she dragged everybody in to read them—including Alice Lake. So you see, fans, if you want to keep from being an "also ran" you must make your letters distinctive.

Viola Dana is one of the stars who

takes a great interest in her fan mail and gets ever so much enjoyment out of it. She treasures the little gifts and tokens they send her, too. Over her desk hung a little bunch of pressed flowers some one had sent her from a foreign country.

She gets more mail than any other star in the Metro Company—about six thousand letters a week. Just imagine! Every week a truck load of answers to them go out. Miss Dana showed me the photos she sends. Smaller ones free, and to those who send a quarter, a larger one.

"Here's one I used to always send out some time ago," and she held up a duplicate of one that I had received a few years back in answer to a fan letter! It was one where she sat in a pensive, ingénue pose and wore curls.

"Well, I'll give you a newer and better picture now," she said when I told her about it, and handed me several large stunning portraits to choose from. She autographed my choice for me. My, it is a beauty! I just wish you could see it—it's so big and mounted on heavy cream-colored mounting.

After Alice Lake came in and started to joke and cut up with Viola I tried to keep my mind on the letters and watch them, too, but real live movie stars proved too distracting. And here I want to pause and explain something that I've learned after meeting so many stars—something that otherwise never would have occurred to me.

Many players I have found are entirely different from the types they portray on the screen. Several of them have told me that they never really play themselves, or anything like themselves, in pictures. Very often the players are even more interesting than their shadow selves, but I think that the movie star who has the same personality as the one he or she displays on the screen is always the most enjoyable for a movie fan to meet. Because, after all, it is *that* personality that we learned to love on the screen, and no other—even if more brilliant and intelligent—quite satisfies a fan. You may admire them more if you happen to find them different, but later, you discover that they have lost that niche in your affections that you held for that particular type they represent in their pictures. That's one of the most striking things I have discovered since I've been meeting movie stars in real life.

In the old days—which in the movies means only a few years back—Viola Dana played mostly poor, persecuted little ingénues in abused and weepy rôles. The first picture

I saw her in was called "The Portrait in the Attic," I think.

Though she was always appealing I don't think we really began to appreciate her fully until she began to do those comedy dramas in which she became the typical baby vamp—with her moments of pathos all right—but mostly the peppy ingénue.

It would have been disappointing to have found her any less lively, or more serious, or in some other way different from what I had expected her to be. But she isn't very different, and I'm glad of it!

Viola Dana is lively and cute and full of pep. She's not any different in looks and appearance, being the same size, build, same features 'n' everything. Only her voice, thank goodness, isn't ingénuish—it's just a regular voice.

With her brown, bobbed hair—I'm sure it's naturally wavy—and being so tiny, she seemed just a little girl that was trying to pretend she was grown up.

She wore very high-heeled black patent-leather pumps and had on the sweetest frock. It was of white satin, made very simply, with a straight panel down the back and wide bands of black velvet around the skirt. In direct contrast to this richness was a child's blue gingham dress flung over a chair and on a round knob was a brown wig with two long pigtails. This was the costume for Miss Dana's new picture "The Five Dollar Baby," Miss Gaffney told me. She said Viola looked too cunning and childlike for anything in that costume, and I believed her.

There was a new movie theater opening downtown, and they wanted Viola and Alice Lake to appear in person, but they begged off.

I wondered why this was because I knew the movie fans would go wild about her if they could see how adorable she is in real life, too.

"Well, I'll tell you," she said, "it's different when you have a part to play and action to do, but personal appearances mean just getting up on the stage, and that would make any one self-conscious. Another thing, in the smaller towns they usually lead you down the aisle to the stage and as getting up there before the artificial lights requires make-up—the fans see you going down the aisle looking so artificial and then they brand you as made up and painted."

Still I kept thinking it was a shame the movie fans couldn't get a glimpse of Viola personally—I don't like to be selfish and I couldn't help wishing the rest of the fans could see and meet her in real life, as I did.

Continued from page 66

into leaving me?" he demanded. And then he cut loose with a lot of remarks that I'd have resented with both fists if the whole thing hadn't been so funny. But when I thought of how I felt about Flossie, and how anxious I was to get rid of her, and then realized that Jack Lewis was accusing me of trying to take her away from him and keep her forever—well, I sat there and roared with laughter.

"Her mother's wine—that fatal homemade wine with a kick like three-star Hennessy—had gone straight to my head. My thoughts were straight enough, but my language got all slurred together, somehow, and I couldn't control it. It skidded the way a comedy auto does. I was so lavish with my misplaced 'sh's' that Jack Lewis started off on a new tack and accused me of being drunk and having forced my way into his little home—and when I remembered how anxious I'd been to get home to my own swimming pool I roared louder than ever.

"That finished Jack Lewis.

"I'll teach you to make love to my wife and then laugh at me about it," he stormed, turning away from the window. "Come in here—come on, both of you."

"I had no desire to go, but I realized that it might be better to finish the discussion indoors, as I could hear windows opening all up the side of the building, so I crawled ignominiously into the window after Flossie, who was indulging in more maudlin weeping.

"When we got into the living room, Jack began on another harangue. I tried my best to explain; told him all the facts, told him that unless he calmed his artistic temperament down a bit he'd be likely to find himself minus a job and minus a mighty nice wife as well, and let go of a few other truths that he needed to know. But that was no time to tell 'em. He was convinced that I was jealous of his work and wanted his wife.

"I won't listen to you any longer," he cried at last. "I'm going to shoot you both—that's what you deserve." And he stalked over to the desk that stood in the middle of the room.

"It never occurred to me, when he opened the desk drawer, that the revolver he was after wouldn't be there. It's always kept in a desk or table drawer, you know, in the best regulated movies. I'd been making pictures long enough so that the way things are done in them had become second nature to me, and he'd been in them just long enough for the artificial side of them to go to his

head. Otherwise I think he'd have been sane.

"I could just see the headlines that would appear in the newspapers—I could imagine the things the yellow sheets would hint at, and the remarks people would make—people who knew not me, but my reputation. But I stood there like a mummy, waiting for Jack to snatch the revolver from the drawer and shoot me.

"Then came the shock. It wasn't in the drawer. He fumbled around, muttered something, ran over to the table and began hunting through the drawers there, and finally, muttering something under his breath, and giving me one final, baleful glance, he rushed out to look somewhere else for his trusty shooting iron.

"Well, all that time Flossie had stood in the approved transfixed-with-horror attitude, with her arms spread out against the wall, and her eyes wide with fear. She really was scared to death. So was I—till then. But when Lewis rushed out of the room a great thought came to me. I wondered why on earth I shouldn't duck out onto the fire escape, make a get-away, and drop in to see him the next day when he'd had time to come to his senses. I knew he wouldn't shoot Flossie, and I'd begun to have my doubts about his shooting me. And I didn't mind leaving with a whole skin, as long as I needn't feel cowardly about it.

"So I clambered out onto the fire escape again, and started upward. I felt like a scene in a slapstick comedy—if a custard pie had suddenly dropped on my head I wouldn't have been at all surprised, and if Jack had suddenly appeared at his own window and started firing at me, no doubt I'd have reached instinctively for a bucket of whitewash.

"But he didn't show up—Flossie told me later that he hunted for two hours for that revolver, and finally she went in and helped him, till at last they both realized what fools they were, and he took her in his arms and they sat down together and laughed about it. But I had no way of knowing that was going to happen, so I kept on climbing. After I'd gone two stories I felt like a second 'human fly' and began to consider my chance in news reels!

"I got to the third floor up, at last—why I didn't start down instead of up I don't know, unless I was just running true to form and following the movie hero's plan of always doing things in the hardest possible way. The windows up that far had been closed. But the one next the roof was open. And in it stood one of the prettiest girls I've ever seen.

"Why don't you go through my

apartment to the hall, Mr. Stevens?" she asked, as calmly as if it was the most natural thing in the world for me to be climbing up a fire escape at that hour. "If you go on up to the roof you won't be able to get down, because there's no building near enough for you to jump to. And you wouldn't want to be up there tomorrow morning—in evening clothes."

"I agreed that I wouldn't.

"Then why don't you go through this way?" she asked, stepping aside from the window."

"And you did?" I remarked, caustically.

"I did," he replied.

CHAPTER XVI.

It was some time before I saw Barry Stevens again. Then, one summer night when we were both guests of a mutual friend at her home on Long Island, we sat on a flower-scented terrace and gazed at the moon, while he went on with the tale of his indiscreet career.

"The pretty girl at the window—which of your list was she?" I demanded, by way of starting him.

"Oh, she wasn't an actress at all, as it happened. She worked on a newspaper—did interviews with motion-picture people, and a column of gossip, and all that sort of thing, for a bunch of papers back East. She was an expert at writing these articles that stars sign with their own names and pretend to have written themselves, incidentally—but more of that later. And she was a peach—bright as a new penny, good-humored—a peach in every way. Too bad things happened to her as they did.

"Her name was Christine—I always called her Chris, though she wouldn't let any one else do it. She had reddish-brown hair, and eyes the color of sherry, and a funny little one-sided smile that could put any man in his place. And she was one of the best friends I ever had—poor Chris.

"I hesitated a moment about climbing off the fire escape into her rooms, at that time of night, but she was so matter of fact about it that I thought I might as well, so I did.

"I hope you'll come to see me again some time," she said, giving me her hand as I opened the hall door and turned to say good night and thank her for her kindness. "Or maybe you'll give me an interview; you're awfully hard to get at these days—I've been trying to make an appointment with you for the last two weeks."

"That's because somebody wrote such a fool one about me a while

Continued on page 102

Trying the Real Thing

No more studio sets for Marshall Neilan; he goes now wherever his story leads him.

By Edna Foley

Instead of building an expensive replica of this cabaret in his studio, Marshall Neilan simply rented the real one, replaced the regular employees with actors, brought in a crowd of extras and staged some scenes for "Fools First" there.



It begins to look as though the art of the motion-picture scenic carpenter were in for a swift decline. In the past he has been lauded extravagantly for his ability to reproduce building interiors with exactitude, to paint wood so that it looks like marble, and construct carved wooden doors that look like iron grille work. But he won't be so important in the future. Recent improvements in portable studio lights have made it possible to take interior scenes in banks, hotels, schools—almost anywhere, in fact—and if this development strikes other directors as it did Marshall Neilan, the studio carpenters might just as well be looking around for another job. Neilan has just finished taking a picture in its natural settings. These real sets as shown on this page may not look a great deal better than the old reproductions, but there may be some comfort in just knowing that they are real.



Above and at the right are scenes from "Fools First," showing Richard Dix in the leading rôle. If you see anything about this bank or this night school that doesn't look right don't write to Mr. Neilan about it. They're the real thing—not sets—and he borrowed them just as they were.

Continued from page 21

might be some truth in the story. "She asked me several times if I didn't think she could pass for an American girl. We were dancing to an American jazz band—they have them in all the European restaurants, you know—and they kept playing encore after encore, and we danced on and on. Finally when they stopped we were both breathless but she managed to gasp, 'If I did that in America they'd never know I was a foreigner, would they?' She's an exceptionally fine dancer.

"She never talks about motion pictures as American players do so continually. She is well-informed on all subjects—politics, art, current events. She made a wonderful impression on me," he added enthusiastically and then added with a trace of cynicism, "still you never can judge a player by the way they treat the officers of the corporation they work for."

A Matter of History.

Pola Negri was born in a little town in south Poland between twenty-five and thirty years ago. Impressionable men who have met her declare that she is not a day over twenty-two; women stars who survey her popularity in this country with jealous eyes say that she must be thirty-five at least; the estimate that seems most nearly true is that of a fellow countryman who says that she is twenty-seven. Her parents were poor, and when she was very young she went to work in Wertheim's department store in Berlin at about four dollars a week. She seems to have cast adrift from her family for at this time she lived alone, in a rooming house.

Pola was too ambitious to stay there long. She played the violin fairly well, so with her sublime self-assurance she sought an engagement in the concert halls—and got it. When she reached Russia she joined the Imperial Ballet. She was too old for the regular ballet which takes its recruits as children but in her persuasive way Pola assured the ballet masters that they really needed her in the group of character dancers. Even in that galaxy of stars, Pola was noticed—not so much for her dancing as for the chorus of cavaliers that followed her everywhere. But even the excitements of a career in the ballet palled on the young lady after a while and she decided to go in for drama.

By this time she was pretty well known, even back in Vienna and Berlin where she had been but an obscure musical performer. Her assault on the speaking stage, according to all accounts, was not unlike that of

our own Theda Bara. Every one went to see her, but no one took her very seriously.

About this time she married a count from one of the little kingdoms near Roumania. No one seems to recall his name or the exact location of his native country. In fact, he seems of little importance to Pola Negri and her friends. She is said to have divorced him about two years ago.

Varying accounts of her career on the speaking stage have been told in this country. When I asked Joseph Schildkraut, who plays the *Chevalier* in "Orphans of the Storm," which of them was true, he refused to discuss her at all. I had heard that while he was leading man at Max Reinhardt's theater in Berlin influential friends had gained a part in the company for her, and also that besides the finished performances of the rest of the cast, Pola did not exactly cover herself with glory.

But Mr. Schildkraut was adamant. He would not say a word about Pola Negri, even to tell me the names of the plays she appeared in.

"I told some reporters, months ago, that I knew her, and they went and printed things that I never said," he told me. "And when Pola Negri saw them she wrote me an indignant letter asking me why I told things about her that were not true. I will never mention her name again," he ended vehemently.

So Pola Negri cares very much what we in America think of her! But she should not be ashamed of her humble beginnings. Perhaps she is influenced by some Continental snobbery toward persons of humble birth. I wonder if she knows that here we make national idols of people who work up from unpromising beginnings, that we like her better because she rose by her own efforts?

Her Picture Career.

However limited her success on the speaking stage, from the first she proved herself a motion-picture actress of the first rank. It was about 1914 that she began making pictures, and she has made about two a year since then. This is partly due to the fact that until recently motion-picture producers on the Continent took most of their scenes outdoors and could work only during the summer, and partly to the strenuous social life of the star. Some of her early pictures—"The Last Payment" and "The Red Peacock"—which were recently shown here seemed crude, but compared with our pictures which were made at the same time her work in them is finished and masterful.

"Passion"—conceded by most people to be the best of her pictures yet

shown in this country—was completed late in the summer of 1919. "Gypsy Blood" preceded it, and the year before that she made "Vendetta" and "Intrigue." During 1917 she made "The Polish Dancer" and "The Last Payment." All of these have been shown in this country—and it is probable that all but one of the five pictures which preceded them will also appear on American screens. This one is "The Mountain Cat" and though it is considered one of her greatest pictures, it probably will not be shown here as its humor depends on conditions that do not exist in this country and probably would not be understood. It is a broad burlesque of militarism done in modern settings like caricatures.

She has made some pictures since "Passion," but these are tied up in litigation, and it may be some time before they are exhibited here. One of these is "Sappho," which is said to offer her as great opportunities as "Du Barry" did.

An Inverted Career.

You may have noticed that Pola Negri's career in this country has been just the opposite of most performers'. Instead of attracting attention in several pictures, and gradually working up a following she was introduced to America in her greatest rôle. She created something of a sensation among people of sophisticated taste immediately. And then her older, and less striking pictures were brought out, reducing her to a lower level. And now unless another "Passion" appears, this potentially great screen artist may prove a flash-in-the-pan success.

I may be unduly pessimistic about the future of this player, but I think the best of her work is already done. She used to work for a small salary, under discouraging conditions, and her finest work was a result of this whole-hearted struggle. Now she receives more in dollars than she formerly did in marks; the figure is set at about one hundred and fifty thousand a year. She works under the domination of an American company and is striving toward their ideals rather than her own. It looks as though Pola will not be able to scale her former heights.

But even if she fails after all her promise I doubt if the regular picture-goer will grieve. For Pola Negri does not grip the hearts of our every-night-in-the-week fans as our sunny native stars do. It is the more sophisticated audience that will grieve for her, because the coming of Pola Negri marked for them the coming of a new era in motion pictures, the power of truth over treacle.

The Christie Baby Parade

The comedy factory is busier nowadays quelling infant tears than producing full-grown laughs.

By Edna Foley

Photos by C. E. Day



WHEN Vera Steadman finished making "Exit Quietly" last year, she decided that the title held pretty good advice, so she went away and took a good long vacation. The next time folks out at the studio heard from her they learned that she had a baby daughter. Of course, Jack Taylor, who is Vera Steadman's husband, was mighty proud of her, but the shout of joy that he put up was nothing to the jubilation out at the Christie studio where they all think Vera Steadman is about the best ever, anyway. And Marie Prevost was pretty cocky over that baby, too, because it was named after her.



NOW nobody puts on any airs out at the Christie studio no matter who he is or what he can do. One person is just as good as the next, or was—for Vera finished that. She and her baby became the idols of the studio. Every one beamed at her except Bobbie Vernon, and he just flashed a crooked little smile that looked mysterious and interesting. And sure enough he rushed in one morning to announce that Vera Steadman wasn't so much. His wife had presented him with a baby daughter, too. So now the Christie studio has two people of great importance—and quite a baby parade!

Continued from page 74

Young became such friends that the youngster now spends one day a week at the star's home.

Mary Jane Irving and "Peaches" Jackson vie for first honors among the young ladies of their age. Peaches stole the picture from Tommy Meighan and Mildred Harris in "A Prince There Was." Around the Lasky lot they pay Peaches the biggest compliment possible in the land of make-believe: "She's the greatest little trouper ever!" Peaches is a quiet little thing and loves to sit with the grown-ups and help the prop men move things and is generally about the busiest little body I ever saw—but you see the child in her when she lovingly hugs the wonderful French doll Mary Pickford brought her from Paris.

Mary Jane is unaffected and has a delightful personality. The only time she has ever been guilty of "temperament" was when she held up the whole company filming "Wildfire." And when a lady loses a tooth, isn't that an important matter? Happily it was one of her first, so its loss requires no dirge.

Children of this age of course have to spend a minimum of two hours a day with private tutors at the studio. This is required by the Los Angeles Board of Education and the rule is infallible. Often between scenes, while the actors and actresses chat, you will see a wee person off in a corner with a governess reciting lessons, and they gain, too, from their association with older people and their constantly changing panorama, a broader outlook upon the realities of life than do kiddies cooped up in a schoolroom.

Among the boys—excluding the star, Wesley Barry, who is too well known to evoke comment—you think first of the Moore kids and Frankie Lee. Frankie is eight and has been in pictures since he was four, scoring his first triumph as the crippled lad in "The Miracle Man." He appeared also in "The Sin of Martha Queed," "Godless Men," and "The Primal Law." Frankie is an erudite chap and in spare time edits a newspaper called "The Fountain Avenue News" which I read zealously, partly because I live on Fountain Avenue and therefore want to be in on the neighborhood gossip, such as little Mary making a face at Johnny, but mostly because I think such budding talent at journalism should be encouraged.

Pat Moore played the son of "The Queen of Sheba" and when the picture was shown here had a beautiful party for other screen kiddies. His brother, Mickey, was in "The Lost

Romance," "Something To Think About," and Wanda Hawley's "The Love Charm." Their brother, Bryan, is nine, and they have a great time taking pictures in their back yard with a wooden camera. They are English, I believe.

Six-year-old Jeanette Trebaol, say the critics, is destined for bigger things since her appearance with Will Rogers in "A Poor Relation." Jeanette and Robert de Vilbiss were his adopted kiddies. Jeanette, who is of French descent, once confessed to me dismally, "I guess I'll have to be a movin' pitcher actress when I grow up, 'cause I don't know how to do anyfing else!"

Marion Feducha, nine-year-old boy playing *Andrew Johnson* as a lad in Universal's serial, "In the Days of Buffalo Bill," is of French and Russian parentage. Twelve-year-old Tula Belle hails from Norway.

The Perils of Near Stardom

That is the very interesting subject of the next article in our series on acting in motion pictures which is being written by Helen Christine Bennett. It tells of the many problems girls have to face even after they have made a big hit in pictures.

This is a side of motion-picture acting which has never been fully explained to the public before. In this article, for the first time, Colleen Moore, Marguerite de la Motte, Lila Lee, and Agnes Ayres frankly discuss the problems that beset them on their approach to stardom. Every one will be interested in this article.

Arthur Trimble, the four-year-old in "Remembrance," played his first part for Rupert Hughes in this picture, but he had won contests for his handsome profile and intelligence. Baby Marie Morehouse, now sixteen months old, began at three months, was the baby in "The Old Nest" and now has an enviable bank account of her very own.

Joan Elmer Woodbury was called "the most photographed baby in San Francisco" because photographers clamored so for her posing. Her mother owns a hotel there, and, when she came to assist Oliver Morosco on hotel sequences for "The Half-breed," Joan was permitted to do a dance in the picture, and Mr. Morosco speaks well of her future. And five-year-old King Evers, in the same picture. I have heard that his original "bit" was enlarged considerably when his ability became evident.

In comedy Baby Peggy Montgom-

ery, who at three is being starred at the munificent salary of one hundred and fifty dollars weekly is in the lead. She was engaged to act as leading lady for Brownie the dog star, but her drawing power became greater than his, so she was starred herself. She is a quaint child, very serious of demeanor with a little mind that often tells her to inject into a scene something the director has not told her to do but which adds to the humor. She is a miniature Chaplin, for her humor springs from its twin, pathos. Baby Peggy is wearing a chip diamond and told me she was "'gaged to a public'ty man," but won't be married for a while yet. She played in "Foolish Wives" and invaded the drama in Marshall Neilan's "Fools First," but now is back on the Century lot making a circus comedy.

John Henry, Jr., christened Don Marion Davis, served his apprenticeship in the Sennett pastry factory and is now an old chap of four who can't pose for any more publicity photos taking his nightly ablutions.

Children of all ages and nationalities are in Hal Roach's new comedy company. "Sunshine Sammy," Anna May Billson, Jackie Condon, and others.

Vaudeville has claimed several of our shining lights. When Jane and Katherine Lee were here on their tour they invited all the screen children to a matinee at the theater.

The cast of "Penrod" boasted, besides the well-known freckles of Wesley Barry, a multitude of children—and poor Marshall Neilan was running around the set like a chicken with its head cut off. He wasn't bothered with temperamental children—but temperamental *mammas*.

Legions more of kiddies are there: Fifi Edwards who supported Constance Binney in "The Sleep Walker," Muriel Frances Dana, the lovable little youngster who relieved the ponderous drama of "Hail the Woman." Muriel began her public appearance with dancing, at the age of two and a half. She has been in four pictures and is a splendid swimmer. She has her own miniature dressing room at the Ince studio—and its walls are well decorated with her "drawings." Philippe de Lacy, the Belgian war waif, who played in Ferdinand Pinney Earle's "Omar," and with Nazimova in "A Doll's House," is portraying the leading rôle in "Carry On the Race." And Jackie Condon, the tiny Universalite who has spent eighteen months of his two whole years before the camera; Billie Cotton of "Earthbound"; Dorothy Messenger; Anna May Billson, with Harold Lloyd, and many other little shining lights.

How A New Kind of Clay Remade My Complexion in 30 Minutes

For reasons which every woman will understand, I have concealed my name and my identity. But I have asked the young woman whose pictures you see here to pose for me, so that you can see exactly how the marvelous new discovery remakes one's complexion in one short half hour.

I COULD hardly believe my eyes. Just thirty minutes before my face had been blemished and unsightly; my skin had been coarse, sallow and lifeless. Now it was actually transformed. I was amazed when I saw how beautiful my complexion had become—how soft its texture, how exquisite its coloring. Why, the blemishes and impurities had been lifted right away, and a charming, smooth, clear skin revealed underneath! What was this new kind of magic? You see, I never really did have a pretty complexion. My skin is very sensitive. It always used to be so coarse and rough that I hated to use powder. Sometimes pimples and eruptions would appear overnight—and as for blackheads, I never could get rid of them!

To be perfectly frank with you, I tried everything there was to try. I greeted each new thing with hope—but hope was soon abandoned as my skin became only more harsh and colorless. Finally I gave up everything in favor of massage. But suddenly I found that tiny wrinkles were beginning to show around the eyes and chin—and I assure you I gave up massage mighty quick.

Wasn't there anything that would clear my complexion, that would make it soft and smooth and firm? Wasn't there anything I could do—without wasting more time and more money? It was very discouraging, and I was tempted more than once to give it up—especially when I saw that after all my efforts my skin was more dull and coarse than ever before.

In fact, on one very disappointing occasion I firmly resolved never to use anything but soap and water on my face again. But then something very wonderful happened—and, being a woman, I promptly changed my mind!

Why I Changed My Mind

Did you know that the outer layer of the skin, called the epidermis, is constantly dying and being replaced by new cells? I didn't—until I read a very remarkable announcement. That announcement made me change my mind. It explained, simply and clearly, how blackheads, pimples and nearly all facial eruptions are caused when the dead skin-scales and bits of dust clog the pores. Impurities form in the stifled pores—and the results are soon noticeable.

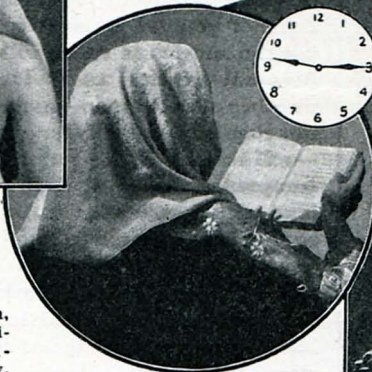
The announcement went on to explain how scientists had discovered a marvelous clay, which, in only one application, drew dust, dirt and other impurities and harmful accumulations to the surface. This Complexion Clay, in only a half-hour, actually lifted away the blemishes and the impurities. And when it was removed the skin beneath was found to be soft, smooth, clear and charming! Can you blame me for wanting to try this wonderful discovery on my own blemished complexion?

My Extraordinary Experience With Complexion Clay

I won't bore you with details. Suffice to say that I applied the Complexion Clay I had read about to my face one evening at nine o'clock and settled myself comfortably for a half-hour of reading. Soon I was conscious of a cool, drawing sensation. In a few moments the clay on my face had dried into a fragment mask. And as it dried and hardened there was a wonderful tingling feeling. I could actually feel the millions of tiny pores breathing, freeing themselves of the

impurities that had stifled them, giving up the bits of dust and the accumulations that had bored deeply beneath the surface. It was a feeling almost of physical relief; every inch of my face seemed stirred suddenly into new life and fervor.

At nine-thirty I removed the Complexion Clay and, to my utter astonishment, found that I had a brand new complexion! Hidden beauty had actually been revealed! Every blackhead had vanished; the whole



texture of the skin had been transformed into smooth, clear, delicately-colored beauty.

I shall never forget my extraordinary experience with Complexion Clay. It accomplished in a half-hour what other preparations had not accomplished in years. With gentle firmness it drew out every impurity from the stifled pores and revealed beneath a skin of exquisite texture and delicate coloring. I would never have believed it possible, and it is because it did it for me, because I actually had this wonderful experience, that I consented to write this story for publication.

Domino House Made This Offer To Me

The formula from which the amazing Complexion Clay is made was discovered by the chemists of the Domino House. I have been asked to state here, at the end of my story, that Domino House will send without any money in advance a \$3.50 jar of Complexion Clay to any one who uses the special coupon at the bottom of the page. If I would write my story for publication the Domino House agreed to accept only \$1.95 for a \$3.50 jar from my readers.

You, as my reader, should not miss this opportunity. I am sure that the marvelous Complexion Clay will do for you what it has done for me. It is guaranteed to do so, and a special deposit of \$10,000 in the State Bank of Philadelphia backs this guarantee. Your money will be promptly refunded if you are not delighted with results and return what is left of Complexion Clay within 10 days.

Do not send any money with the coupon. Just pay the postman \$1.95 (plus few cents



Three simple steps—and the complexion is made clear, smooth and radiantly beautiful!

postage) when the jar of Complexion Clay is in your hands. Complexion Clay will be sent to you freshly compounded, direct from the Domino House. The coupon is numbered with a special department, and the Domino House will know that you have read my story and are to receive a full-size \$3.50 jar for only \$1.95, according to their offer to me.

Don't delay—I'm glad I didn't! Mail this coupon today. Domino House, Dept. 236, 269 South 9th Street, Phila., Pa.

**Domino House, Dept. 236,
269 South 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.**

You may send me a \$3.50 jar of Complexion Clay, sufficient for 3 months of beauty treatments. According to the special agreement, I will pay postman only \$1.95 (plus postage). Although I am benefiting by this special reduced price, I am purchasing this first jar with the guaranteed privilege of returning it within 10 days and you agree to refund my money if I am not delighted with the results in every way. I am to be the sole judge.

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Address

City..... State.....

If apt to be out when postman calls, send remittance with this coupon.



THE PICTURE ORACLE

Questions and Answers about the Screen

MADemoiselle LORRAINE.—Your typewriting does look rather hopeless now, but don't despair. It took me a long time to learn, too. And to think that you wrote letters to me and tore them up without mailing! Well, I'm glad you finally got to the fatal letter box. I can't understand all this palpitating and screwing-up of courage to write to me. So you don't especially care for Dick Barthelmess, Rodolph Valentino, or Pauline Frederick? My, but that seems strange! Anyway, it soothes me to hear that you like Tommy Meighan. King Baggot is now directing for Universal—I doubt that he will take up acting again, though you never can tell. Francis Ford is also directing, but he still appears on the screen. His latest release is "They're Off," which he wrote and directed, and in which he played the leading rôle. By all means, write again.

MRS. G.—So you knew Gloria Swanson before she entered pictures? Well, here's a big disappointment for you. Your informant was correct. Miss Swanson was in New York for a short time before sailing for Europe on the *Homer* on April 15th, just a few days before you said you were returning to Chicago. If you had sent a self-addressed, stamped envelope you would have received a personal reply immediately and could have got in touch with Gloria and renewed your acquaintance perhaps. But maybe Miss Swanson will visit Chicago soon or you will both be in New York again at the same time and then you will have your chance. On questions like this it is always best to inclose a stamped envelope for a personal reply because by the time the magazine is printed and distributed the information is too late to be of much use.

JAMES KIRKWOOD FAN.—Your "one and only favorite" has returned from Europe and will appear opposite Priscilla Dean in her new picture, "Under Two Flags." Yes, he played in "The Man From Home," which was made abroad. This picture has not yet been released. James is six feet tall, weighs one hundred and eighty pounds, has sandy hair and blue eyes.

M. F.—You seem to be more interested in directors than in the stars. William De Mille's latest productions are "Miss Lulu Bett," "Bought and Paid For," and "Nice People," from the stage play. It has just been announced that he will adapt Booth Tarkington's "Clarence" for the screen, but the cast has not been selected yet. Wonder who'll be *Clarence*? D. W. Griffith has not announced his plans for his next picture, but is kept busy dashing around the country appearing at the open-

ing of "Orphans of the Storm" in various cities. The Gish sisters are doing the same thing. Neither of them has appeared in a picture since the "Orphans" picture. Rex Ingram's next picture will be "Black Orchids," in which Barbara la Marr will have the leading feminine rôle.

DAISY.—Jackie Coogan's next picture will be "Oliver Twist," and he is going to Europe to make it. Lon Chaney has been selected to play *Fagin*. It is probable that Noah Berry will be *Bill Sikes*, and the production will be directed by Frank Lloyd. Sounds interesting, doesn't it? Mario Doro appeared in a screen

Martha used to be a Selznick star. Conway Tearle plays opposite Norma Talmadge in her latest production, "The Duchess of Langeais." Yes, he recently appeared on the stage in New York in "The Mad Dog," but the play wasn't very successful, apparently, because it had only a short run.

PAUL.—Eileen Percy is married to Ulrich Busch, a nonprofessional. "Elope If You Must" is her latest picture. Corinne Griffith is not related to D. W. Griffith. Buck Jones, I mean Charles, he has changed his name, you know, was born in Vincennes, Indiana. He was the champion trick rider in a wild West show before entering pictures, and was also in the United States cavalry and aviation corps. Charles is five feet eleven and three quarters, weighs one hundred and seventy-three pounds, and has brown hair and gray eyes. He is married. Gaston Glass is playing in "I Am the Law," an Edwin Carewe production.

M. T. H.—Joseph Kilgour played the rôle of Betty Compson's father in "At the End of the World." He was born in Ayr, Ontario, Canada, and was educated in Canada and England. Joseph is one of those actors who never gets a chance to be kind on the screen because he makes such a good villain. Pauline Curley was born in Holyoke, Massachusetts. She played with Tom Mix in "Hands Off."

EDNA C.—So these young screen heroes do not attract you, either? George Arliss is a great artist, indeed, and one of my favorites, too, but I won't try to beat your record of having seen "Disraeli" fifteen times and "The Green Goddess" twenty-two times! I don't see why you shouldn't write to him—I am sure that he would like to hear how much you enjoy his work. His address is printed at the end of *The Oracle*.

DEMIS.—Constance Talmadge was born in 1900. Madge Evans is thirteen, Madge Bellamy and Patsy Ruth Miller seventeen, and Gladys Walton seventeen. Monty Banks was born in 1897. Yes, he has his own producing company and makes short comedies. Madge Bellamy has dark hair and dark-brown eyes.

MISS D. D.—No, Gareth Hughes is not married. He was born in 1897, is five feet five, has brown hair and blue eyes. Some of his latest releases are "Little Eva Ascends," "I Can Explain," and "Don't Write Letters." He is now co-starring in a Louis Burston production, "Forget Me Not," with Bessie Love, and plans to go back to the stage upon its completion. But you can keep on hoping that he'll play *Peter Pan* for the screen;

THE ORACLE will answer in these columns as many questions of general interest concerning the movies as space will allow. Personal replies to a limited number of questions—such as will not require unusually long answers—will be sent if the request is accompanied by a stamped envelope, with return address. Inquiries should be addressed to *The Picture Oracle*, Picture-Play Magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City. *The Oracle* cannot give advice about becoming a movie actor or actress, since the only possible way of ever getting such a job is by direct personal application at a studio. Questions concerning scenario writing must be written on a separate sheet of paper. Those who wish the addresses of actors and actresses are urged to read the notice at the end of this department.

adaptation of "Oliver Twist" in 1916, and the Fox Company recently made a modernized version with Harold Goodwin, which they called "Oliver Twist, Jr.," but Jackie will be the first motion-picture star who really looks the part to interpret this Dickens classic.

HAROLD J.—Martha Mansfield has the leading rôle in the Pyramid picture, "The Queen of the Moulin Rouge." Martha was born in Mansfield, Ohio, in 1899. No, the town wasn't named for Martha—she took the name of the town. Her own name is Ehrlich. She is five feet four, weighs one hundred and twenty-two pounds, has dark-brown hair and eyes.

no other arrangements for this coveted rôle have been made so far.

KIT E. CAT.—Of course, it pleases me when people write that they like my department. Douglas Fairbanks was born in 1883. James Harrison played the rôle of Constance Talmadge's cousin in "Lessons in Love." Marjorie Daw played opposite Doug in "Arizona" and "The Knickerbocker Buckaroo," and Leon P. Gendron was *Larry McLeod* in "Scrambled Wives." "Watch Your Step" is Cullen Landis' latest release, and he is now making "Some One to Love" for Ince.

JESSIE.—Richard Dix was born in St. Paul, Minnesota, in 1894, and educated at the St. Paul Central High School and the University of Minnesota. Then he decided to become a famous actor, and tackled the stage, playing in "The Hawk" with William Faversham, in "The Song of Songs," "The Little Brother," "First is Last," and "Night Lodging." Richard played a two-and-a-half-year engagement with the Morosco Stock Company in Los Angeles before some one discovered his screen possibilities and persuaded him to have a test made. His first appearance in pictures was in "Not Guilty," in which he played the lead, and a double-rôle part at that. Then came the Goldwyn series, "Dangerous Curve Ahead," "All's Fair in Love," "The Sin Flood," "The Glorious Fool," and "Yellow Men and Gold." Now he is playing opposite Betty Compson in the Paramount production, "The Bonded Woman." He measures six feet, weighs one hundred and seventy-eight pounds, has brown hair and eyes, and a winning smile. No, Jessie, he is not married.

H. R. H.—H. B. Warner has not made any pictures for some time. He recently played in a New York stage play called "Danger." Whether he will return to the screen or stick to the stage I cannot say. He is married to Rita Stanwood. Milton Sills is also married—to Gladys Wynne. Viola Dana was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1898. She is the widow of John Collins. Lewis Stone has the leading male rôle in "The Prisoner of Zenda," and Ramon Samanegos plays *Rupert of Hentzau*. The production hasn't been released at this writing, but we hear that it is very elaborate, and, judging from the still pictures we have seen, it must be.

HELEN H.—Thanks for the copies of *Picture-Show*. It was very kind of you to send them. The address of Constance Binney is printed in this issue.

SONNY.—No, your questions didn't "scare me out." I've managed to maintain my balance through the assault of many and curious fans, and it would take a whole lot to upset me now. Lillian Gish was born in 1896, Mary Pickford in 1893, and Douglas Fairbanks in 1883. Miss Gish is five feet six inches tall, and Mary Pickford is just five feet. Rodolph Valentino started in pictures about three and a half years ago. Before that he was a professional dancer. Joseph Schildkraut was the *Chevalier de Vaudrey* in "Orphans of the Storm." Your other questions have been answered.

ALICE T.—Pauline Frederick is about thirty-seven. She has left pictures and will return to the stage. "The Glory of Clementina" is the last picture she made. Miss Frederick is five feet four, weighs one hundred and thirty-four pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes. Doctor C. A. Rutherford is the man she recently married. No, I can't say when Miss Frederick will return to the screen, but it probably won't be for some time, as she has been longing for the footlights.

Continued on page 110



Teeth You Envy

Are brushed in this new way

Millions of people daily now combat the film on teeth. This method is fast spreading all the world over, largely by dental advice.

You see the results in every circle. Teeth once dingy now glisten as they should. Teeth once concealed now show in smiles.

This is to offer a ten-day test to prove the benefits to you.

That cloudy film

A dingy film accumulates on teeth. When fresh it is viscous—you can feel it. Film clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. It forms the basis of cloudy coats.

Film is what discolors—not the teeth. Tartar is based on film. Film holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film, and very few escape them.

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Film has formed a great tooth problem. No ordinary tooth paste can effectively combat it. So dental science has for years sought ways to fight this film.

Two ways have now been found. Able authorities have proved them by many careful tests. A new tooth paste has been perfected, to comply with modern requirements. And these two film combatants are embodied in it.

This tooth paste is Pepsodent, now employed by forty races, largely by dental advice.

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Starch is another tooth enemy. It gums the teeth, gets between the teeth, and often ferments and forms acid.

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Absorbine, Jr. is also, for overtaxed muscles, the powerful yet safe liniment with the clean pleasant odor. Again, it is an antiseptic, cleansing and healing to skin breaks. All in one container for your greater convenience.

At most druggist's, \$1.25, or postpaid, Liberal trial bottle, 10c. postpaid.
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FOR MEN AND WOMEN

**Will Show Reduction Taking Place
in 11 Days or Money Refunded**

Results come usually in three or four days, but if you do not see positive reduction taking place in 11 days (the full trial period) return the Reducer at once together with the instruction book that accompanied it and your \$5 will be refunded. Dr. Lawton, shown in picture, reduced from 211 to 152 pounds in a very short time. The Reducer is not electrical; made of soft rubber and weighs but a few ounces. Whether you are 10 or 100 pounds overweight you can reduce any part you wish quickly, safely and permanently by using Reducer a few minutes night and morning. By a gentle manipulation the Reducer breaks down and disintegrates fatty tissue which becomes waste matter and is carried out of the system through the organs of elimination, thereby the blood circulation is improved. For years Dr. Lawton's Fat Reducer has been successfully sold and is used by thousands. It is ENDORSED BY PHYSICIANS and its use requires no dieting, starving, medicines or exercise. Sold generally by druggists everywhere or will be sent direct to your home in plain wrapper upon receipt of \$5 plus 20c to cover cost of Parcel Post and Insurance. (\$5.20 in all.) Send for your Fat Reducer today. Remember it is guaranteed.

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DR. THOMAS LAWTON
120 W. 70th St. Dept. 186 New York

Some Bumps on the Road to Stardom

Continued from page 45

of an idea, but into a work of art which was the inspiration of ideas.

Previous to this, Betty Compson had been striving to earn a livelihood more than for the development of herself. In this struggle, bitter as it was, she had been gaining poise and experience. Incidentally, I prophesy that no matter what good or evil fortune may bring her—and as a friend I trust it will be good—she will be able to cope with it, and turn it to her own advantage.

But now came the task of bringing forth from the innermost depths of her being those thoughts and emotions which experience had taught her to feel. These thoughts and emotions not only must be brought forth and expressed, but they must be shown in such a way that they would strike a responsive chord in the minds and hearts of thousands and thousands of men and women who were to see them on the screen. A million people may feel, but only one in a million can express.

She came almost directly to Mr. Tucker from slapstick comedy, but he had enough faith in her to place her in a heavy emotional rôle. He was practically placing in her hands his professional reputation as a reliable judge of character and ability. The manner in which she fulfilled his faith we all know.

But during this test-period, affairs with Betty were still in a more or less precarious state. We know now that she was making good, but she couldn't have been sure of it then. Her salary was very low. She was heavily in debt, and was doing her best to meet all her obligations. Mr. Tucker did not want her seen in public, feeling that it was better for her to come before her public simultaneously with the release of the picture. As time went on, he had supreme faith in their joint success.

Consequently, during those months, she saw no one, talked to no one, even by phone, and took her outings in trips to and from the studio. But there was no thought of complaint on her part. She realized that her big chance had come. She put herself wholly under the management of Mr. Tucker, knowing that his judgment was best, and thankful enough that he saw fit to give her the benefit of his wisdom.

In accordance with his plans, with the release of the picture, Betty Compson burst upon the public with the flaming brilliance that is a part of her. She was an overnight success, if you want to forget the bitter

years she had passed through to reach that hour.

I should like to end her story here, merely for the dramatic effect of it. In reality, the struggle was by no means over. Mr. Tucker made another picture with her, called "Ladies Must Live." Though made in 1918, it was not released until the latter part of 1921, owing to the producer's ill health. In fact, he did not live to see its failure. It did not approach "The Miracle Man" in theme or in treatment. So far as it went in furthering Betty Compson's career, it was totally negative. But by the time the public saw her in it, she was beyond being hurt materially by it, for she had been some months a Lasky star—she had attained her ambition.

But in the interval between the release of "The Miracle Man" and her signing with Famous Players, she had further struggles. She could not go back to small parts—just as she had advanced so well beyond them. Money was supplied, finally, by various financiers to start her own company, with a Goldwyn release. Here the new-fledged actress became business woman, with double worries. The venture was not a success, for a number of reasons. There were troubles financial, technical, literary, temperamental—any sort of trouble you want to name. There followed another period of inactivity and more or less anxiety. She was still in debt, for being a star with your own brand-new company does not mean necessarily that you are rolling in wealth. More often it is quite the contrary.

But at last she has reached the harbor toward which she has been making her stormy way. Sure, wise, and poised, "Radiant Betty" they call her. Her radiance has not been dulled by the uses of adversity, which, contrary to the poet, are far from sweet. On the contrary, that radiance has become the more brilliant from the rubbings, brushings, and elbowings of life.

There may be some readers of this article who are idealists. They will say I have talked too much of the importance of money in an actress' career and too little of art. They may be right, but one of my wall mottos has long been: "The lack of money causes more broken hearts than the lack of love." And we might add: "Or the lack of anything else."

I have tried to show that it has not made Betty Compson less artistic to-day because she was hungry yesterday. I have tried to tell you that because of her vicissitudes, she is able

to help you in the appreciation of the beautiful by showing you beauty of face and manner and action. That she has gained this beauty through trial and suffering, and that her art is intensified and heightened thereby, seems to me obvious.

Girls who contemplate a career in motion pictures ought to read her story again and weigh its facts carefully. How many of them would have the stamina to withstand the struggle and emerge unscathed? *And is it worth while?*

If, knowing these things, you still want to go into pictures every actress on the screen and on the stage will wish sincerely for your success—but none of them will advise you to go on. But if you must, you must, and all the advice in the world cannot keep you from it. The urge that drove them on and on, will drive you on. But remember where there is but one Betty Compson and few others who have won real success, there are thousands of girls who have failed. These are the girls you never hear of. Will you take the chance of being one of them?

Betty Compson's Story

is an inspiring one. But it is not the only case of its kind. There are many other players of distinction who have surmounted obstacles with just as much fortitude—and who have attained the heights for adhering to the same or to some other guiding principle of life.

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"Your Face Is Your Fortune"

If You Were Mary Pickford?

Continued from page 34

an immense room furnished as a very formal living room, but never used as such. In the Fairbanks mansion it serves two purposes; that of a theater at night and in the day that of a museum containing two exhibits. Exhibit number one is a unique vase, an anniversary present from Charlie Chaplin. The interesting feature of the vase is that its color is a deep, rich red, exactly the shade of ox blood. The piece of pottery was made in ancient ages, and since then science has not been able to reproduce the mysterious color. There are in existence only two such ox-blood vases.

Exhibit number two is the other ox-blood vase.

To convert the museum into a theater a button is pushed, and in answer a full-sized screen appears magically at the far end of the room. In the hallway opposite the door an Oriental rug, hanging against the wall, is drawn back, revealing holes in the wall. Behind these holes is the projection machine. Douglas is the operator as well as half the audience.

But there is no orchestra. Would you be satisfied to see your pictures like this? You would have to be if you were Mary Pickford.

And music has been banished from another phase of Mary's life. She has forgotten how to dance! Does this frighten you?

Inasmuch as the bodies assigned to us by our Creator are not transferable, and I am therefore risking no legal entanglements, I shall assert that if you were Mary-Pickford the first thing that I should do would be to fall desperately and incurably in love with you, as any sensible man would. The second thing that I should do would be to keep quiet about it, lest by loving I lose a friend—an unfortunate but frequent occurrence.

Yet my emotions must not be thought audacious, for no one could know Mary without loving her. To ask one kindly to refrain from affection would be as absurd as to say that the blood of the dying sun is gruesome. For who could help loving a girl whose soul is visible through her acts as well as through her countenance? This phenomenon exists in Mary Pickford, and the tenderness of her spirit was shown to me and made me miserable—you'll understand why in a moment—just a short time ago. A sudden and unexpected lull in production left hundreds of motion-picture people in Los Angeles and Hollywood with vacuous days, and consequently vacuous bank accounts—

and vacuous digestive organs. Mary felt their sufferings as though they were her own, and made others feel them; she gave not in hundreds but in thousands, and the friends she made during those unhappy days are never too proud to tell of her generosity. But Mary's only plea when accused of generosity is: "What I have was given to me by the world; certainly I feel that I can do no less than give some of it back to the world, where it will do good."

Though Mary is quiet and reserved and calmly impressive, there is a certain contagious light-heartedness about her; a sort of invisible reflection of the youth she gives to the screen. To you who see her on the screen she must seem a little girl—a child—much younger than she really is; but to speak to her, to listen to her ideas, to know her serious outlook, she seems in life much older than she really is. She is a strange complex of youth and maturity. Fifteen minutes in her presence is refreshment—to me at least—for the soul. She is buoyant—and yet she is the one who holds Doug—the toy balloon broken loose and bumping against the ceiling—down.

Some sirupy-minded people say that Mary Pickford is all beauty. I stanchly declare that if she wasn't so blamed beautiful she'd be all brains!

If, after reading thus far, you are still allured by the desire to be transformed into Mary Pickford I shall tell you a sad secret, which is Mary's saddest secret, and which will make you be more content with yourself as you are. To confide in you to this extent weights me with a sense of guilt, but I feel that you should know the sacrifice which your idol is making for you—for *you*. And the price that she is paying for your amuse-

ment is her own unhappiness. It is this:

A few months ago the public, glutinous for sensation, devoured a rumor that Mary Pickford was to become a mother. It is not strange that the rumor reached Mary's ears, and, if you knew the place that is vacant in the corner of her heart, you would say that it is not strange that she wept. For there is no woman in all the world who has a stronger mother instinct, or who would cherish a child more than Mary Pickford. Some of her happiest moments are spent with her sister's little girl whom she has nicknamed "Shoop"—because Shoop says "soup" exactly as most children eat it.

But not having a little one of her own is the sacrifice that Mary Pickford is making for you. To be the kind of mother she would be would force her to abandon her career. And the only reason she does not abandon it is because the public has begged her not to. Certainly there is no personal reason. She is not working for fun, because work is not fun; she is not working for art's sake, because already she has achieved the loftiest success; she is not working for money, for she could not spend the amount she has by now accumulated. She is working for *you*. And for you she is making the sacrifice of categorical happiness. The world was quick to believe the recent rumor and slow to believe the denial of it. But I knew it was false, for without intending to listen, I stood in a room adjoining one where Douglas and Mary were talking, and there was a twinge in my heart as I heard her say:

"Dear—don't you wish it were true?"

And that was when she wept.

They're Growing Bigger As Well As Better

Continued from page 31

Following the completion of his new production, which is temporarily titled "The Spirit of Chivalry," he will undertake another feature with historical background. He has a number in mind ranging all the way from the days of the Greeks to the American Revolution. It wouldn't be at all astonishing for him to burst forth with plans for filming the story of Hannibal, the Carthaginian conqueror, or Caesar, or some such popular fictional idol as the Brigadier Gerard of the Conan Doyle series.

The only thing that Doug insists on is that his heroes be human when they are visualized on the screen. He regards everything else as supplementary.

"I'm not going to talk about how much money I'm spending on my new production," he told me. "It's going to cost a fortune, to be sure, but I don't care about that so long as the picture is satisfactory. I'm not trying to make it a triumph of architecture. *I want the public to enjoy the story.* I don't want them to voice their opinion with 'Oh, what wonderful sets!'"

"Every bit of 'The Spirit of Chivalry' is going to be human. Our idea is to show that the same emotions prevailed in the Middle Ages as now. Soldiers may go to battle in aeroplanes instead of on horses, but they're not any different as people. We may travel in automobiles and Pullman



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cars instead of coaches, but our hearts are exactly in the same place as they were seven hundred years ago."

I believe that the other producers—those who really count in the industry—have come to realize that it is this human element even in the big production that really counts for popularity. They are convinced that you cannot give people even great spectacles unless the people in these spectacles seem real. "Theodora" proved that. There must be plot and action, too, and lots of both. Massive settings are only incidental to the strength of the story itself.

I believe that this idea is inspiring the filming of "Oliver Twist," starring Jackie Coogan, as one of the big features. I know I found Master Coogan much impressed with what he was doing. He told me also that he liked the picture better than some of his others because it did not have one of those "cry-baby parts." In other words he is playing a real boy for a change, even though the locale is an unusual one, and the story a very serious affair.

"Oliver Twist" is to follow carefully the somber outlines of the Dickens story. The sets do not flare before your eyes like those of "Zenda" or "The Three Musketeers," but they have a deep insistence on quality. The East End of London has been exactly reproduced, with its oppressive sense of poverty and struggle. Massive archways and heavy pillars which adorn the stage produce a strange contrast to the stature of the tiny star, who looks like a pygmy lost in some land of giants.

"The Spirit of Chivalry" and "Oliver Twist" are poles of the new artistic endeavor. One is all blazing sunlight and action, the other is sorrowful and real. Both will, however, attract the wide attention of the public, because they are representative of the new impulse toward great achievements. Many other pictures might be cited as examples of this new disclosure of art, but the mere cataloguing of it would become tedious.

The main fact is—the big picture is here.

Some sayings of the great and near-great:

"Of course, she is one of my best friends—but—"

"She's always borrowing books, but she never reads them. She thinks they look well around the house."

"Yes, I used to think he was a good actor—five years ago."

"You ought to try that restaurant. The food isn't so wonderful, but Thomas Meighan eats there."

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When Queen Meets Prince

Continued from page 28

And yet she did talk, come to think of it. She spoke with a real flash of fire of her love for opera, and was thrilled at the prospect of hearing Jeritza's farewell performance in "Tosca." She was very earnest, too, when she spoke of her next picture, which is to be a screen version of "East Is West."

"I have gone to see Fay Bainter in it five times now," she announced, "and mother and I are traveling out to the wilds of the Bronx to see her again this week. I asked Miss Bainter about getting costumes for it, and she advised me not to have them made—to buy them at Chinese stores, and have them cut down to fit me if necessary. Yes, I'm crazy about doing the picture, it will be the first of that sort that I've attempted—yes, it's to be made in California—"

Again there was a short silence. I knew well enough that I would be expected, by fan readers, to question her concerning her late marital venture. For of course it is well known that her determination to go West for a picture caused the final rift in the matrimonial lute. But somehow I couldn't. She looked so much like a tired child, as she sat, curled up on the sofa, her slim legs tucked under her, her brown eyes shadowed by the abundant darkness of her hair. I felt that it wasn't any of my business—or anybody's business—anyhow, I didn't ask. Instead, I ventured, "How will it feel to be an aunt?" This last referring to the expected arrival in sister Natalie Talmadge Keaton's family.

"Great!" She flashed at me. "Say, that baby is going to have everything in the world! I went into a store yesterday and saw some cute little doodads all trimmed with pink—gee, I nearly bit 'em! I hope it's a girl, you can make 'em look cuter than boys—"

There was a knock at the door. A gentleman admirer was admitted with a parcel for Constance to undo. It proved to be a toy dog in a kennel, and was so arranged with an electric battery, that the vibration of a voice calling "Here Rex!" made him leap out of the door with a lifelike momentum that was fairly uncanny. Constance was fascinated. She played with the dog until the battery threatened to wear out. Then she confided to me that she loved toys of all descriptions. Dolls, especially. Some one was always sending her something novel in the way of toys, and she was crazy about every one.

As I rose to go, she rose, too, and I realized with a shock of surprise that she is much taller than I had thought. Her graceful slenderness always seems diminutive upon the screen. Her famous smile flashed out at me when I told her to give my love to California.

"Come out and give it yourself," she retorted.

"And if you see the prince—"

Her eyes looked vaguely beyond me.

"What prince?" she asked uncertainly.

So much for royalty's glamour! She had forgotten him already.

Over the Teacups

Continued from page 55

tion on the *S. S. Yale*, where they took some of the scenes. The *Yale* runs from San Francisco to Los Angeles and San Diego, and often motion-picture companies take scenes on board during the trip. That was where I first saw Lillian Gish years ago, when she was just a youngster. If any one was as thrilled seeing Estelle Taylor or Marjorie Daw or Irene Rich as I was at seeing Lillian so long ago, it was a red-letter day in their lives. And speaking of Estelle Taylor—"

"Now you shouldn't talk about that Owen-Walsh divorce case any more. It isn't ladylike," I interposed.

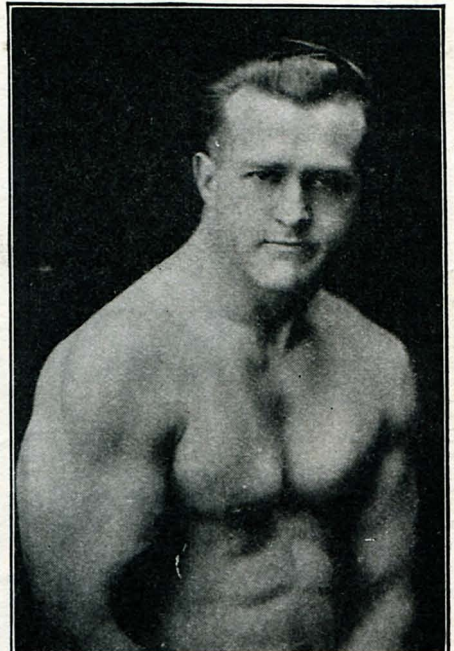
"But all I wanted to say was," Fanny continued, "that Seena Owen claimed in her suit that George Walsh was getting fifteen hundred dollars a week, and he insisted that he was

getting only five hundred. And I think that is too much."

"What is the matter with you, Fanny?" I protested. "Can't you say anything nice about any one?"

"Can I?" she exclaimed. "I should say I can. I just got a picture from Lila Lee this morning showing her in her 'Blood and Sand' costume. She looks so charming I hate to think of all the woe the scenario has in store for her.

"Don't count on seeing me for the next week or so," she continued airily as the waiter appeared with the check and she departed hastily. "I won't be at home or at large to my friends for a week at least, for there's a new John Barrymore picture opening. If you want me just page the Capitol Theater."



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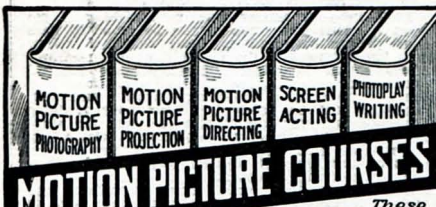
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The Indiscretions of a Star

Continued from page 88

ago, in one of the magazines, that I swore I'd never see another interviewer,' I told her. 'Gave me a purple soul and a philosophy of life and all that sort of thing. But if you'll lunch with me to-morrow you can have all the interview you want.'

"She said she would, and I went down to my little old car, limp as a rag and too glad to get home to realize that trouble might be waiting for me around the corner.

"Don't forget to tell me what happened to the Lewises, before you go on about Christine," I reminded him.

"That's soon told. He felt that she ought to be saved from my contaminating influence—from that of all motion-picture actors, in fact. So he persuaded her to leave the movies flat. Now, when he gives out interviews, he refuses to say a word about her; when prodded into it, he announces stiffly that 'Mrs. Lewis is a nonprofessional, and does not wish any publicity.' He makes tons of money, and they spend it on one atrocity after another—the last one I saw was a bronze statue of a woman clad in flowing robes, with an alarm clock set in her stomach. Not that I saw it in the Lewis domicile, either—they wouldn't dream of having me there. I saw it in a shop.

He stopped talking and leaned back in his chair, gazing up at the stars. I looked at him and wondered. Unusually good looking, clever, intelligent, envied by a good half of this country's population, there he sat with a bitter little smile on his lips, feeling that life had slipped through his fingers. He had several houses, but no home. Girls of the class into which he would have married if he hadn't gone into motion pictures, would hesitate about marrying a movie star. He was making so much money, and spending so much, that he couldn't stop, and begin at the bottom in some other line of work. His life was a glittering sham—he was like a modern King Midas, who could not lose his golden touch.

"About little Chris," he went on, presently. "We had luncheon together the next day, and I got interested in her at once. She was so plucky, so determined to stand on her own feet and not depend on any one else. And, pretty though she was, she had no desire to act in the movies—that's one of the things that most appealed to me. She didn't even want to do a bit as an extra. In fact, when I suggested it, she shrank back in her chair and protested vehemently. I wondered at that a little, but she laughed and explained that she didn't

believe in dividing one's attention, and that she wanted to make a success at writing.

"She hadn't been in Hollywood so very long, and was eager to know more of the motion-picture people, so I began taking her around a bit. She hadn't much money, but she made an awfully good showing with what she had; always looked well dressed, you know, and beautifully groomed.

"She did all sorts of odd bits of writing. I remember one afternoon when I went up to her apartment, to get her to go for a ride with me.

"'Oh, I can't go,' she told me, 'I have to do three beauty articles and a fashion story. And I haven't a thought in my head.'

"You see, she used to write these things, and stars would sign them. She was running a series of beauty articles in a magazine, signed by one star, and a newspaper she wrote for was publishing a series of fashion articles that another one signed. The stars never saw them, of course—Chris did the whole thing.

"Well, we had a little argument about it, and finally I persuaded her to let the beauty stuff go till that night, and just do the fashion thing.

"I've got to have something brand new for it, though,' she sighed, leaning back from her typewriter. I was tramping around the room, too restless to sit down, my mind mostly on some action that I was trying to figure out for the scenes we were going to shoot that night. 'Dodo'—that was the star who signed the fashion stuff—is such a humdrum thing; she wears the wrong clothes, always, and wears them worse than anybody else possibly could—she's the last person on earth to sign this stuff.'

"'Well, make her exotic—make her anything on earth so that we can get out in the air,' I urged. 'Why not say that she always wears a certain kind of shoes, or affects some one fad—anything queer enough so that nobody can catch you up on it.'

"'All right—I've got it!' she cried.

"She hammered away on the typewriter for half an hour, while I wandered around her shabby little living room and smoked and looked at her books—and finally she dragged the last sheet of paper out of her machine, slapped the whole bunch of stuff into an envelope, and asked me to see that it was mailed when we went out. I did—and it proved to be a bomb that blew Chris out of the newspaper business, and made Dodo a star of the first water instead of almost a has-been."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Screen in Review

Continued from page 83

the Kentucky Derby, it has a suffering mother, two comedy crooks, a conventional villain and Monte Blue, whom it seems a pity to make enact such a silly, mawkish rôle after his great work in "Orphans of the Storm." And of course there is Harry Carey in one of those ranch romances called "Man to Man," which might have been directed by Merton of the Movies. He does everything known to a cowboy hero including the dive from the cliff. But in all this deluge of horse melodrama I don't find Bill Hart. Is it possible that this month he galloped past me?

Among the also rans I must list "Your Best Friend." I hate to do it because Dore Davidson and Vera Gordon are among my favorites, but the fact remains that this film is an artificial study of the noble poor versus the haughty rich and is quite unworthy of the two who were responsible for "The Good Provider." The prize stunt picture of the month is Houdini in a very entertaining thriller called "The Man from Beyond." Through it he gets out of everything from a cake of ice to the more conventional strait-jacket. I really believe he was the original Jonah. "Ten Nights in a Barroom" is another freak in that you don't know whether it was filmed in all seriousness or not. In the audience some cried and some laughed so you can take your choice. I can't stop without a word for Ben Turpin in one of his funniest two-reelers, a trolley-car romance called "Step Forward," in which the trolley didn't know which eye to obey. Then there is a film with Betty Blythe and Thurston Hall called "Fair Lady" filled with surging Sicilian—screen—atmosphere. "Is Matrimony a Failure?" tries hard to be funny, in fact it tries too hard and the result is somewhat oppressive. Its main points of humor seemed designed for those persons who break into loud guffaws when one comedian says "Who's that lady I seen you with?" and the other answers, "That ain't no lady, that's my wife." T. Roy Barnes and Lila Lee struggle in vain with this very stodgy creation.

SUCCESSFUL FAILURES

Often people who have failed at one job and succeeded at another are among the most interesting in a studio. There's Cullen Landis, for instance, who isn't doing at all what he started out to do. And there's Sophie Wachner, costume chief for Goldwyn, and Jeanie Macpherson, scenarioist for Cecil De Mille, and many others. Gordon Gassaway tells about them in next month's Picture-Play.

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Continued from page 51



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—a snapshot showing her presenting a gift to the bootblack at the Goldwyn studio who was embarking upon matrimonial seas. The lighting was poor and Patsy's olive complexion appeared much darker than it is. A little later a letter came from West Point, and she opened it eagerly, with a girl's admiration for a uniform. The writer explained his infatuation for her and ended: "I hope you're a nice saffron color—I'm a good chocolate!" It was from a stable boy at the Academy.

Dinner over, we had an orchestra, with Pat playing, mother singing, and father and Winston beating the drum. Then the family departed to the neighborhood theater to see Pat and Cullen Landis in "Watch Your Step." A long line forms early at each of our two shows. "And you needn't think, young lady," said Father Miller, "that we're going to stand in line to get to see you." Incidentally, Patsy has to watch her step around home, where Father Miller is boss. She is allowed to go out only on Saturday evening, with boys whom he approves.

"I'm dying to smoke a cigarette, to get the 'thrill.' I never have," she said in an awed voice when we were curled up on a comfy couch. "But I don't dare—I hesitate to think what daddy would do to me!"

She made an adorable piece of femininity, cuddled there on the sofa, in her brown-and-green-striped sport skirt, brown sweater with snowy collar and cuffs—all nicely laced—and her tousled hair. Pat's hair is always frankly tousled and she likes to sprawl around; she is never, thank Heaven, prim and precise and starchy. We proceeded to select her favorite color. It happens to be brown, but that would never do in an interview, so we decided on cerise.

She wants to do big, serious things, modeled a bit after Nazimova, for the gifted Russian is her idol.

"The public doesn't know the real Nazimova," she said warmly. "They distort her into an inhuman creature of temperament and it hurts her. She has a marvelous mind and knows everything about everything—I get more from her in one day than from most other people in a year. And she's just an adorable kid—we call her 'Naz.'"

And Nazimova, in her impish, delightful play ways, calls Patsy "Mamma." A framed photo of the exotic Russian bore this autograph: "Love to my darling mamma from her troublesome child, Nazimova."

Patsy is all girl: vivacious, impul-

sive, a saucy minx longing for thrills, an ardent sportswoman, equally good at tennis, horseback riding, or driving the family car. She has a very sympathetic nature and is easily hurt by chance words. She has had so little criticism in her life that I imagine it would go ill with her. Acting is her life; she loves the land of Make-believe, where youth can "pretend"—and get away with it. She has life at her finger tips and is occupied with getting the most out of it. Among her other ambitions is to become a—prize fighter! But, knowing Pat as I do, I don't take that one very seriously.

The family is a Patsy Ruth affair and just as eager for her advancement as she is herself. And my, how proud they were the other evening at the Wampas Frolic, when Pat, in her gold-brocaded frock, held the stage in company with the other stars of to-morrow in whose honor the party was given! They hail from St. Louis and are not ashamed to show it. With Patsy Ruth fresh from convent, they came to California a little over a year ago, bent on travel; but a director saw her on the beach and offered her a part in his picture. Father Miller said "No!" in that distressing manner fathers have when they think they mean it. But he finally succumbed to her pleading—she winds him right around her finger for all his boasted gruffness—and her career began. Small parts led to a rôle with Nazimova in "Camille;" then followed a lead in a Rockett comedy drama, another in "Where Is My Wandering Boy To-night?" then "Watch Your Step" with Cullen. "Remembrance," Rupert Hughes' personally directed story, in which she plays the leading girl rôle, will soon be released. She will return shortly to the Goldwyn fold and big things are predicted for her, for she has tenfold that chameleon thing called personality.

The family returned from the show, enthusiastic because they had seen May McAvoy and other notables standing in line to see *their* Pat, with her kid brother as usual taking the starch out of her by his caustic comments. She was due at Nazimova's, where she was to spend the night, so they brought me home first, hurrying back to the drug store to get some medicine for my mother, solicitous, eager to help, in the way that characterizes "real folks." And Pat's voice, with its infectious gayety, sang back to me from the dark, threatening to beat me "all hollow" at tennis.

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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 12

Why Forbid Fans to Write to Stars?

Why do parents object to their children writing to actresses? When I say that, I mean a great number do forbid their children to carry on a correspondence. Is it that the parents are afraid the stars would try to persuade them to enter the movies? If so, they have the wrong idea, for that is one thing they do not like to talk about, and never bring up the subject until they are asked. When asked, there is very little they can tell you about how to get in.

I have written to Miss Lillian Gish, and she has answered me, to my delight. Her letters are most interesting and very friendly. She only answers the questions I ask (questions that can be answered), and is very nice about it. Oh, yes, I think she is nice about everything. Don't you agree with me? If parents could put themselves in their children's boots for just one day, probably they, too, would love to write to their favorite, just to receive something direct from them, I mean a letter. I think that any one who receives a letter from a star should feel honored, for all actresses do not answer the letters they receive, they are often too busy for that.

BEATRICE P. RABBAN.

447 Barnard Street, Savannah, Georgia.

More About the Critics.

At the risk of meeting the usual fate of the innocent bystander, I must leap into your most interesting fight of the fans about the motion-picture critics. I wonder how many of your readers who so glibly condemn them, realize what the poor harassed critic is up against? Here they are writing for a magazine which is designed not only for their own community and places like their own community but for the entire United States, which covers what is probably the most varied area of tastes in the world today.

In most of these letters, I see a tendency to take for granted that what the writers admire (and what their neighbors who go to the little movie theater around the corner admire) should be the standard of taste for the entire country. For instance, A Serial Fan, in his letter says "the critics don't know anything about what is good and what isn't. The public is the best critic." Quite so, but what public? Is it the public in a little town which thinks Mary Miles Minter's curls are the last word in screen art? Or the public of a great city which would rather have one flash of Will Rogers' slow, quizzical smile than all the close-ups of sweet and dumb ingénues ever filmed? For all I know there may have been dozens of fans writing in to PICTURE-PLAY to protest against A Serial Fan's favorite stars whom they happen to dislike intensely.

This is the problem which it seems to me the magazine critics must have to meet and I should think it would be some job. If they praise a New York favorite, immediately there comes a howl from Medicine Hat, insisting that this star is the prize lemon of her day. Or if they rave over an ingénue who takes Peoria by storm, the citizens of Baltimore hold a mass meeting of protest.

A FRIEND OF THE CRITICS.

Boston, Massachusetts.

More Picture—Less Star.

I think we like the stars not for themselves but for what they represent to us. Each of them embodies for us some qual-

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ity which we admire or would like to possess. Each has a peculiar individuality which is what makes them stars.

For my part, Rodolph Valentino represents romance and deviltry. The same might be said of Antonio Moreno if he were given an opportunity to show his real qualities. I saw him quite a few years ago in a picture with Edith Storey and admired him immensely. However, I have seen him only once since, in a picture dealing with prison reform—or something about a prison. At any rate, it was so dull and uninteresting that I could not stand it and left the theater before it was half over. Imagine casting an actor of his possibilities in a picture of this type.

David Powell signifies kindness and chivalry to me, and I like Wallace Reid for his devil-may-care *sang-froid*, Tommy Meighan, I am sure, would be a friend true to the very last. R. Barthelmess is boyhood with all its ideals and ambitions. Certainly "Tol'able David" was a great piece of acting.

However, my idol is Charles Chaplin—the one and only. In him are the most wonderful gifts bestowed by the Almighty—brains and the divine spark—genius. I don't see any one on the screen who even approaches him—with the exception of Lillian Gish. It is my humble opinion that Alice Terry stands pretty high on the list. Her acting in "The Conquering Power" was supremely beautiful. Mae Murray and Nazimova represent for me—egotism, although in some of their former pictures they were adorable. "Camille" left me cold, and "Peacock Alley" was, I thought, a dreadful piece of egotism.

Why don't actors and actresses forget themselves in their pictures? The instant they make a hit with the public they act as though they thought about themselves every minute. I think that is why a great many stars don't last—always taking into account the fickleness of the public. These are harsh words, I know, but I am a double-dyed screen fan, and no one is more faithful to their favorites than I am, but they ought to be more like Will Rogers who shows absolutely no conceit and is genuinely himself. He is homely and he knows it, but don't we like him just as well as the handsome ones? I never miss his pictures, as I never miss the aforementioned actors' pictures. I say, give us more picture and less star. The stars who can hold an audience with a poor picture could be counted on the fingers of one hand, and there would be more fingers than stars. I know there are a lot of fans who would like to get at my hair about some of the things I have said about their favorites, but I beg their mercy.

A FAITHFUL PICTURE-PLAY READER.
New York City.

In Defense of Wallie.

I recently purchased a copy of the April issue of your magazine, and as usual opened it at once to this department. And there, the first thing that met my eyes was an article by a school kid like myself attacking Wallace Reid very rudely, and saying that it is an insult to Dick Barthelmess to say that he is well dressed. I think that it is a compliment. It shows that he has good taste. But aside from that, she wants to know why Wallie's so popular and insinuates that he can't act. Oh, it makes me sick to hear all this stuff about how Wallie just plays in comedies because he can't do anything else! It's not so, and any

one who has seen "Forever" knows it. I'm for Wallace Reid!

A WALLIE REID FAN.
Delhi, New York.

If the Richard Barthelmess fan who contributed to your department in the April issue was mad—I'm madder! To begin with, please understand that I haven't a thing in the world against Dick Barthelmess. I have never seen him, in fact, but am looking forward with great interest to seeing one of his pictures which our local exhibitor has booked. I have seen Wallace Reid, though, and think him certainly fine! Oh, yes! I admit I am a young lady. But I want to tell that fan right now that it is not only the women who like Wallie. I have heard many men praise him in the highest terms. She speaks as though he were a "lady's man," and nothing more. Nothing could be more unjust, and it is not only his handsome face that makes people love him. It is his splendid acting, his big, strong body. Of course, he could have better stories. But who could make more out of the stories he does have than Wallie does?

And is Richard Barthelmess the best-dressed man on the screen? He must dress most gorgeously then, for Wallie sure sports some swell togs. I'm for Wallace Reid every day in the week, and strong, too! ISABELLE V. VAIL.
Industry, Illinois.

What About Charles Ray?

I just want to write a little note in answer to that one from a "Richard Barthelmess Forever" fan from Miami, Florida, that was published in your April issue. I don't mean to say she was wrong, for I'm no authority on movies, though I've seen nearly every picture going, and that's not one bit exaggerated, either! I'm a movie fan if there ever was one. But when she—I take it that the writer was a "she"—says Dick is the "greatest juvenile character actor" on the screen, what does she think of Charles Ray? Now, don't think I'm a Charles Ray fan, for I'm not. But when a person does a thing well, I think he ought to get the credit for it. And whether you like him or not, Charles Ray can act! It's true no one could have done "Broken Blossoms" or "Way Down East" (I saw both of them, "Way Down East" three times, in fact) as well as Dick did them. But could Richard Barthelmess have played *Julio* in "The Four Horsemen"? No! Rodolph Valentino is the only one who could have done that part well, and he did it perfectly. My one regret is that he could not star with Alice Terry in "The Prisoner of Zenda." It is my favorite novel, and starring those two in it would, I know, make it my favorite movie. I think it's a shame that so many of the Wallace Reid fans are turning him down for Rodolph Valentino. True, Wallace Reid never had just such rôles as Valentino had in "The Four Horsemen" and in "The Sheik," but could Rodolph have acted "The Charm School," "Sick-a-bed," or "Always Audacious?" No! And we wouldn't want either of them to act any way but his own. HELEN HAYES.
Shelbyville, Tennessee.

From Another Barthelmess Fan.

I heartily agree with "Richard Barthelmess Forever" that Mr. Barthelmess is the greatest juvenile character actor on the screen, and I do think he is handsome. Of course, he may not be quite as handsome as Wallie Reid, or such a wonderful lover as Rodolph Valentino, but

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there is an expression in his eyes, which in my opinion, means more than good looks or anything else. When he looks out from the screen, there is something about him that thrills the people in the audience. His eyes are not only beautiful, but they give him the appearance of being good and clean. I saw his last picture "Tolable David," and there was an elderly lady sitting beside me. She was as excited as I was and she talked about his "good" face throughout the show.

The girl who said she knows fellows of the same type as Mr. Barthelmess can consider herself lucky. I am a young girl myself, living in the capital city of this country, I have met quite a few fellows in all walks of life, but I have yet to meet a young man of his type, either in looks or manner.

I have seen my favorite in real life! It was at the opening of "Marjolaine," in which his very charming, little wife is playing. He was sitting a couple of seats from me, and speaking of thrills, I had one that took me a couple of weeks from which to recover! He is very good looking and his eyes are real dark and they have the same expression that they do on the screen.

KAY.
Washington, D. C.

Vaudeville and Pictures? No!

I am very much against showing pictures and vaudeville on the same bill. Motion pictures should be shown amid proper surroundings, with musical accompaniment by a symphony orchestra, and not dished up as an afterthought with vaudeville. Houses that do this run their pictures too fast, and there is no pleasure, to me at least, in seeing a reel run off so fast that one can hardly tell what the actors are doing.

I also think that the music is a very important item to be considered. Unlike B. T. Clayton, who wrote "The Old Hukum Bucket," in your last issue, I think that an organ is a very poor substitute for music as an accompaniment to a picture, and an organ is about all you get in a combination house. The organist usually drags through the entire showing, and then, when the picture requires music to bring it out and produce atmosphere, the organist is probably under the stage smoking his pipe.

Moreover, many, like myself, do not care for vaudeville, and are bored by sitting through five or six acts in order to see the picture they have come to see, and then to have it shown so poorly that they are robbed of all enjoyment. In short, I should like to see more theaters devoted to good motion pictures, only with proper musical accompaniment. A good overture would be in keeping with the picture program and should be the special musical feature.

CLARK HALL FOYE.

1614 Woodmere Avenue, Detroit, Michigan.

How the "Orphans" Impressed Another Fan.

I have just finished reading A. S. Prushone's account of her adventures with the Gishes. I could quite understand her feelings, for I have seen them also and admired them every bit as much, even though I did not have quite such an exciting experience.

Shortly after Christmas "Orphans of the Storm" had its official opening in Boston at the Tremont Theater. It was advertised that Mr. Griffith and the Gishes would appear personally, so quite naturally my mother got tickets. There was an awful crowd the first night, it seemed

as if all Boston wished to see the girls in person.

During the intermission after that heart-rending scene showing the almost meeting of the "Orphans," Mr. Griffith appeared and spoke. I too found him quite theatrical, but he really has a remarkable voice. He promised us a glimpse of the "beautiful girls" (his own term) after the picture.

Sure enough, after the delightful ending, and after the storm of applause had subsided, he appeared again, this time to introduce an actor who played the part of the *Doctor*, then at last came the "girls," hand in hand, Lillian leading a reluctant Dorothy. They were dressed in charming old-fashioned gowns, and they looked adorable. Lillian made a speech, but to tell the truth, I did not hear a great deal of it, I was so eager to see them.

About a month after the opening I went to see the picture again, and about a week after that I read that the Misses would appear in person on a certain date to celebrate the hundredth performance. Needless to say, I went again. This time they wore street costumes, simple little black frocks trimmed with touches of white. Lillian wore a little blue hat, while Dorothy wore a rose-colored turban. As before, Lillian led the way and made the speech. Both times Dorothy seemed much more eager to walk off than to walk on to the stage. I, too, found Dorothy in person not at all like Dorothy on the screen. She is much prettier, and then her fair hair makes a big difference. The screen does not do Lillian's beauty justice either, in my opinion.

I do not agree with A. S. Prushone in regard to the picture. I am only a fifteen-year-old girl, but the historical episodes did not bore me in the least. It held me spellbound three times, and I will say that immediately after seeing it, I rushed to the library for Carlyle's "French Revolution" and ever since have been assiduously reading every bit of information I could procure about it.

The acting was wonderful, particularly the Gishes, Monte Blue, and Sidney Herbert who played *Robespierre* so splendidly. Incidentally, I have seen the handsome Mr. Schildkraut on the stage in "Liliom." I have seen many, many movie people, among them Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, but none impressed me as favorably as the Misses Gish.

MURIEL HARRIS.

45 Hudson Street, Somerville, Massachusetts.

Wanted: A Destructive Critic.

Before your readers stop this discussion of what critics are for and whether they are any good at it, I'd like to add a word. It seems to me that every one asks either that a critic be constructive in his criticism or that he be merely appreciative. No one that I know of has said a word in praise of destructive criticism and that is the kind I enjoy most. If there is anything good in a picture, believe me, the producers of it will spread the glad news abroad. Paid advertising will bring to the public's attention any feature that the merely appreciative critic might choose to commend, so as far as I can see he is superfluous. As for the constructive critic, he is, I suppose, the most sound, but he is almost always priggish and not particularly entertaining.

But the destructive critic! His attitude toward every picture is "Oh, is that so?" He makes picture production a colossal bowling game in which the producers set up the pictures and the critic tries to knock them down. When one comes

along that he can't knock down, *you know it is good*. It seems to me that his comments on a picture would do more to spur on directors and stars and scenario writers to do their best than anything a constructive critic might offer.

ELSA BLAKE.

Madison, Wisconsin.

Another Plea for Lowbrows.

They often say the truth hurts. I don't believe it. For instance, your recent editorial "A Plea for Lowbrows," is the truth, every bit of it, and such a sentiment can't hurt the picture industry. It means better business and *more satisfied audiences*, which should be the main consideration after all.

We, too, are getting fed up on highbrow pictures. As your Observer says, more pep! However, let us hasten to assure the clean-minded, holier-than-thou folk, that we are not referring to the so-called sex picture, not that we are disregarding it either, for when handled well it is as interesting and decent as any other type of film.

But we are fond of breath-taking love-stories, political and society dramas and we are more than fond of the gorgeous and extreme De Mille Why's and Don'ts. We couldn't get a seat for over an hour at the "Affairs of Anatol." There was room for our coat and hat to occupy a seat at "Sentimental Tommy" and there was no wise, candy-eating, subtitle reader within six feet of us. So you see the films that pack the house may not be highbrow but they are satisfying. Please don't misunderstand me. I'm not saying that "The Affairs of Anatol" was a good picture by any means. Candidly, I thought it mediocre, but it indicated what the public wants. In other words we know that De Mille is giving us luxury in the extreme but it is satisfying to the eye and we like them for just the gorgeous fairy stories that they are. We do not take them seriously but we are entertained by them.

There has been too much experimenting of late with the silent drama. First the foisting of untalented and unintelligent persons on the public as "stars." Then came the wild cry of "the author's the thing," and finally the director stood forth in all his splendor as the king pin of them all.

During all this fight for glory the public suffered. It had to watch Lulu Poddunk who arose from the chorus struggle her way through a story made uninteresting because of her. It had to see pictures with poor casts because they were made by some director who was too great himself to use a genuine star.

We are tired of all directors, authors, and actors, who are so immersed in themselves that they forget *what the public wants*. Does Griffith forget his public? Not by your box-office. Does De Mille? Again no. I quote these two because I think they come nearer pleasing us than any other directors.

It's much easier to be highbrow than it is to be yourself and genuine. I know a woman who gushes over Dickens and is a regular subscriber to Whiz Bang and Hot Dog. The same thing applies to lots of theatergoers. They rave over the artistic picture but they *don't go to see it*.

But they are in the front row when Theda comes to town.

If people are willing to admit the truth I'll wager that nine out of ten agree with your editorial. It's the truth we need. Thank you for giving it to us. J. L. M.

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The Picture Oracle

Continued from page 95

PAULINE.—Well I should say Mabel Ballin has appeared in pictures! Where have you been for the last few years? Mabel stars in pictures produced and directed by her husband, Hugo Ballin. Some of their latest productions are "The Journey's End," "Jane Eyre," and "Other Women's Clothes." Mabel is five feet three, weighs one hundred and twenty-two pounds, has light-brown hair and brown eyes. Norma Talmadge starred in "Love's Redemption." Myrtle Stedman is still in pictures, but she hasn't been appearing frequently of late. Her latest release is "Reckless Youth," starring Elaine Hammerstein. Myrtle has blond hair and blue eyes.

A MOVIE CLUB QUESTIONER.—So your dream in life is to be Rodolph's secretary? Well, you never can tell—stranger things than that have happened to people of ambition who work hard to make their dreams come true. Viola Dana is three years older than her sister, Shirley Mason. Alice Terry was born in 1896. There has been no official announcement of the engagement of Mildred Davis and Harold Lloyd up to present writing, and it may be all off or they may be married by the time you read this. Things happen quickly in motion pictures. As for Eugene O'Brien and his fan mail, the article "Do the Stars Answer Fan Letters?" that appeared in the May issue, will answer your questions.

INQUISITIVE QUID BOX.—I have answered your last letter. The answers probably came out after you wrote the second one. It takes a long time to make up, print, and distribute a magazine, you know. Ann May played opposite Charles Ray in "Peaceful Valley." No, Douglas MacLean and Doris May were never married to each other. The romance of Douglas and his wife, Faith Cole, was printed in the May issue, and that of Doris and her husband, Wallace MacDonald, in the June issue. Frances Ring does not act in pictures—she is content with being Mrs. Thomas Meighan now, though she was once a musical-comedy star. Tom Moore did not play in "The Kid." Tom has two brothers, Owen and Matt. Little Mickey Moore is not related to them. There was an interview with Dick Barthelmess by Emma-Lindsay Squier in the January issue. If you want a copy, send twenty cents in stamps to our subscription department and they will send you one.

E. H., CHICAGO.—"Dangerous Days" was produced by Goldwyn and released in 1920. Here is the cast: Clayton Spencer, W. Lawson Butt; Natalie Spencer, Clarissa Selwynne; Graham Spencer, Rowland Lee; Audrey Valentine, Barbara Castleton; Anna Klein, Ann Forrest; Herman Klein, Stanton Heck; Rudolph Klein, Frank Leigh; Dunbar, H. Milton Ross; Doctor Haverford, Edward McWade; Delight Haverford, Pauline Starke; Marion Hayden, Florence Denson; Rodney Paige, Bertram Grassby. You will have to write to the studio addresses of the players and hope for a personal reply. Yes, I would like to hear from you again, and thanks for your kind words.

M. AND M.—Agnes Ayres' hair is golden-brown and her eyes are gray. At present writing Agnes has not started making "The Three of Us," and no leading man has been selected. She played with Valentino in only one picture, "The Sheik." I can't say whether or not they will play together again, but they seemed to be a very popular pair.

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JOSEPHINE G.—Sorry, Josephine, but I can't decide your argument as to whether Douglas Fairbanks or Charles Hutchison is the better actor. I have to be absolutely neutral on questions like this. I'd be in a lot of trouble all the time if I weren't. "Go-Get-Em Hutch" is Charles' latest serial, and Marguerite Clayton is the girl he spends all his time rescuing. William Boyd was the jewelry clerk in "Exit the Vamp," and T. Roy Barnes was Ethel Clayton's husband in the same picture. So far as I know the serial, "Hurricane Hutch," has not been put into book form. The girl who played *Katinka* in the Toonerville Trolley comedies is Wilma Wild. Her address is printed at the end of The Oracle.

ELEANOR B. AND HAZEL F.—The addresses you want are printed in this issue. Send a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you wish a personal reply.

MRS. R. W.—Winifred Westover's maiden name is Winifred Westover. She is now Mrs. William S. Hart. Sessue Hayakawa's wife, Tsuru Aoki, does not work regularly in pictures, but contents herself with appearing in her husband's productions whenever the picture calls for her type. "Five Days to Live" is the latest release in which they play together. The Hayakawas have no children. The Market Booklet has been mailed you.

ANNA F. C.—So you think I take myself too seriously? What a blow! After all my years of striving to keep my ego subdued when people paid me beautiful compliments, you hand me that. "Lessons in Love" was the Constance Talmadge picture in which Flora Finch appeared. She plays the rôle of Connie's Aunt Agatha.

S. M. T.—You say you have been reading my columns, but evidently you have missed the ones in which I have said repeatedly that I did not answer queries about the religion of motion-picture players. Richard Barthelmess' latest pictures are "Tol'able David," "The Seventh Day," and "Sonny." Richard is five feet seven, and weighs one hundred and thirty-five pounds. Wallace Reid is six feet one, and weighs one hundred and seventy. "Across the Continent" is Wallie's latest. Mary MacLaren plays opposite him in this.

R. U. SIMPLE.—Are you? So you want to know about some movie contests? I can't very well help you on this, because it takes so long to get this answer into print that by the time you see it any contest I would name now probably would be over. Bert Lytell is married to Evelyn Vaughn; they have no children. Bert was born in 1888. The best way to get photographs of the players is to write to them personally, and inclose a quarter with each request. Yes, Shirley Mason and Viola Dana are full sisters, and they have another sister, Edna Flugrath.

SAN TU.—Yes, it's true that Katherine MacDonald is five feet eight. She is about the tallest feature star now playing. Betty Blythe is one inch shorter than Katherine. She was born in 1893. Constance Talmadge is two inches less than Betty and three inches taller than her sister Norma. There is no such thing as a fixed standard of relative merit for motion pictures, and there never can be, because personal likes and dislikes play so large a part in our judgments of such things. Regarding the comedies, Harold Lloyd's admirers think he's the most entertaining comedian on the screen—some like him better than Chaplin—and Harold probably does his type of picture better than any other present-day actor could do it. Ben Turpin also has a loyal following—and I guess we all agree that it would be difficult to find a double for Ben—and so it goes. But the majority of people agree that Charlie Chaplin is the foremost comedy artist of the screen.

FAN CLUB MEMBER.—I'm afraid my answers won't be in time for your fan club meeting but you have to wait longer than fifteen days to have questions answered in the magazine, you know. Whenever you want answers in a hurry send a self-addressed, stamped envelope for a personal reply. Well, here is the information anyhow—you can use it at your next meeting. Milton Sills did not appear in "The Miracle Man" but W. Lawson Butt, who is very much the same type as Mr. Sills, had a rôle in this picture. You must have got them mixed up. Jerome Storm has not directed Charles Ray for some time—Mr. Ray himself has handled the megaphone on his last few pictures and Mr. Storm is directing specials for Fox. Monte Blue plays with Mae Murray in her latest, "Broadway Rose." I can't settle your argument as to whether Monte in "Orphans of the Storm" or Emil Jannings in "All For a Woman" made the best Danton. That is largely a matter of personal opinion, I guess.

CHRISTINA H.—Conrad Nagel was born in Des Moines, Iowa, in 1896, and is six feet tall. The rôle of Allen in "Tol'able David" was played by Warner Richmond. Now you're not anxious any more, I hope.

FLORIDA KID.—Lila Lee hasn't yet had a "greatest picture," but she'll get there some day, I have no doubt. Louise Huff was born in Columbus, Georgia. Sorry, but I can't trace actresses unless I have their screen names. You know, their

own names are practically forgotten when they adopt a new one for picture purposes as they are known even in private life by their screen names. If you could give me the names of some pictures that Annette Bracy appeared in I might be able to help you.

HELEN J. MC.—Paul Willis played the rôle of Tommy in "Thunderclap." Some of the pictures in which Rodolph Valentino appeared before "The Four Horsemen" were: "The Big Little Person," "The Delicious Little Devil," "Society Sensation," "All Night," "Out of Luck," "Eyes of Youth," "Once to Every Woman," "Frisolous Wives," and "Passion's Playground." I think "Frisolous Wives" is the one you have in mind. When he finishes "Blood and Sand," which will be released in the fall, Valentino will make a screen version of "Amos Judd," the story by John Mitchell, which will be titled "The Rajah."

CLIFFORD T. P.—You ask, "What do actresses pass the time doing?" Well, to begin with, most of them get up very early so as to be at the studio all made up at nine o'clock. Then they shoot some scenes, after several rehearsals for each one. About twelve or one o'clock they have lunch, sometimes consisting of a sandwich and a cup of coffee taken standing up. Then more rehearsals and more scenes until five-thirty. During the studio waits they read and answer their fan mail, pose for publicity stills, have gowns fitted, receive interviewers, entertain visitors and do various other things. If there are no night scenes to be filmed they go home—perhaps to entertain more interviewers or to dress for some benefit performance, a personal appearance at some theater, or a weekly dance. Of course, they don't do these things every night—there are evenings when they can stay home by themselves, but many of them on these rare occasions read stories for picture possibilities, answer more fan mail, and perhaps attend to some personal affairs. Most of the Hollywood actresses go to bed early, except on special occasions, because good health is the most important requisite for screen work, and they couldn't stand the strenuous life of the studios if they didn't get sufficient sleep. It doesn't sound like a very luxurious existence, does it? Remember, though, that they usually get a few days off between pictures, and sometimes a longer period of time, part of which, at least, they can spend having a vacation.

LUCIE.—Oh, you don't have to worry about signing your real name. We never print more than the initials of our correspondents. There was a story about Richard Headrick, illustrated, in the June issue of the magazine. Richard was born April 29, 1917.

DOROTHY B.—Jack Holt starred in "The Call of the North." He was Ned Trent; Madge Bellamy was Virginia Albret; Noah Beery, Galen Albret; Francis McDonald, Achille Picard; Edward Martindel, Graham Stewart; Helen Ferguson, Elodie Albret, and Jack Herbert, Louis Placide. Betty Compson has a great many friends, but I don't know who, if any one, has the distinction of being her most intimate one. Would you like to qualify?

JULIA Z.—I can't think of any Lithuanian screen players offhand. It is difficult to trace players through their nationality, as my information is indexed according to names and productions, and not birthplaces. But I'll keep your address, and if I happen to come across any I'll let you know.

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TEDDIE.—Men have taken boxes of jewels off from dressers and women have slept in chairs in hundreds of pictures, so I can't very well trace the one you have in mind from this vague description. I'm sorry you can't give me more to go by Rodolph Valentino was born in Castellaneta, Italy, May 6, 1895. He is divorced from Jean Acker. They have no children. Antonio Moreno is Spanish. He was born in Madrid in 1888. Yes, Frank Mayo's wife is the daughter of Leopold Godowsky, the pianist, and her name is Dagmar. Frank is two years older than Tony, and was born in New York. He lives on the Coast. In fact, the great majority of motion-picture players live in California, because most of the production is carried on there now.

PIP.—So you read the magazine "from cover to cover?" Then you ought to know almost as much about pictures as I do. Charles Ray is married to Clara Grant. His next production will be "A Tailor-Made Man," and Jacqueline Logan, Kate Lester, Douglas Gerrard, Victor Potel, Nellie Peck Saunders, and Eddie Gribben are in the supporting cast. Yes, this is Charlie's first picture for United Artists, and it is expected to be the most pretentious one he has ever made. Edith Johnson and William Duncan have no children. You're no bother at all. Come again any time.

COLLEGIATE FLAPPER.—The addresses you want are printed in this issue. Send twenty-five cents with each request for a photograph. I see where you'll have to eat fewer tons of that candy you talk about, but it would be worth it to get photographs of stars, wouldn't it? I won't tell you who I am because if I did you probably wouldn't be interested in me any more, and it's terrible not to have people interested in you, don't you think so?

ALICE.—Of course, we always welcome newcomers. The more the merrier. Elliott Dexter was vacationing in Europe, but he's back in harness again and is playing opposite Clara Kimball Young in her new picture, "Hands of Nara." He is married to Marie Doro. Winifred Westover started her screen career in the D. W. Griffith school.

ROSEBUD.—All your questions about Rodolph have been answered. Wanda Hawley is five feet three, and weighs one hundred and ten pounds. Her eyes are grayish-blue, and her hair is blond and bobbed. Is Little Rosebud satisfied now?

MAGIE.—Marguerite Courtot is not married so far as I know. Dorothy Gish has fair hair and blue eyes. She has not done any screen work since "Orphans of the Storm," and to date has not announced any plans for her next picture. Dorothy is married to James Rennie, a stage and screen actor.

JUST ME.—Mildred Harris and Charles Chaplin had one child, which died at birth. Claire Windsor has a four-year-old boy. Naomi Childers is married to Luther Reed, a motion-picture writer, and recently presented him with a baby boy. Naomi has not made any pictures since her marriage, and probably will not return to the screen, but will devote herself exclusively to her family and home. Too bad—we liked Naomi too. "The Birth of a Nation" was first released in 1915. Send a self-addressed envelope if you want the full cast.

TOMMY K.—"That nurse play" is a rather vague description. But the only recent production of that type in which

Helene Chadwick plays is "The Glorious Fool." Richard Dix, not Richard Talmadge, appears opposite her. Katherine MacDonald does not give her age. She weighs about one hundred and thirty-five pounds.

CLEO L. DE F.—I'm honored to receive your first letter to a movie magazine. Now that you've started—Miles Welch played the rôle of the boy, Roy Bradley, in "The Cup of Life," and Paul Willis was Tommy in "Thunderclap."

WILD ROSE.—Your friend gave you the wrong dope. Gloria Swanson was never married to Wallace Reid. I don't know why, just because players appear in more than one picture together, a certain number of people immediately decide that they must be married. G. Raymond Nye was born in Tamaqua, Pennsylvania. L. C. Shumway was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, in 1884. He is six feet tall and weighs one hundred and eighty pounds. Tom Forman was born in Mitchell County, Texas, Albert Ray in New Rochelle, New York, and Henry Woodward in Charleston, West Virginia.

JANE.—Please don't ask me to tell you "all about" a certain player. It would take me pages to do that just for one player; so please make your questions more definite, and then I can answer you, and gladly.

DOLLY D.—Bert Lytell's next picture will be "To Have and to Hold," a Paramount production in which he will play opposite Betty Compson. Bert's contract as a Metro star expired recently, and so far he has not signed another one.

J. T.—Theda Bara is five feet six, weighs one hundred and thirty-five pounds, has dark-brown hair and eyes. Yes, she is returning to screen work at the head of her own company. The title of the first picture hasn't been announced yet, but it is going to be a vampire story. Theda still believes in 'em. John Barrymore was born in 1882. "Sherlock Holmes" is his latest production, and Carol Dempster, the heroine of "Dream Street," plays opposite him.

AL K. HALL.—My, what a *nom de plume*! Aren't you afraid it may have a melancholy effect on our law-abiding readers? Jacqueline Logan was born in 1902, May McAvoy in 1901, Gladys Walton in 1904. Marguerite de la Motte is in her early twenties. "A Blind Bargain" is Jacqueline's latest release, "Through a Glass Window" is May's, "Second Hand Rose" is Gladys Walton's and "The Brotherhood of Hate" is Marguerite's. Johnnie Walker appears in "Ridin' Wild" and "The Midnight Call."

EVELYN ELISE.—Niles Welch is still very much in motion pictures. He has been appearing opposite Elaine Hammerstein in her recent Selznick releases. Some of the latest are "The Way of a Maid," "Why Announce Your Marriage?" and "Reckless Youth." Alice Calhoun is five feet four and a half, has reddish-brown hair and hazel eyes. "Blue Blood" will be Alice's next picture.

PERCY MARMONT ADMIRER.—Your favorite has been selected to play opposite Mabel Ballin in her next production, temporarily titled "I Owe You." Percy was born in London, England, and had an extensive stage career abroad and in this country before entering pictures. His first screen appearance was with Elsie Ferguson in "Rose of the World." He has blond hair and blue-gray eyes, is six feet tall, and weighs one hundred and fifty pounds.

BENNY.—Yes, I was interested in the photo of your motion-picture theater. It's quite a house for a small town, and you seem to have all the latest and best pictures there, too, according to the program. "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford" is a Cosmopolitan production, released through Paramount. Vitagraph did make a Wallingford picture, too, but theirs was called "The Son of Wallingford." Tom Gallery played the title rôle in it. Your information about "Love's Boomerang" is wrong. Ethel Clayton does not play in it. The principal rôles are portrayed by Ann Forrest and David Powell, and the picture was filmed in Europe by Famous Players. Ethel Clayton and May McAvoy live in California. So does Mabel Normand. Surely I'd like to hear from you again.

DOUG.—Sorry I can't give you the cast for "Fool's Paradise" in column form, but we have to save space, you know. Here is the information. If you insist on having it the other way, send me a self-addressed, stamped envelope. *Poll Patchouli*, Dorothy Dalton; *Rosa Duchene*, Mildred Harris; *Arthur Phelps*, Conrad Nagel; *John Rodriguez*, Theodore Kosloff; *Prince Talat-Noi*, John Davidson; *Samaran*, his chief wife, Julia Faye; *Manuel*, Clarence Burton; *Pedro*, George Fields; *Briggs*, Guy Oliver; *Kay*, Kamuela Searles; *Girda*, Jacqueline Logan.

Addresses of Players

Asked for by readers whose letters are answered by The Oracle this month:

Address Norma and Constance Talmadge, Jane Novak, Nazimova, Owen Moore, Elaine Hammerstein, Dorothy Phillips, and Jackie Coogan at the United Studios, Hollywood, California.

George Arliss at United Artists Corporation, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

Rodolph Valentino, Betty Compson, Anna Q. Nilsson, Bert Lytell, Conrad Nagel, May McAvoy, Richard Dix, Constance Binney, Bebe Daniels, Gloria Swanson, Theodore Kosloff, George Fawcett, Theodore Roberts, Wallace Reid, Dorothy Dalton, Jack Holt, Milton Sills, Wanda Hawley, Julia Faye, Kathryn Williams, Thomas Meighan, Leatrice Joy, Lois Wilson, Agnes Ayres, Lila Lee, Nita Naldi, Jack Mulhall, and David Powell at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

Tom Mix, Shirley Mason, Charles ("Buck") Jones, Estelle Taylor, Lewis Stone, Irene Rich, Marjorie Daw, William Russell, Eileen Percy, John Gilbert, and Mahlon Hamilton at the Fox Studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Hope Hampton and Miriam Cooper at First National Exhibitors' Circuit, 6 West Forty-eighth Street, New York City.

Patsy Ruth Miller, Colleen Moore, Cullen Landis, Helene Chadwick, Pat O'Malley, Claire Windsor, Mae Busch, Norman Kerry, Antonio Moreno, and Rupert Hughes at the Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California.

Richard Barthelmess and Pauline Garon at Inspiration Pictures, Inc., 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Monty Banks at the Warner Bros. Studio, Sunset and Bronson Streets, Hollywood, California.

Richard Headrick at the Louis B. Mayer Studio, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, California.

Gladys Walton, Miss DuPont, Maud George, Dale Fuller, Baby Peggy, Hoot Gibson, Art Acord, Myrtle Lind, Herbert Rawlinson, Gertrude Olmsted, Harry Myers, Priscilla Dean, Erich von Stroheim, James Kirkwood, Marie Prevost, and Mary Philbin at the Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

Mary Hay at the Broadhurst Theater, West Forty-fourth Street, New York City.

Lloyd Hughes, Florence Vidor, Marguerite de la Motte, Douglas MacLean, Madge Bellamy, Tyrone Power, and John Bowers at the Ince Studios, Culver City, California.

Monroe Salisbury at the Hollywood Hotel, Hollywood, California.

Jean Paige, Pauline Starke, Earle Williams, Alice Calhoun, Larry Semon, Edith Johnson, William Duncan, and Betty Ross Clarke at the Vitagraph Studios, Talmadge Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Irene Castle at W. W. Hodkinson Corporation, 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Mae Murray and Monte Blue at Tiffany Productions, Loew Theater Building, New York City.

Doris May, Wallace MacDonald, Sessue Hayakawa, Harry Carey, and Tsuru Aoki at R-C Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Pearl White, Lucy Fox, Charles Hutchison, Marguerite Clayton, and George B. Seitz at Pathe Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City.

Percy Marmont, John and Lionel Barrymore, Louis Bennison, and Earle Metcalfe at the Lambs' Club, New York City.

Douglas Fairbanks, Enid Bennett, Mary and Jack Pickford at the Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, California.

Bull Montana, Marshall Neilan, and Wesley Barry at the Hollywood Studios, Hollywood, California.

Carol Dempster, Joseph Schildkraut, Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Creighton Hale, and Sidney Herbert at the Griffith Studios, Orienta Point, Mamaroneck, New York.

Mabel Normand, Ben Turpin, Phyllis Haver, and Kathryn McGuire at the Mack Sennett Studios, Edendale, California.

Mildred Harris, care of Loew Vaudeville Circuit, New York City.

Harold Lloyd, Ruth Roland, Mildred Davis, Marie Mosquini, Gaylord Lloyd, and Snub Pollard at the Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, California.

Neal Hart, care of William Steiner Productions, San Antonio, Texas.

Wilma Wild, care of Betzwood Film Company, Betzwood, Pennsylvania.

Charles Ray, Albert Ray, and Jacqueline Logan at the Charles Ray Studios, Fleming Street, Los Angeles, California.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of the PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, published monthly, at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1922.

State of New York, County of New York, (ss.)

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Ormond G. Smith, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is President of Street & Smith Corporation, publishers of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: *Publishers*, Street & Smith Corporation, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; *editor*, Charles Gatchell, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; *managing editors*, Street & Smith Corporation, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; *business managers*, Street & Smith Corporation, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owners are: Street & Smith Corporation, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y., a corporation composed of Ormond G. Smith, 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; George C. Smith, 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Annie K. Smith, 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Grace H. Smith, 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; George C. Smith, Jr., 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Cora A. Gould, 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Ormond V. Gould, 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgages, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above giving the names of the owners, stockholders, the security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

ORMOND G. SMITH, President,

of Street & Smith Corporation, publishers.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 31st day of March, 1922. Francis S. Duff, Notary Public, No. 239, New York City. (My commission expires March 30, 1923.)

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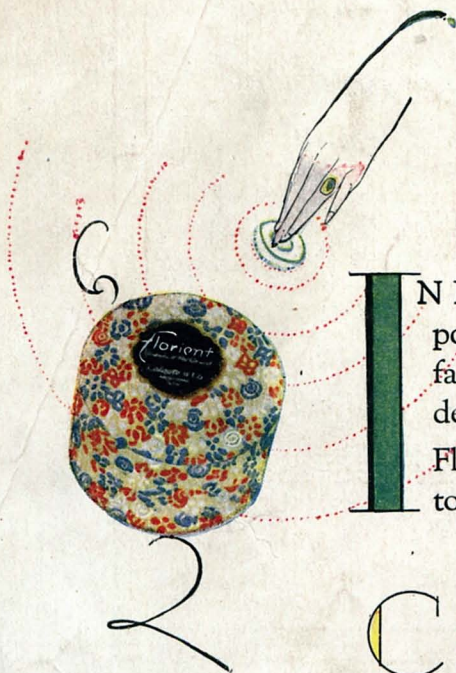
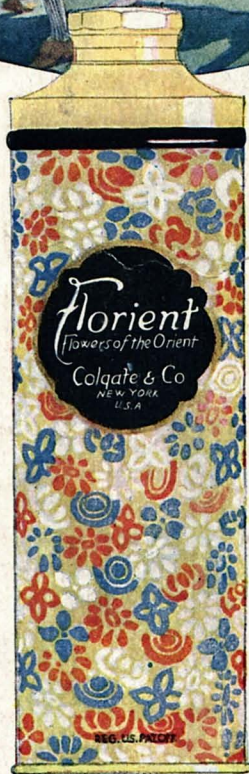
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